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Gentleman's Magazine

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"How handsome she looked!"

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1878.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

A PINT OF PORT.

NONE of your Scotch pints, dear to hard-headed North Britons of the last century, not even an imperial pint, containing only one-fourth of the former measure, but an hotel pint, in hotel limits, of hotel vintage, at hotel price. Sound, no doubt, though rough and fruity; strong, full-flavoured, and exceedingly restorative to body and mind.

An open wine-book propped against an uncorked bottle offers the produce of many European vineyards at the highest possible tariff. In the first page alone the varieties of champagne and claret might stock the cellar of a duke. But he is a man of unusually trustful nature who drinks wine in a coffee-room at the rate of one hundred and twenty shillings per dozen, and experienced travellers wisely content themselves with pale ale, brandy-and-water, a glass of brown sherry, or a pint of port.

Neither wine nor wine-card have yet attracted attention from the visitor who ordered both. A waiter, banging hot plates down under his nose, to serve "a bit of fish," notices nothing remarkable in this unit among many guests. His manners are quiet, he wears a good coat, and drinks wine with his dinner; the waiter, therefore, considers him a gentleman. That his face should be weary, his air abstracted, seems but the natural result of a journey by rail from London to the seaside; and if he thinks of him at all, it is as "a gent from town," good for a shilling or two when he takes his departure, notwithstanding that "attendance" is charged in the bill.

The fish has been to London and back since leaving its native shore, and is sent away uneaten ; but the port is sipped, tasted, and approved. The first glass permeates through his tired frame till it tingles at his finger-ends ; with the second, there rises a sensation of renewed vigour and vitality in the whole man : ere he is half-way to the bottom of the third, a change has come over himself, his surroundings, his past, his present—above all, his future—that future which looked so blank and uninteresting ten minutes ago. The carpet seems no longer faded, the coffee-room dingy and ill-ventilated. A stout lady at the corner table, dining in solemn silence with two shy daughters and an ungainly son, ceases to be an object of aversion and disgust. Even the old gentleman by the window, who gasps and snorts during the process of deglutition, now excites no stronger feeling than a mild hope that he will presently be seized with some kind of fit such as shall necessitate his removal upstairs. The drinker is surprised at his own benevolence, and wonders, not without contempt, how such an alteration should have been wrought in his nature by warmth, food, and a pint of port !

Reflection has been forced on him in the contrast between present inactivity and the stir of his former life. With nothing to do, plenty of time to do it, and nobody to help him, he has become a philosopher in spite of himself. He has acquired the habit of analysing his own character and motives, examining them, as it were, from an outside point of view, in a spirit of cynicism, half-scornful, half-indulgent, but wholly without result, his speculations only leading him farther and farther into that labyrinth of which *cui bono* is the centre and the goal. He is easily depressed : no wonder. But his hopes rise quickly as they fall. When he sat down to dinner he felt a hundred years old, yet ere the most odorous of Cheddar cheeses can be thrust in his face, the world we live in has acquired a new lustre, a fresh interest ; society seems no longer an infliction, nor life a mistake. It is his nature to accept the metamorphosis with amusement, curiosity, and mistrust. "What an absurdity," he reflects, "is this action and reaction of body and mind, this irregular and spontaneous oscillation that governs the machine called man—a machine in some respects constructed with such elaborate care and precision, in others lamentably ill suited to the purposes of life ! A steam-engine is not thrown out of gear because we feed its fires with inferior coal, or lubricate its hinges with an oil cheaper than the best by sixpence a gallon ; but the man who invented the steam-engine can be driven into madness in three minutes with as many glasses of brandy, and only half-a-pound of such a cheese as that, for instance, would weigh him down with a

depression wanting but a few grains of actual despair. If the masterpiece of nature, the lord of creation, had been made with a gizzard, rather than a liver, would he not oftener be lord of himself? which is more to the purpose; and would not that self more seldom prove 'a heritage of woe?' I have sat here but five-and-twenty minutes by the coffee-room clock. The waiter thinks I am the same person whose orders he took for dinner, and who told him to remove the fish *at once*. How little he knows! That man and I are as different as chalk itself from the very cheese that still pervades the room. He was a pessimist—almost a devil-worshipper; I am an optimist, and in so far a good Christian that I am at peace with all mankind! When I drew my chair to this table I felt, to use the expression of an Irish friend, as if 'the back-bone was out of me.' No interest, no energy, no concern for my luggage, no British susceptibility to imposition, scarcely enough spirit available to have resented an insult or returned a blow. Now I have become curious about the locality, the neighbourhood, the shops, the church, the circulating library, the new pier, and the state of the tide. I ascertain by personal inquiry that my portmanteau is safe in No. 5. I cannot be overcharged at present, inasmuch as I have scarcely yet laid the foundation of a bill, but I am prepared to expend guineas rather than be cheated out of shillings; while, as for blows and insults, my arm has kept my head ere now. Let the aggressor look out; I am well able to take care of myself. And all this has been brought about by the consumption of a pint of port. Great heavens! can it be possible that my intellect, my sagacity, my nobler qualities, even my courage, are thus dependent on drink! Life was a very dull business half-an-hour ago. The journey, though smooth and easy, had become so slow and tiresome; the road was exceedingly uninteresting, leading nowhere in particular after all. For me and for my neighbours the way made, like that of an unskilful swimmer, was so out of proportion to the energy expended, the puffing and blowing, the hurry, the effort, and the splash! We were all, like flies on a window-pane, buzzing to and fro, backwards and forwards, round and round, never relaxing our efforts, yet never penetrating an impassable transparency that kept us from the reality outside. I have envied a man breaking stones on the road, because with a daily duty and a definite purpose he seemed in some measure to fulfil the object of existence, and to be less of a sham and mountebank than myself. I am satisfied now that such reflections were but results of a languid circulation. My pulse—for I felt it when the waiter wasn't looking—beats full and regular, seventy to the minute; I seem still to have duties, pleasures, perhaps even happiness, in store for one whose

scalp is not yet bare, and who can count the grey hairs in his whiskers. "Waiter, a toothpick!"

"Beg your pardon, sir; we don't keep them in the coffee-room now, sir."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"We found it didn't answer, sir. The gentlemen took them away."

Lost in the field of reflection opened up by such an admission, our visitor might have relapsed into something of his previous despondency, but that his attention was diverted to the laying of a table at the other end of the room with rather more preparation and nicety of arrangement than had been accorded in his own case, though his sense of smell caused him to suspect that the fish he had discarded was brought to the front once more. Spoons and forks, however, had been polished to a dazzling lustre, the tablecloth was very white, and in its centre stood a handful of flowers in a dull glass vase. Surveying this effort, the waiter smiled satisfaction, while our philosopher threw himself back in his chair to see what would come of it with the good-humoured indifference of a man who has dined.

What came of it was nothing unusual to the waiter, to the old gentleman, to the mother and daughters, even to the ungainly son—simply a single lady dining later than other inmates of the hotel; but to the port-drinker, in regular gradations, at a startling rate of progression, a distraction, an amusement, a mystery, an engrossing interest, and an irresistible attraction.

The very rustle of her dress, as it swept the dingy coffee-room carpet, was suggestive of grace and dignity, of a smooth, easy gait, springing from symmetry of form and vigorous elasticity of limb. That horses can go in all shapes is an established maxim of the stable, but when women are good movers it needs no anatomist to assure us that in external structure at least they have been "nobly planned." Even the waiter seemed impressed, smirking and flourishing his napkin with unusual emphasis, while interposing his person between the object of his assiduities and the observer who wanted to see her face. It vexed him that this should be completely averted. As the lady seated herself, he could only detect the turn of a full and shapely figure, a delicate little ear, and a white neck from which the hair was scrupulously lifted and arranged, dark and lustrous, tight and trim, in a fashion exceedingly becoming to the beautiful, but trying to the more ordinary of womankind.

Many a romance has been built on a slighter scaffolding; and no *young man of half his age* and a quarter his experience was more

likely to make a fool of himself about a woman than the gentleman in question—John Roy, Esquire, of Royston, a deputy-lieutenant for his county, and a magistrate who had never qualified in the Commission of the Peace. There was nothing uncommon in his history. Eton and the ten-oar—Oxford and the drag—upper division, fifth form, at school, and a degree at college—woodcocks in Albania, lansquenets at St. Petersburg, Hanover for German, Paris for fencing, and home again for real enjoyment of life—then a little Melton, a little Newmarket, a little London, with the prospect of completing this conventional course in a prudent marriage, and such rural vegetation as would tend to the increase of personal weight and prolongation of the family tree.

Not the best training, perhaps, even for the level path he seemed likely to tread in the journey of life. Not the wisest preparation, certainly, for a time when there must be an end of business and pleasure ; when tobacco shall cease to soothe, and wine to exhilarate ; when dancing waters and June sunshine are to be exchanged for drawn curtains and beef-tea ; when it will need neither the doctor's grave face nor the nurse's vapid smile to tell us that we have done with our accustomed habits, pursuits, and interests ; never to greet our guests, ride our horses, nor balance our accounts again ; no more to cherish a grudge, nor indulge a prejudice, nor kindle in the glow of a kindly action on behalf of our fellow-man ! The journey is compulsory, the destination inevitable, yet how little thought we seem to take for here or hereafter !

In Eastern nations every male, whatever may be his rank, is brought up to some kind of handicraft, and so far is made independent of external fortune. In England, we pride ourselves on teaching our sons a smattering of many things, and a thorough knowledge of none. This we call the education of a gentleman ; but surely, in such loose, discursive culture of the mind, we fail to stimulate that power of concentration which can alone remove gigantic obstacles, to encourage that habit of persistency which forms the very backbone of success.

John Roy received "the education of a gentleman," and did credit to his nurture as well as another ; but there came a time, before he was turned thirty, when he wished he had been bred a shoemaker or a stonemason, because of the dull dead pain for which there is no anodyne like the pressure of daily want and the fatigue of daily work.

The lives of most of us in so far resemble a skein of silk, that they unwind freely and readily enough until they arrive at a knot. Patient

even pleased, we sit in a ludicrous attitude, stiffened by the voluntary fetters that a pair of white hands have fitted deftly round our wrists, and while we smile and look foolish, lo ! there is a jerk, a quiver, a stop : the pretty lips tighten, the pencilled eyebrows frown, and presently the merry-go-round that went so swimmingly comes to a deadlock. So she brings out her scissors to solve the whole difficulty with a vicious little snip, observing calmly, " I began at the wrong end."

There was a Lady Jane in Roy's life who also began at the wrong end. She chose to fall in love with him because she was idle, because her younger sister was engaged, because he always stood at the same place in the park when she rode there, perhaps because the London season is so insufferably tedious without some definite attraction. Having decided that she would "like him a little," she made up her mind that he should like her a great deal. There was no difficulty in the capture. Handsome and high-bred, asked everywhere, and sufficiently admired even in London, she had but to look her wishes ; in three days the man was at her beck and call. Such stories have been told so often, they are hardly worth repeating. He had never really cared for a woman before, he never cared quite in the same way for a woman again.

Men, like animals, take their punishment differently according to their dispositions. Some fret and chafe, and forget all about it : others turn cowardly and despondent, or sullen and savage : but all lose something of that fire and dash which prompts untried natures to achieve the marvellous in aiming at the impossible.

Lady Jane, with her new distraction, was very happy for a fortnight, a month, six weeks ! It seemed so nice to be petted, to be worshipped, to have some twelve stone of manhood all to oneself. She felt quite sorry for the other girls, plodding along, dismounted as it were, while she rode her hobby in triumph with her delicate nose in the air. Mr. Roy—she wished he had a prettier name than John—was so devoted, so amiable, above all so true. He never gave her the slightest twinge of jealousy (she would have liked him all the better if he had), but told her every hour that she was too good for him ; a princess stooping to a squire, Beauty smiling on the Beast, and that he considered himself unworthy to wipe the very dust from her feet. After a while she believed him, as a woman will believe anything, if it is only repeated often enough ; and when she overheard Aunt Julia whisper to mamma that " Jane might do so much better," began to think perhaps Aunt Julia was right.

"*She stopped it before they were regularly engaged.* Nobody

could accuse Jane of behaving badly"—so said her family—"and if Mr. Roy had presumed on the high spirits and fascinating manners of a girl who was popular with everybody, he might thank his own folly for his disappointment."

They allowed, however, that he "behaved beautifully," as did Jane, who returned everything he had given her, except some music; and on the one occasion when they met in society after their rupture, shook hands with him as kindly and calmly as if he had been her grandfather.

He saw a fresh admirer, with a large rent-roll, put his arm round her waist for a waltz, and stepped into the street with a strange numb feeling, like a patient whose leg has been cut off—the sensation was akin to relief, yet in some respects worse to bear than pain. It was characteristic of the man that he never blamed her. "I suppose they are all alike," he said to his cigar, and so, walking home in the rain, made up his mind that this also was vanity!

Lady Jane rode in the park pretty regularly till the end of the season, sometimes with, sometimes without, the eligible admirer; but she looked in vain for Mr. Roy's figure at the accustomed spot; missing it none the less, perhaps, that she wondered what had become of him, and whether he did not sometimes think of her still?

John Roy was the last man to howl. Nobody else should know how hard he was hit. His stronger nature told him that he was meant for something better than to be the puppet of a woman's smile, and, though they smarted intolerably, he had the grace to be ashamed of his wounds. By the time Lady Jane went to Cowes, he was whirling a lasso at wild horses in South America, living on beef and water, burning quantities of tobacco, and spending sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty on a Mexican saddle in the open air. Smoking and riding combined, soon modified the symptoms of his malady; its cure, though slow, was progressive. In twelve months he felt resigned, and in eighteen, comfortable. After two or three years he came back to Europe, having travelled over a great part of the world, with nothing left to remind him of his pangs but a cynical resolve never to be caught in such a trap again. "Not if I know it!" says he who has once burned his fingers; but the spark kindles when he does *not* know it, and the flame consumes him none the less greedily that he has been dried and seasoned in the heat of a former fire.

Royston was got ready for its owner; but he only lived there at intervals, trying to do his duty as a landlord for a time, then flying

off at a tangent to seek some distraction, in however mild a change, from the weariness of his every-day life.

Thus it was that a September evening found him in a quiet watering-place on the southern coast, speculating, after a coffee-room dinner, on the beauty of features and sweetness of disposition suggested by the back of a lady's head. Watch as he would, she never turned it so much as an inch. There was the beautiful ear, the white skin, the trim, dark hair, but nothing more. How if the rest of her person should in no way correspond with this exquisite sample? She might squint, she might have lost her teeth, she might wear a wooden leg. He had heard or read of such disillusiones, such disappointments. The uncertainty began to get irksome, annoying, intolerable. Could he not make some excuse to walk across the room yonder, to the chimney-piece, where he would be full in front of her? To look at the clock, for instance; the dial of that time-piece being a foot in diameter, and calculated for short-sighted inquirers at ten paces off. He had already moved his chair, when she rose. "Forty-six, if you please," she said to the waiter in a low, sweet voice, as indicating the number of her apartment, for proper registry of her bill, and so walked smoothly and gracefully to the door.

Disappointment! disillusion! Not a bit of it! As lovely a face as a man could wish to look at, set on as shapely a form! Features not quite classical, only because so soft and womanly; deep grey eyes, fringed with long black lashes; a mouth too large, a chin too prominent, but for the white teeth and perfect curves of the one, the firm and well-cut outline of the other. A complexion delicate rather than pale, a figure somewhat full and tall, a graceful head carried nobly on neck and shoulders; last, not least, an abundance of dark and silky hair, growing low on the brow, square at the temples, and drawn tight off the forehead to wind in thick shining coils round the skull.

Mr. Roy had a habit of talking to himself. "You darling!" he whispered, as the door closed. "That is the nicest woman I ever saw in my life!"

CHAPTER II.

A PAIR OF BOOTS.

THE smoke-room, as the waiter called it, was empty; our friend felt pleased to find that uncomfortable apartment at his sole disposal. Devoid of drapery, floored with oil-cloth, bare of all furniture but

wooden chairs, horse-hair sofas, and spittoons—this retreat offered few temptations to a smoker, and such guests as were devoted to the practice usually chose to consume their tobacco out-of-doors. It was a bright night, with a clear sky and a rising tide, yet Roy seemed to prefer the flicker of gas in this dim, desolate apartment, to the fresh briny air and a moonlit sea. To be under the same roof with her was a strong point; it would be his own fault if he could not, in some way, make the acquaintance of this fascinating stranger before she left the hotel. He was a man of the world, but he had seen a great deal of that world with his own eyes, and travel, no doubt, tends to simplify the character while it enlarges the mind. He did not at once suspect evil of her, because journeying unprotected and alone; nor did he feel that so attractive a woman must be in a false position without a companion of her own sex. Again and again he rehearsed the little scene that he hoped to bring about next day. The meeting on the stairs, the profound and deferential bow, repeated on the pier, so unobtrusively that to offer a newspaper, a novel, a handful of fresh flowers, would seem a tribute of homage rather than an unauthorised impertinence; then, by slow degrees, morning greetings, afternoon conversations, perhaps at last a walk by the sea, an explanation of motives, a hint at covert admiration from the first, and so on—and so on—to the end—

Here a memory of Lady Jane made him catch his breath like the shock of a cold bath. There was something of triumph, nevertheless, in the consciousness that he had hoisted the flag of freedom at last, and found perhaps to-night, by the merest accident, far more than he looked for in those young days of weakness, folly, and despair. How delightful it would be to instal her at Royston, to take her to London, to introduce her to Lady Jane! No. Already he had so far forgotten the ghost of his departed love that he felt perfectly indifferent whether Lady Jane grudged him his happiness or not.

A man must marry some time, he decided. Would he ever see a woman so likely to suit him, supposing, of course, that she proved as charming as she looked? And why not? The face was surely an index to the character. Such soft and beautiful hair, too, must necessarily accompany an amiable disposition and well-stored mind. His thoughts were running away with him, galloping headlong downhill, and had reached altar and honeymoon, when they were suddenly pulled up by a consideration that ought to have presented itself sooner. "What if she were married already?" How he cursed his stupidity not to have scrutinised her left hand for the plain gold ring that tells its respectable tale. Yes, of course, she must be married;

that accounted for her travelling by herself, her quiet independence of manner, her dining alone in the coffee-room of an hotel. She came to meet her husband, who would probably arrive by the last train, and there was an end of the whole thing ! As he dashed the stump of his cigar into the fireless grate, he could not help laughing aloud to think how quickly he had planned, built, furnished, and annihilated his castle in the air ! Yet, passing 46 in the passage on his way to bed, he could not help looking wistfully at the closed door with its painted numerals, wondering the while how he could be such a fool.

Roy was an early riser. The habit, acquired in warmer climates than our own, is got rid of with difficulty even in England, where many of us lose something like fourteen hours, or one working day, in the week, by persistently lying in bed till eight o'clock. On his dreams it is needless to speculate ; sleep does not always continue the thread of our waking thoughts, but he turned out at seven, and by half-past was shaking the cold salt water from eyes, ears, and nostrils, as he came up after a glorious "header" and struck out for the open sea.

He was a fair swimmer, but distances are deceiving for a naked man in the Channel, so that a few hundred yards out and in again were as much as he cared to accomplish before breakfast. Climbing into his machine, he experienced that sensation of renewed vigour in body and mind which is never so delightful as after the first of our morning dips, if we are prudent enough not to stay in the sea too long.

Walking home through the market, with a furious appetite for breakfast, all the despondency of yesterday had vanished, and even the infatuation of last night seemed but a dream.

Royston was no longer a dull and moated Grange, in which life meant stagnation ; a country gentleman's duties and occupations assumed the importance which everything really possesses that is done heartily and for a good motive. John Roy himself had become an enviable person, with far better luck than he deserved ; and this fresh, quiet Beachmouth a charming little watering-place, where he would remain just long enough to enjoy his holiday, and return to homely duties refreshed, invigorated, altogether a new man. If No. 46 crossed his mind, it was only that he might picture her to himself eating prawns with her legal mate at a coffee-room breakfast, smiling and comely, no doubt, but not half so pretty as she looked the night before.

Proceeding upstairs to his own apartment he necessarily passed her door. On its threshold rested a dear little pair of boots, left out

last night to be cleaned and brought back this morning, in company with a can of warm water. It was obvious they belonged to a very pretty foot, slim and supple, hollow and arched, that trod, light and even, on a thin sole and low heel. For a man who admired pretty feet, it was impossible to pass these boots without further examination. John Roy could not resist the temptation, and stooped to pick one up.

Now the chambermaid, not wishing to go more errands than necessary, had left a letter for No. 46 cunningly balanced on that lady's *chaussure*; was it quite inexcusable that Mr. Roy should have turned it over in his hand, or that his heart should have made a great leap when he read the address—

“MISS BURTON,
Imperial Hotel,
Beachmouth,”

written legibly enough in a plain, clerk-like, current hand? Miss Burton! She was free, then, this goddess; unmarried, at any rate, though it would be too much to suppose that she could be without suitors. Still, give him a fair field and no favour, why should his chance be worse than another's? All the folly of last night, that he thought had been washed out by sea-water, came back with a rush; he lifted one of the little boots in a tender, almost a reverent hand; but for footsteps in the passage he would have defied blacking, and pressed it to his lips.

Instead of kissing, he dropped it like a hot potato, and hurried off to complete his toilet, with a light tread and a bounding pulse, but the fine appetite for breakfast completely gone.

CHAPTER III.

NUMBER FORTY-SIX.

HE was just in time. His own scarcely closed before the door of 46 opened, and a bright, handsome face peeped out, followed by a round white arm, that drew letter, boots, and water-can into the room. Miss Burton then desisted from the sleeking of her dark locks, and proceeded to read the following communication:—

“Monday evening.

“Corner Hotel, Corner Street, Strand.

“MY DEAR NELLY,—

“You were disappointed. In course you must have been disappointed, though I make no account of disappointments myself,

being well used to them. But you are young, which makes it different. Well, my dear, the cabman was sulky, and his poor horse lame, and I *had* very little time to spare, there's no denying it, so we missed the train. Why didn't I come by the next? I'll tell you. The moment I got home, meaning to take a cup of tea and a fresh start, what should I find at the door but four arrivals, and one of them a family of eight, with a baby not short-coated, bless it, as hungry as a little hawk. Nothing ready, not so much as a mouthful of toast for the lot. Maria is no more use than a post : and when I think of how you would have helped me, my dear, in such a muddle, I could sit down and cry. Why, in *your* time, a queen might have eaten off the kitchen floor, and now, I declare, I am ashamed for the strange servants to go into the offices. Even them foreign couriers turn up their noses when they pass in and out ; and to be untidy, as well you know, is the one thing that makes me mad. However, I am such a one to bustle when I'm really put to it, that I had them all settled and comfortable before the gas was turned on ; but it was too late to start for Beachmouth then. I never believed much in telegraphs since the Government took them in hand, so I thought I'd drop you a line by post, my dear, to tell you all, how and about it.

"I made sure of being off, first thing in the morning, but we're poor blind creatures, the sharpest of us, and half-an-hour back, Fanny, that's the new under-housemaid, and a precious lazy one she is, comes tapping at the door, and ' If you please, ma'am,' says she, ' Miss Collins is took bad,' says she ; and will you believe it, my dear, there was Maria fainted dead away on the stairs, and forced to be put to bed at once, and a doctor sent for and all ! Till he has been, I don't know what's the matter, nor how long a job it will be, nor when I shall get down and join you, no more than the dead. That's why I'm writing in such a hurry to save the post, so please excuse mistakes, and always believe me

" Your affectionate aunt,

" MATILDA PHIPPS."

" P.S. My head isn't worth twopence, I'm that worried and put about. Now I've forgot to say, you'd better keep your mind easy, and stay where you are,—the change will do you good. If things go well, I might be with you on Saturday, at soonest. I can tell you these fine autumn days make me long for a blow of the sea-breezes and a walk by the seaside ; good-bye."

After reading the above production more than once, Miss Burton pulled her purse from under the pillow, and counted her money,

gold, silver, copper, and a bank-note. She then completed her toilet, took in a breakfast tray left at the door, disposed of its contents with a healthy appetite, arranged her writing-case on the lid of a trunk, and, in a most uncomfortable attitude, produced the following reply :—

“ Tuesday morning.

“ No. 46, Imperial Hotel, Beachmouth.

“ DEAR AUNT MATILDA,—

“ Mind you ask for No. 46 when you arrive. It means *me*. I'm like a convict, only without a brass ring, and the people of the hotel wouldn't know me by any other name. I hope you will be here soon; you *would* enjoy it. From my window I have such a lovely view of the sea, and this morning I was woken by the tide coming in. It sounded so fresh and healthy. I wonder anybody lives away from the seaside; not but what I was very happy with you in Corner Street. I like to think I am of use, and one is very useful, I suppose, managing an hotel. If poor Miss Collins keeps bad, I will come back whenever you wish. I don't want to be independent, dear auntie, and the money left me by Cousin William I would willingly join to yours, if you thought it a good plan, as I told you from the first. However, in the mean time, we will hope to enjoy ourselves for a fortnight at least in this beautiful and romantic place. Not that I have seen much of it yet; but directly I have posted this, I mean to be off for a long walk by the sea. It seems like another world, and yet I am sure I don't know why. This hotel is comfortable enough, but I could teach them a few things, I dare say, though to be sure we Londoners are apt to expect too much. Country folks must be a little behindhand, I suppose. How you would laugh if you were to find me settled in the bar, taking the orders and posting the books. Wouldn't it seem like old times?

“ I was glad you told me to travel first-class, as I had a carriage all to myself, except for two gentlemen, who got out half-way. I never was much of a one to take notice of the men, and though they stared more than was polite, we scarcely exchanged a word. I dined in the coffee-room, where there were very few people. If it wasn't for the sea, I should be dull enough; but I hope to have you here in a day or two, when we will take some famous walks, and perhaps, if it is very smooth, go out for a sail. In the mean time I shall stay where I am, dear auntie, till I hear from you again, and remain always

“ Your grateful and affectionate niece,

“ ELINOR BURTON.”

Having stamped her letter, Miss Burton put on a killing little straw hat, armed herself with an umbrella, and sallied forth to the post-office, light of step, and blithe of heart, little knowing, like the rest of us, what a day might bring forth.

It must not be supposed that this lady, though filling a social position no higher than the management of an hotel owned and superintended by her aunt, was therefore deficient in education, or unrefined in feelings. Her father was a bookseller, her mother a governess. Such a combination inferred a moderate share of education and accomplishments. She could play the pianoforte, speak French, calculate figures, order dinner, see that it was properly cooked, check tradespeople, manage servants, and wrote, moreover, the most beautiful Italian hand imaginable—clear, precise, and fluent, it seemed no unworthy index of her character.

She was now near thirty, and had, of course, received a fair amount of attention. She might have counted her offers as tumblers of punch are counted in Ireland, on the fingers of both hands. Hitherto she had escaped without a wound, almost without a scratch. Well-to-do tradesmen sued in vain. A rising artist, a popular actor were rejected, kindly but firmly, and Nelly, in the prime of womanhood, could as yet find nobody exactly to her taste. Mrs. Phipps, the aunt who had taken care of her since her mother's death, began to fear that she was destined for an old maid. Recalling her own youth, and its comparative scarcity of suitors, she wondered how her niece could be so impenetrable; and when, under the will of a cousin deceased, Miss Burton became possessed of a small independent fortune, the elder lady, arguing against her own interests and convenience, urged on the younger the propriety of at last settling in life.

Nelly did not seem to see it. When she could find leisure, and occasion offered, she was a reader of novels and a dreamer of dreams, though clear-headed and firm of purpose. She was also a thorough woman, and cherished deep in her heart those generous impulses of affection and romance which make much of a woman's pleasure in life, and all her pain. She had formed her ideal hero, who in no way resembled the men she was in the habit of meeting in her aunt's private sitting-room, or at the bar of the Corner Hotel, Corner Street, Strand. She had not settled exactly what he *was*, but had made up her mind what he was *not*.

In business?—No. A mere idler?—No. Young, slim, and genteel?—No. Short, stout, and well-to-do?—A thousand times no. Rather, a man of a certain age, a certain standing, who had seen the

world, and thought things out, and been unhappy—perhaps about some other woman. She wouldn't mind that ; a sore heart was better than none at all ; and—and—she felt, if she really loved him, she could console him for anything !

When we think of a woman's nature—excitable, imaginative, and in its affections wholly unreasonable ; when we think of a girl's dreams—tender, unselfish, and thoroughly unattainable—the wonder is, not that here and there we shall find an unhappy marriage, but that any two people, thoroughly disappointed and undeceived, should be able to tolerate each other kindly and comfortably to the end. Even for men there is an awakening from the rosy dream, usually within two years ; but they have so many interests and occupations into which the affections do not enter, that they prosper well enough without these superfluities, and prefer, I believe, the bracing air and enforced activity of the working world, to an oppressive atmosphere and irksome repose in a fool's paradise. But it is far different with their wives. Piece by piece the woman sees her knight stripped of his golden armour ; feather by feather does her love-bird moult its painted plumes, and the lower he falls in her estimation, the higher this disappointing mate seems to rise in his own. He kissed her feet while she thought him a prince ; he tramples on her now she knows him a clown. After taming an eagle, it does seem humiliating to be coerced by an owl.

And there is no salvage : all her cargo has gone down in one ship. Is it wonderful that she looks abroad over the dreary waters, with a blank face and a troubled eye ? Women are deceived over and over again : they like it. But even the pure gold never rings quite true in their ears when they have once been cheated by the counterfeit coin.

It seems an ungenerous sentiment, but I think that man is wise who does not allow his wife to know him thoroughly ; who keeps back a reserve of strength, of authority, even of affection, for the hour of need, causing her to feel that there are depths in his character she has not yet sounded, heights she has not scaled. Thus can he indulge and keep alive her feline propensity to prowl, and pounce, and capture ; thus will he remain an object of interest, of anxiety, of devotion ; thus will she continue to see him through the coloured glass of her own imagination, and it will be the happier for both, because when affection goes to sleep in security, it is apt to forget all about waking, and those are the most enduring attachments in which the woman loves best of the two.

In the mean time Nelly has posted her letter, and paid the penny that entitled her to inhale sea-breezes on the pier.

It is an autumn day—delightful at the seaside—with a bright sun, a crisp air, and a curl on the shining waters. All the visitors at Beachmouth seem to have turned out, though it is hardly eleven o'clock; but in the hundred or so of strangers who constitute this accidental population there are none to be compared with Miss Burton.

Even the ladies stare at her as she walks on, and admit, frankly enough, that she "has a fine figure for people who admire that style. What a pity she must become coarse, even blowsy, in a year or two; and, after all, it's very easy to be good-looking, with dark eyes, and all that quantity of hair, probably false!"

The approval of the men, however, is unanimous. One youth, wearing a complete shooting-suit, that will never go out shooting, passes, re-passes, looks, leers, and seems about to speak; but Nelly is used to admiration, considering it, like beef or mutton, unpalatable unless properly cooked, and, looking straight before her, gives him to understand by her bearing that she is the last person with whom he may presume to take a liberty.

Then she establishes herself at the extreme end of the jetty, as far out at sea as she can get, perhaps three hundred feet, and pulling some work from her pocket, gives herself up to the full enjoyment of air and scenery, with no more self-consciousness than the grey gull flapping and fishing not a cable's length from where she sits. Meanwhile, John Roy, deceived by a dress and a *chignon*, has walked two miles along the beach in pursuit of a figure that sets his heart beating while he overtakes it, but on nearer inspection turns out to be an elderly lady, ordered strong exercise for her health, who meets his disappointed stare with a perfectly unmeaning smile, and a face shining in perspiration under the noonday sun.

CHAPTER IV.

DEEPER AND DEEPER.

EVENTS seldom come off exactly as people anticipate; yet the odds are longer than we think on the success of a man who expends all his energies in pursuit of any one object, great or small.

The old foxhunter's advice, "Keep your temper, and stick to the line," is a golden rule for the conduct of more serious affairs than bringing "the little red rover" to hand after all the delights

and uncertainties of a run. If we carry on the metaphor into a love-chase, we shall find it even more appropriate to the gardens of Venus than the woodlands of Diana. Command of temper is everything in dealing with a woman's caprice, and that undeviating persistency which men call pigheadedness, and gods perseverance, seldom fails, sooner or later, to come up with and capture its prey. John Roy resolved to keep his temper, though he had overrun the line; and like a thorough woodsman, adapting his tactics to the habits of his game, he determined to "try back" without loss of time. But the pier was deserted when he arrived there, and he sat down to consider his next move, disappointed rather than disheartened. As he told himself, with something of sarcasm, "He was only hotter on it than before."

The tide would be out in the afternoon. He reflected that no woman, on her first day at the seaside, could resist the temptation of wetting her feet in the little pools of salt water left, as if on purpose, by its ebb.

So after luncheon he watched, patiently enough, and having seen his friend of the morning packed into a watering-place fly, felt confident he would be deceived by that staunch pedestrian no more.

Presently he was rewarded. Not ten paces from the rock where he had settled himself, Forty-six came stepping jauntily by, looking steadfastly seaward while she drank in the fresh briny air with a thirst engendered by long months of London smoke and gas.

He could not but observe how true were the lines of her undulating figure, how firmly she planted her foot, how nobly she carried her head, how smooth and level was her gait, as she stepped bravely out across the sand.

"Watch, and your chance comes!" muttered Roy, throwing away the cigar he was in the act of lighting: for an occasion offered itself when least expected, and he seized it without diffidence or hesitation. Two children, enjoying as only children can the delight of wooden spades and low water, had wandered, I need hardly say, to the extreme verge of safety, and far beyond dry rocks, in pursuit of the receding waves. Bare-footed and kilted high above their fat little knees, they shouted, screamed, and splashed to their hearts' content, while the nurse, seated under an umbrella with her back to them, was lost in the pages of a novel. They were boy and girl, the latter being the younger, and, if possible, the wilder of the two. In her frolics she found herself parted from her brother, and to her young perceptions cut off from society in general by a runlet of water nearly two feet deep. Becoming gradually alive to the horrors of her situation, she grasped her frock tight in both hands and roared

with all her might. The boy, who perhaps was turned four, made some slight offer at a rescue, but the intervening gulf seemed too much for him, and he also set up a hideous outcry, while the nurse read calmly on.

Nelly loved children. Glancing on each side to make sure she was unobserved, but neglecting in her hurry to look back, she pulled her boots and stockings off in a few seconds, caught up her garments as best she might, and was wading knee-deep to the rescue before John Roy could interfere.

How handsome she looked, hugging the frightened child in her arms, and soothing it with that beautiful instinct of maternity which pervades her whole sex from the first moment they are big enough to handle a do ll!

With hurried apologies and some blushing on both sides—for Roy was already hard hit, and Nelly had certainly been caught in *deshabille*—he took possession of the little girl, now completely reassured, and carried her safe to the nurse, studiously turning his back on Miss Burton while she resumed her stockings. "He is a gentleman," thought Nelly, "every inch of him. I dare say he's a good fellow, too, he seems so fond of children."

Such an introduction was equivalent to a week's acquaintance. With a little shyness, a little hesitation and incoherence of speech, the gentleman and lady managed to communicate their respective names, and to digest the startling intelligence that they were staying at the same hotel, that it was comfortable but might be cleaner, that the sea air made one hungry, and the roar of the tide kept one awake—all which facts were self-evident, and in no way accounted for the low tones, grave accents, or downcast glances with which they were propounded and received.

It seemed imprudent, too, for people with wet feet to walk home at an exceedingly slow pace, and halt so repeatedly on the way.

Each thought the distance had been much longer, and both said so at the same moment. Then came more bowing, more blushing, an abortive attempt at shaking hands, and an imbecile, unmeaning kind of parting, that left John Roy standing in the entrance-hall with his mouth open and his heart in it, while Nelly hurried upstairs to take refuge in 46.

Her first impulse, though by no means a vain person, was to look in the glass. What she saw there caused her to smile, sigh, and shake her head. Then she sat down on the bed to think.

Mr. Roy, on the other hand, turned into the coffee-room, and ordered dinner for seven o'clock, with an indifference to the bill of

fare that disgusted and a positiveness that surprised the waiter—securing also a table near the clock, at one end of the room.

For the next two or three days everything "went upon wheels." If people are inclined to like each other, and live in the same hotel at a small watering-place, it is probable they will meet many times in the twenty-four hours : twice, at least, between breakfast and dinner, on the Pier, without counting accidental encounters on the stairs, in the streets, under the portico of the Circulating Library, by the ebb and flow of the soothing tide, or at sunset on the beach. It is surprising how soon an idea, canvassed, cherished, and combated by turns, takes entire possession of the mind. The first day of their acquaintance Mr. Roy and Miss Burton felt that a new element of interest had entered into life. The second, they were perfectly happy; quiet, contented, asking nothing better than to remain undisturbed. The third, both had grown restless, fidgety, dissatisfied, and a crisis was near.

It had become an established custom that they should meet in their walks; they had even started together from the hotel. On one occasion, however, Miss Burton went out by herself, and took up a position at the extreme end of the Pier. As she stated openly that this was her favourite resort, it is not surprising that Mr. Roy should have followed with no more delay than was required to run upstairs and get his hat.

The band had ceased playing, children and nurses were gone home to dinner, these two had the Pier to themselves. Perhaps that was why they became so silent, so preoccupied, believing they were perfectly happy, yet feeling somewhat ill-at-ease.

After the first meeting, a hypocritical "good-morning," that had already been exchanged in the hotel corridor, neither spoke for two or three minutes, which seemed like two or three hours. Nelly had forgotten her work, Roy did not even attempt to smoke, and they sat side by side staring at a grey gull who stuck diligently to his fishing, without noticing a feather of his wings.

"Miss Burton, shouldn't you like to be a gull?" asked Roy presently, with a much more serious face than the question seemed to require.

"Mr. Roy, shouldn't you like to be a goose?" was the reply that naturally presented itself; but Nelly only answered in rather a shaking voice, "Yes, I should, because it can stay at the seaside as long as it likes."

"And can't *you*?" said Roy, taking the alarm.

She shook her head.

"I don't live here, you know. I only came down for a visit ; and I have dawdled on, expecting my aunt to fetch me home. I am afraid now she will be prevented. And—and, I think I ought to go back to London at once,"—the last in a low tone, looking steadfastly out to sea.

"Don't you like Beachmouth?"

"Oh, yes ; very much."

"Haven't you been happy since you came here?"

"Yes ; very happy. I am so fond of the sea-air, and the bathing, and the walks on the sands. I have enjoyed it extremely ; I shall be quite sorry to go away."

"Only for that?"

Her head was averted. She felt her heart beating fast, and the colour rising scarlet to her face.

"Miss Burton."

No answer.

"Miss Burton," he repeated, clearing his voice with a husky little cough, "I hope, I say, I *hope* there is something here you will be sorry to leave, besides the bathing and the sands. I cannot expect you to feel about it as I do ; but—but—whether you go or stay, I must tell you the truth. Ever since the first night I saw you at dinner, I—I have thought you the handsomest, and the dearest, and the nicest woman in the world."

"Lor!"

Was it a dissolution? He hardly knew. Lady Jane, he remembered, under similar circumstances, exclaimed, "How *can* you be so foolish?" But at any rate he had got the steam on, and it was too late to stop now.

"I have not much to offer," he continued. "I am many years older than you. I am asking a great deal, with little to give in return. You will say we hardly know each other ; but I should not be the least afraid for the future, if you thought you could learn to like me after a while. Perhaps I ought to have waited longer before speaking, but when you said you were going away it put me off my guard. I could not bear to lose my second chance in life. It is only right to tell you. I know what disappointment is ; I loved another woman once."

"Only once?"

He knew he was winning now, and stole his hand into hers. "Only once," he repeated ; "and it was many years ago. If you would be my wife, I would try to make you happy. Do you think, *don't you think*, Miss Burton, if I tried very hard I might succeed?"

"Don't call me Miss Burton. People I like call me Nelly."

"And you like *me*?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you will learn to love me in time?" His arm was round her waist now, and her head rested on his shoulder.

"I've learned it already. I've loved you ever so long. Ever since the day before yesterday. Let go of me, please; there's somebody coming on the Pier!"

CHAPTER V.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

For the last few days Miss Burton had sadly neglected her only correspondent. It was so difficult to write without alluding to the subject that filled her heart, and she had never kept anything from aunt Matilda in her life. Now she could tell triumphantly and without reserve what a lucky woman she was, and how happy. Dear auntie would be so pleased and so proud when she learned that her niece was going to be a real lady. I am afraid Nelly called it "a lady of position." How auntie would admire Mr. Roy! his well-cut clothes, his upright figure, his white hands, and his gallant bearing. She would declare he looked like a lord; and so he did, as there was no earthly reason why he should not. It seemed impossible to realise the fact that she, Nelly Burton, was going to belong to this paragon, this phoenix, this king of men! How she loved him, how she doted on him, now that it was no longer humiliating nor unwomanly to admit her affection! Every line of his worn face, every turn of his manly figure, every tone of his quiet, decided voice, suggested the breeding, the education, and the unconscious self-respect of a gentleman. Yes, to the bookseller's daughter, in this consisted his irresistible attraction. He was the embodiment of her ideal, and that ideal had always presented itself as identified with a higher social class than her own. He was the realisation of her dreams, and if she might belong to him, nay, as she *must* belong to him, how could she worship him enough? What an exquisite and subtle flattery was conveyed in his confession that she had fascinated him at once; that he, who might take his choice, as she implicitly believed, of all the ladies at her Majesty's drawing-room, should have fallen in love with her, so he declared, from the moment he saw the back of her head. This was surely *love at first sight*, of which she had read, and heard,

and pondered, but never hoped to experience the charm. It seemed as if nobody had a right to be so happy, and she walked up and down the room in a transport that was only modified by those vague misgivings, that shadowy sense of uncertainty, with which, from the very constitution of our nature, must be tempered all extremes of earthly joy. Then she fell on her knees to thank God, with wet eyes, for her exceeding happiness, and so, in a more composed frame of mind, took out her blotting-book and wrote a letter to her aunt.

"DEAREST AUNTIE,

"I have such a piece of news! You will never guess, not if you try for a month. You must have wondered why I wrote so seldom, and thought me the most ungrateful minx in the world. No; you would never think that. But you may have fancied I was ill. If so, forgive me for having caused you a moment's anxiety. Dear auntie, I feel as if I should never be ill again. I am so happy; *so* happy! Do you remember the American gentleman who declared the whole of out-of-doors wasn't big enough to contain his disgust? Well, I feel exactly the same about my happiness. I certainly am the luckiest girl, or rather the luckiest woman, in the universe.

"You have often told me I ought to marry, and I always said, No. It used to seem such an easy word. But I couldn't have got it out to-day if my life depended on it, and that little syllable once spoken would have made two people miserable for ever. Any how, I can answer for *one*! But I am keeping you on tenterhooks, when I ought to make my confession. Dearest auntie, I am going to be married! There! Now the cat is out of the bag! And to the noblest, the dearest, the kindest, the handsomest of men. To explain it all I must begin at the beginning.

"The night I came here, it seems such a long time ago now, and it isn't really more than a week, I asked to have some tea upstairs, but I saw they didn't want to send it, so I ordered dinner in the coffee-room, smoothed my hair and went down, not best pleased to think I should find myself alone amongst a lot of strangers. Would you believe it, only three other tables were laid, and I sat with my back to them all, so I had my dinner comfortable without noticing anybody. There was one gentleman I couldn't help seeing, when I got up to go away, and I won't deny that I thought him a fine, straight-made fellow, with white hands, dark eyes, and hair just turning grey, but I didn't notice him much, as you may suppose. However, I *do* believe there is a fate in these things. The very next day I had an adventure, and Mr. Roy—that's his name, auntie, you'll know it better soon—appeared as the hero. I

was down on the sands, you may be sure, and I happened to see a child hemmed in by streams of salt water that would have reached to its poor little neck. Such a darling, auntie, with great blue eyes and beautiful fair hair! Well, I don't like to think of it even now, but I whipped my boots and stockings off, and waded in at once to this poor little Robinson Crusoe, thinking nobody was looking, or perhaps not thinking at all, for the child seemed so frightened, there was no time to lose. I soon had it in my arms, hiding its dear little face on my shoulder, and there was Mr. Roy, splashing through the water, clothes and all, to take it from me and carry it to the nurse. I thought I should have dropped, only one never *does* drop, I felt so put out and ashamed that a gentleman should have caught me without shoes and stockings, like a barefooted gipsy swinging on a gate. Dear fellow! He has confessed since he watched me all the way from the hotel. I didn't know it, then. I suppose I should have been very angry, but I am not angry the least. I shall never be angry with *him* all my life now.

"We walked home together, and though he was very kind and polite, hoping I would not take cold with my wetting, he didn't say much. I never supposed that he thought of me for a moment, at least in *that* way, till to-day.

"I am not going to deny that I admired him, and was foolish enough to wish sometimes there could be a chance of our meeting after I left Beachmouth; but I kept my wishes to myself, and didn't even tell *you*, dear auntie, what a silly I could be when I am old enough to know better. And yet, as things have turned out, I wasn't such a great silly after all.

"You have been married yourself, auntie, and had lots of followers, I dare say, before you changed your name, so you know how it all comes about. At first it only seemed strange and rather pleasant to meet Mr. Roy by accident wherever I went; then I began to think he did it on purpose, and I felt I ought not to encourage him. One day I walked right away into the country, but I couldn't resist turning back at the first milestone when I thought of his disappointed face hunting for me all over the beach and the Pier. Then I knew I was beginning to care for him, and I determined to go away from here at once.

"That was only yesterday; to-day everything is different. I went to the window after breakfast, and watched him out of the house, as I said to myself for the *last* time, meaning directly his back was turned to take my own walk in an opposite direction.

"I cried a little; I am not ashamed to confess it now. Wasn't it *stupid*? And I shall be thirty next birthday. When he was fairly

started I bathed my eyes, put on my hat and trudged off to the Pier. There was no harm in taking a last look at everything, but I felt very *down*, though I had quite made up my mind to go.

"I wonder how he knew! I hadn't been there ten minutes before I heard his step. I didn't need to turn my head; I can tell his walk among a thousand; and it seemed so natural for him to sit down by me and look at the sea, that I could have burst out crying again when I thought it was all for the *last* time.

"I don't know how he came to say it, auntie, but he *did* say it. I don't know exactly what he said, and if I could repeat it I shouldn't, even to *you*; but he confessed he cared very much for me, and asked me to be his wife. That is enough, and more than enough for me!

"Nothing is settled. Most likely it's too great happiness, and will never be—that won't influence *my* feelings. I promised him faithful, and if I am not to belong to him, I'll belong to nobody, and die an old maid.

"So now I have told you all about it. There is little more to be said. I think I ought to leave this at once. It will be too late to get an answer, or I would ask your advice, though a woman doesn't want anybody to advise her in such a matter as this. I shall be off by the early train to-morrow morning; you will not be taken by surprise, as this ought to reach you first post. If Mr. Roy means fair, he will soon follow. When I say 'if,' don't suppose I have any doubts. Could I believe he was false, I think I should just pay my penny once more, walk to the end of the Pier, and never come back again!

"What a long letter! Wish me joy when I see you to-morrow, and believe me

"Always your loving niece,

"ELINOR BURTON."

No date, of course, but crossed, re-crossed, and filled to the edges. When Miss Burton had slipped it into the hotel letter-box she returned to her room, and spent the rest of the evening packing up her clothes.

John Roy, wandering to and fro like a disturbed spirit, felt grievously hurt and discomposed that, after an interview which had such decided results, he should see no more of his promised wife during the rest of the day. Though a man cultivates less subtle feelings of delicacy than a woman, his better nature told him she was right. Nevertheless, like the rest of us when we are dissatisfied with our gourd, he followed the example of Jonah, and thought he "did well to be angry."

His wrath, however, was mollified, and the reaction made him more in love than ever, when, going to his room before dinner, he found a pretty little note pinned on his toilet-cover, the address of which was written in the clearest and most beautiful characters ever beheld. He kissed it once *before* reading it, I should be afraid to say how often after.

"MY DEAR SIR, or

"My dear Mr. Roy, or

"My dear Friend,—What am I to call you? Do not be surprised that I write a few lines, instead of seeing you before I go, to say good-bye. I cannot explain why, but I feel that after what took place to-day, I ought to return home at once. I hope you will not be hurt, and I am sure you will not be offended. I think, on reflection, it is what you would like me to do yourself. I shall not go down to dinner, and I shall leave to-morrow morning for my aunt's house, Corner Hotel, Corner Street, Strand. I wonder whether you will remember the address. Even if you do not, even if I am never to see you again, believe me always, so long as I live,

"Your own

"NELLY."

"P.S. It is rather an early start. I must be at the station by 7.30."

She *was* at the station by 7.30, and so was Mr. Roy. Having ascertained, we need not inquire how, that Miss Burton drank tea with the landlady the previous evening, who afterwards assisted in finishing her packing and saw her safe to bed, he had the good taste to anticipate her at the station instead of accompanying her from the hotel, and made his farewell on the platform, where indeed at that early hour there were but few lookers-on.

"And when shall I see you again?" said he, after a warm though hurried renewal of certain protestations that he felt had been unjustly curtailed.

"It depends on yourself," was the reply, while she gave him both hands with a look of confidence and affection that made her handsomer than ever. "I shall wait for you at my aunt's—waiting—always waiting—if you never come, I shall wait for you just the same."

"I *hate* waiting," said he. "If I had my own way, you shouldn't wait a minute. Why can't I get my ticket and go with you now?"

She *smiled and shook her head*. "Why?" she repeated. "I'm

sure I don't know *why*. And yet I feel it would put me in a false position ; you see, it would not be right."

" I don't see. Why wouldn't it ? "

" Because it wouldn't." And though this was a woman's reason, it seemed to him convincing and unanswerable, as based on some instinct of truth deeper and more infallible than all the inductions of philosophy and all the wisdom of the schools.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER IN THE SOUTH.

THE winter had passed, and Rome was beginning to be as beautiful by nature as it always is by art, by historical association, by poetical suggestion. The various villas, purpled with violets and anemones ; the Pincio, redolent with sweet-scented flowering shrubs and magnificent in sunsets ; the Campagna, its silent grandeur enlivened by broad tracts of pale narcissus ; the distant woods, as of Castel Fusano say, full of crimson cyclamen and luscious daphne, of delicate tree heaths and what are with us rare orchids—all were in their first freshness ; but, though with regret, we resolved to leave the city which strong men had once made the Queen of the World, that we might learn the full glory of an Italian spring and summer on the Bay of Naples.

It was an experiment for us of the far north, used to long months of the inclemency which braces or kills, with only so short an interval of genial summer weather ; but it was worth doing, and we were not afraid. We thought that a little common-sense endurance of disagreeable restraints would see us through the inevitable risks that had to be run ; and the following paper is the result of our experience. No one will find in it anything new or strange. Italy in general, and the Gulf of Naples specially, have been written of countless times, and will be again ; but an old thing filtered through a new medium sometimes puts on a different appearance, and my own keen appreciation of the beauty which was so fresh for me may perhaps give it a gloss of freshness for others.

There can scarcely be a sharper contrast than that between Rome and Naples. True, each has the Italian sky, each the Italian beauty, and both speak the same language for the educated ; else, for the people, the soft, slippery, truncated Neapolitan “dialetto” is, as every one knows, another tongue altogether ; yet the informing spirit of each is as different as that of London from that of Paris. Rome, grave and silent, grand with the strength of the men who were once the conquerors and lawgivers of the world, red with the blood of its martyrs, stained with the sins of its rulers, is the city *par excellence* of memories where admiration, pathos, and horror are all mixed up

together;—Naples is the incarnation of the present moment; picturesque with the strange varieties of social circumstances in close confusion, noisy, full of colour, careless, distracting. Where in Rome the whole influence is one of historic association, in Naples it is nothing but the life of the day, the loves of the hour. The Appian Way and the Chiaia—can anything be more sharply contrasted? Not even Fleet Street at noon and the Boulevards at night could show a stronger difference. The stately low-voiced passers up and down the Corso and the shrieking and gesticulating throng who seem to make life one long holiday in the Toledo—the sullen dwellers by the Tiber and the impulsive, laughing, lounging, quarrelling, sleeping lazzaroni about the quays and docks at Naples—the solemn, sunless streets of Rome, and the long lines set full to the south flooded with living light of the City of the Sea—the deserted Campagna with its few fever-stricken peasants in sheep-skin jackets and bandaged legs, with here and there a solitary horseman driving his fierce herd of buffaloes before him, his long goad carried lancewise, his ample cloak and slouched broad-leafed hat making him more like a Mexican cattle-lifter than an honest grazier looking after his lawful stock—and the populous plains that lie at the foot of Vesuvius, where men with bare brown legs, short linen drawers, and sometimes, but not always, a shirt, till the ground and sing at their work as noisily as so many cicale in the ailanthus trees:—turn where we will, we see the same contrast in form and spirit—Rome, the stately Queen of the East; Naples, the laughing and undignified, half mendicant, half jesting, and wholly immoral Stenterello of the present.

Naples never seems to go to bed. Early in the morning you are roused by the tinkle of the goat-bells and the patter of multitudinous hoofs hurrying to the pasture places by the waysides and through the coarse half-swampy fields about Pozzuoli. Then comes the quick tramp of regiments out for their day's exercise, headed by their respective bands playing as they march; alert, young, good-humoured, but slovenly in their drill. The rattle of carts and carrozzelle, with the jingling trappings of the horses resplendent in brass, gay with rosettes and feathers and foxes' tails, and mended with rope and twine, now hung about with bells and now surmounted by a couple of clattering metal flags clashing as they turn; the city cries of fish and fruit and water; the horns of the tramway omnibuses; the thousand voices of men and women and children who all seem to shout together and to shout for ever;—all these noises begin the day in good time and go on without intermission, save for siesta in the summer, till far into the night. In the evening, when the sun has

gone down, there are no more goat-bells nor the tramp of soldiers to swell the ceaseless uproar ; but instead of these, mandolin players wander from house to house, singing safely for soldi those Neapolitan love-songs which once were sung only for love and at risk. It is a strange fall in poetry to hear these now caressing and now passionate strains, which were once worth so much life-blood of gallant men and lovely women, coarsely screamed beneath the balcony by some ragged robin who would rather die in the sun than work in the shade, and who wanders about twanging his mandolin and giving out his songs until he has scraped just enough for his supper of macaroni and red wine. But very little romance is left in the world anywhere ; and even Naples has become, in a certain sense, prosaic like the rest.

Yet awake or asleep, mendicant or venal, Naples has always its own enchantment. Set full in the sun ; Vesuvius, with its streaming banner of smoke, to the side ; the deep blue sea with fair Capri in front ; the noble curve of the bay from the point of Massa to the headland of Misenum rounding off the picture ; the towns and villages along the coast gleaming white from among the trees and under the purple shadows of the terraced hills ;—what is equal to that view ? Where else on earth can be found so much beauty, so great charm ? From San Martino, whence you see the town lying below you in measured blocks and patterns like an architect's model, broken only by the shining oriental-looking cupolas of the churches—from the Camaldoli, where you add to the well-known sea-view the country lying backward over the volcanic regions of Agnano and Astroni—wherever you will, you have always the same beauty, always the same leading characteristics supplemented by new features—always the flowing outline of the burning mountain ; the purple shadows and noble forms of the surrounding hills ; the deep blue sea, like a second sunny sky ; the headlands and the islands turned by the sunset into amethysts washed with gold ; always vineyards and orange gardens, olive-trees and broad-leaved fig-trees, and the sense everywhere of as much natural richness and luxuriance as of beauty.

There is much to see in and about Naples. The first drive through the grotto of Posilippo has an eerie feeling with it never to be forgotten. The yelling coachmen cracking their whips and racing along at a hand-gallop in the darkness ; the women and children huddling to the side, but the men shouting back angry warnings to take care and may the saints give them their deserts ; the bleating flocks pressed close together as they now stand still and now scamper forward in their fright ; the strange sense of dangers un-

known and dangers foreseen, with the inevitable dread lest threatening hands and picking fingers should make short work of your purse in the darkness, all make the first drive in a certain sense an epoch in your life. And if you meet a funeral procession midway—the coffin borne by the masked and hooded white-robed Brethren of the Misericordia, while monks in front bear candles and chant hymns which the high-arched roof and narrow sides echo back in wild discords—you have a glimpse of mediæval days singularly precious to your imagination. The poor dead creature in the coffin there was probably an unwashed and dishonest father of a family who sold something nasty to eat. The Brethren of the Misericordia are men analogous to our vestrymen, who do their social and civic duties according to the methods prescribed by law and long usage; but to you, unaccustomed to those methods, that poor dead seller of doubtful meat seasoned with garlic is a murdered Somebody carried to his last home by friends too faithful to desert him, but too much afraid of the hostile power which destroyed him to brave it openly face to face. Romance on the one side and common-sense on the other meet and jostle together like the crowds in the Toledo; but those with none of the former and who have all only of the latter will miss about half the pleasure which else the things of Italy would give them.

Of the aquarium in the Villa Reale, with its strange "ghost-fish," its wonderfully beautiful corallines and "flowers" and starfish and the rest of its treasures, only a good scientist can speak as it deserves to be spoken of; ¹ of the museum and churches, only a trained artist and archæologist. One who deals simply with the outside look of things, and the sensations which they arouse, can neither describe what is not scientifically understood nor paint in words what can only be represented in lines. But there are things in the aquarium as in the museum which of themselves would repay the most indolent for the long journey to Naples; and, for myself, the only regret I had was for ignorance and lost time when I saw the tanks full of living splendour in the villa and the rooms full of marble glory in the museum. If there is nothing so divine as the Ludovisian Juno, nothing so intensely pathetic as the Dying Gladiator, nor so purely perfect as the Apollo, there is enough to warm the heart and feed the imagination for a lifetime; and the Hercules and the Flora, the Capuan Venus, the Psyche, the Sleeping and the Dancing Fauns, the Mercury Resting, and the Winged Victory alone give one cause for a thankfulness that can never fade and for precious memories that can never die.

¹ Professor Ray Lankester's letters in the "*Athenæum*" gave the best description of the aquarium and its contents that I have seen.

All these things make Naples great ; and for those who are not revolted by the filth which elbows finery, the strange confusion of beggary and luxury, of indecency and beauty, of careless morals and gross superstition, of artistic perfectness and savage ornamentation, of childish amusements and the fervid passions of ardent men, the life that passes around, if not noble—no, by no means noble !—is yet fuller of charm and colour than any to be seen or felt elsewhere.

The interest to be found in the city is only a tithe of that which is to be seen in the country round about. The excursion to Baia and Misenum, with all that it includes, if not one of the most beautiful for scenery, is one of the most interesting for suggestiveness, as well as for natural marvel. From the walls which surround the burnt-out crater of Astroni, now the king's private hunting woods—a big trap where stags and wild boars come trooping to the call like cows at milking time, taking their food from the herdsman as meekly as barn-door fowl—a magnificent view is to be had ; but the Solfatara is perhaps the most interesting of all the places to be seen. The white ground, with its cistuses as large as dog-roses, its magnificent yellow broom and deep velvety orchids, crumbles under your feet like crisp frozen snow. As you go nearer to the centre of attraction—the opening of which looks something like a baker's oven—you hear by the echo of your footsteps how thin the ground is over which you are walking, while small jets of sulphurous smoke puff out through crevices in the rocks, and the rocks themselves are covered with a pale yellow and white efflorescence. At the opening of the oven, hot blasts burst out and burn your face ; and you cannot put your hand into the sulphury ashes which the guide "howks" out for your benefit. In one place the ground has given way, so that you can look down and see what you are standing over—a sea of black liquid mud ever boiling and bubbling and splashing up like a huge cauldron, with about five feet of quavering earth between you and it.

The whole region about Pozzuoli is volcanic, and is in consequence made the great growing-ground for melons, because—so they say—the earth is hotter here than elsewhere. The strangely different springs that rise up within a stone's throw of each other about the extinct crater of Agnano are due to the same volcanic agency. The famous Grotto del Cane is one of these springs, where, if you have no compassion, you may see an unhappy dog temporarily asphyxiated under the stream of carbonic-acid gas which flows along the floor ; but if you are not quite callous to the unnecessary sufferings of your helpless fellow-creatures, perhaps a torch suddenly extinguished, the smoke of which shows you the exact depth of the invisible stream,

will serve your purpose as well. Farther on you come to the boiling spring of the Bagni di Nerone which cooks eggs to perfection if you care to eat those which the pale, panting, emaciated, half-naked boy brings to you in due time when he comes back with his bucket from the spring, streaming with perspiration as if he had been dipped in water and trembling all over. This is one of the most weird of all these strange sights. It is like a glimpse into the infernal regions to look down that long, black, hot and steaming passage, and see the light at the end coming nearer and nearer, as the hurrying tread of the child's naked feet and his quick and laboured breathing fall more and more distinctly on your ears.

It is more like the infernal regions, by many degrees, than the Lake of Avernus, with its sibyl's grotto and terrible reputè—that lake which, seen to-day in the light of the sun and divested of superstition, is just a disappointing sham. It is a mere tarn at the foot of good-sized molehills; we have numbers among our own dear hills, such as Bowscale Tarn and Styhead, which are infinitely more solemn; and what may once have been the truth of the various traditions connected with this place—as, that birds could not fly across it and live, nor anything exist near its dread banks, when the hills were covered with wood and the sunlight was shut out—now, when it lies full and fair in the sun and the hills are smooth and radiant, they are palpably false. The whole thing collapses under the touch, and the once terrible Lake of Death is no more hurtful than any other pond.

Alas! for the exploded romance of Avernus and Styx and the neighbouring Elysian fields! What shams they all were! It dwarfs the old life and narrows the range of its knowledge, not to speak of its good sense and manly judgment, more than is pleasant to the lovers of classic times, when we go to these places of deathless fame and see with our own eyes on what slender foundations it all rested! But truth at any cost rather than the loveliest fiction; and better to know the prose of the insignificant little pond, as we have it on the way from Pozzuoli to Baiæ, than to believe in the terrors of the ancient Avernus as related.

Cumæ and her Sibyl were the natural outcome of a district where boiling springs and streams of carbonic-acid gas, of ammonia, of sulphur, with frequent earthquakes and terrific thunderstorms, were the ordinary phenomena of nature. That race of men which makes the priestly class all the world over, was keen enough to discern the professional advantages of the neighbourhood; and Cumæ was as much a logical consequence of its natural conditions as typhoid fever is that of swampy ground. The remains of this ancient city of religious

despotism and blind belief may be seen by the light of faith and imagination. It takes not a little of both to stand on the upper ridge of a vineyard, and, looking across the festooned and trellised space, believe that where that crimson-flowered pomegranate stands, there was the seat of the Sibyl ; where the clump of orange-trees are, there sat the judges and the monarch ; while all the space in between was the arena and the seats of the commonalty ; and that the whole leafy tangle was once the famous amphitheatre. The amphitheatre at Pozzuoli is more satisfactory. There you see the arrangements of things to perfection, and need not depend too implicitly on what experts may choose to say. So, too, with the ruins of the Temple of Serapis, also at Pozzuoli ; and so with the marvellous masonry of the Piscina Mirabilis at Baïæ—one of the most wonderful and interesting of all the remains of olden times to be found anywhere.

Then, when the eye is fatigued with all these ancient buildings and time-worn stones, to climb up that sharp ascent of the Misenum headland, and sit there looking at the beautiful sea and sky and land, repays one for the fatigue undergone and the disappointment experienced. Here we come to the truth—to nature and reality. Capri in the distance, grey, unsubstantial, dreamy ; Ischia, near at hand, sharp and positive ; Procida nestled close to its side, and apparently only a stone's throw apart ; Nisida, with its mournful bagnio on the summit and its melancholy lazaretto at the base ;—there they all are, set like jewels on the heaving sea, and we look at them till we feel as if their beauty sinks into our very souls, as if we become part of all that we look at. Then we turn from them to Vesuvius with its heart of mystery and its feet of beauty ; to Naples lying, like its own children, with its face turned full to the sun ; to Castellammare and its cool chestnut woods ; to pretty Vico Equense and its terraced hills ; to Sorrento and its fragrant orange-gardens ; to Massa and its broken, bold, and rocky outlines ;—till something steals over our eyes as the only possible expression of the passionate delight, the tremulous rapture of the moment.

All this was done before the real heat set in, and while April and May were still only like a warm English June and July. We were able to go to Pompeii ; to find out the mountain walks about Vico Equense ; to visit the Camaldoli and the Valley of the Pines at Sorrento ; and to keep up the good old English habits of energy and exercise. We luxuriated in flowers—chiefly roses and carnations—which a friendly “marinaio” used to bring us from Naples, and which were as cheap as they were lovely ; we had

cherries and strawberries, oranges and nespolas, green peas and all manner of pleasant vegetables to be had at that time in England only at the tables of the rich, and then only as delicacies; and our days were passed in one long hour of beauty. The orange-trees were in bloom, and the effect on the senses of walking between the high walls covered with maiden-hair fern, pellitory and small wild flowers, over which flowed these streams of luscious and ideal perfume, was something indescribable. It turned the whole place into a kind of enchanted land, quite as much as did the sunsets and the sunrises.

In the vineyards the perfume was more subtle, more delicate, but as delightful. The greatest charm there, however, was in the beautiful young leaves and the play of light and shade through the trellises and festoons; also in the wild flowers growing on the banked terraces; and in the interspersed clumps of olives, the grey-green of which enhances in the most marvellous manner every colour against which it is set. Seen through the light network of these cold grey-green leaves the intense blue of sea and sky has a value that nothing else can give. It is the neutral tint of the landscape by which every other is rendered doubly beautiful and precious.

The wild flowers in this early springtime were worth a mild martyrdom to see. Rare orchids; large white and rose-coloured cistuses; bushes of golden broom; our sweetest kind of garden honeysuckle; the purple grape hyacinth, and tracts of "the little butting cyclamen;" scarlet poppies; mesembryantheums covering the banks and walls in certain places; a pretty pale-purple salver-shaped flower,—a greenhouse flower at home, of which I do not know the name; asphodels, white and fragile; groomwell as blue as gentians; rare campanulas; gorgeous thistles, gold and purple; with burning pomegranates, and in time the acacia-like blossom of the ailanthus and the delightful bloom of the oleander, are among the most prominent in my memory. Our nosegays were always mixed up with maiden-hair fern which grows as rank as grass or the commonest, coarsest weed with us, with long fronds of the black maiden-hair spleenwort, with scale-fern and trichomanes and graceful, dainty lastræas, all of which we found in the greatest profusion in every lane, on every wall, and through every dry bed of the winter water-courses that we passed.

Our own private garden might have been made something as lovely as a dream. As it was, it was delightful in the beginning, though as the summer advanced the Italian sloth got the better of artistic pleasure and the flowers died for want of care. The entrance to the house was a long walk bordered on one side by bushes of the

Arabian jasmine, of which the perfume was almost too sweet and rich. The other side was a trellised vineyard, with flowering bushes and olive-trees at intervals, deep in shade and sweet in fragrance. A columned wall ran along the edge of the picturesque gorge across which we looked on to the houses and churches of Vico Equense with its dependent hamlets creeping up the hills at its back. In the evening the gorge and garden were alight with fireflies; and when we drove along the road from Sorrento the showers of light in the gardens and vineyards by the way were indescribably fairy-like and fantastic. These bright, quickly-moving, fluttering flakes of fire falling by thousands among the leaves were more beautiful to look at than the fireworks of which the Italians are so fond; but the heat drives the flies away, and by the middle of June they are rarely seen.

May, the month of the Madonna, is the month of festas. Every night we used to see rockets and Roman candles go up from the towns and villages along the coast; and Naples was never without a festa in one or other of its parishes to remind the saints of their duty, and to coax them to greater care of mortals by the honours done to their shrine. But one festa is very much like another, and when you have seen one you have seen all. The church is draped in dirty theatrical finery which conceals every line and circumstance of value, and every good architectural detail; and the music, if sometimes tolerable, is for the most part execrable. After high mass the image of the patron saint or presiding deity of the occasion is carried in procession through the village, to be saluted with crackers and squibs, showers of rose-leaves or of the blossoms of the broom, as it passes. Headed by the band, followed by the village fathers in their most decent clothes—the choir boys in white and blue—detachments of lay assistants and deacons, priests and canons, in tippetts and stoles of various colours, and carrying crucifixes, banners, and the like—the procession, culminating in the chief priests immediately preceding the sacred image, is closed by the children of the Madonna and selected women in white veils or black ones, blue favours or black, as it may chance, and followed by the whole population in its best attire. This part is chiefly composed of women, and the bright colours, of which the Italians are so fond, make a wonderful effect when seen from a height. All the procession carries lighted candles, and when the military band does not play a waltz or a polka, the priests chant a psalm.

In the piazza, where the "fun" is to be found, the stalls are much the same as in our own fairs. Cheap clothing and common

gewgaws, with piles of gingerbread and fancy cakes, appeal to the two universal senses ; but we have not strings of cobnuts threaded into chaplets as they have ; nor pictures and statuettes of saints and madonnas, whereof the art is below contempt ; nor little shrines with money-boxes before them, where the money paid will be so much to your account in the heavenly bank ; nor stalls of peaches and figs to be had for almost nothing ; nor do our local ladies go about in veils only, and never a bonnet for their comely heads ; nor have our peasant women piles of elaborately-dressed hair, part real, part false, the multitudinous plaits of which are run through with a silver bodkin of exactly the same size and pattern for each ; nor are our men decked with gold earrings, and in shirt and trousers only, with a broad red sash round their waists for all coat or waistcoat ; nor are our little children dressed airily in one scanty shirt and nothing more, unless it be a scarf tied about their middles, lifting up their "cutty sarks" nearly to their waists, and showing their round dimpled bodies like so many amorini or Saint Johns ; nor are our people barefooted, while those who have shoes look as if they did not like them, and walk as if pricked ; nor are our rural policemen magnificent carabineers, resplendent in gold lace and cocked hats, with long swords and spurs, and more like warrior kings than policemen—being, in fact, all picked men whose enrolment is of itself a title of honour and a reward for distinction ; nor do we take our military band into church and enliven the service with bits from Madame Angot, or waltzes that set the bare brown feet impatiently tapping on the pavement, and send glances round the church not entirely devotional ; nor do we have a recognised legion of beggars whining, howling, crying, demanding as their right by nature, law, and prescription, that all should mulct themselves for their benefit ; nor do we sell ices and iced lemonwater by the gallon ; nor play "morra" for forfeits ; nor separate at ten o'clock after the last set piece has been fired, without a drunken man or woman to be seen in the whole crowd, though there may be a row from jealousy and hot blood, and sometimes an affray that proves fatal. These are the chief features of an Italian festa, if we except the fireworks—the chiefest of all—and undoubtedly they are not English.

Thousands of pounds are yearly spent in these fireworks in the villages on the Gulf of Naples alone ; and people to whom all flowers are either violets or roses indiscriminately, who see no more beauty in fireflies than they hear discord in the noisy cicale, stand in ecstatic crowds in the piazza to look at the same kind of rockets

which they have seen a hundred times before ; to watch, also for the hundredth time, the same kind of set piece change from white to red and from red to blue, and then falter out into a blackened old crushed framework, after they had been deafened with a mock bombardment which those of us who are not born into the habit of hearing cannot bear without pain. Very little attempt at costume is to be seen at these festas. Some of the older men wear velveteen suits ornamented with fine silver buttons, their large, white, falling collars giving them almost a Breton look ; sometimes, but rarely, a woman may be seen in her embroidered, gold-laced, velvet stays worn outside, full white sleeves, a bright skirt set in plaits both fuller and finer than those of a highland kilt, immense hooped or wheeled earrings, charms and gold beads round her neck, a knotted handkerchief to cover her sleek shining head, or perhaps only the elaborately dressed hair of her kind, with the blunt dagger and hand holding a lily run through. But such a dress is very rare ; and for the most part a woman makes herself beautiful in a plain full cotton skirt with a simple bodice or jacket like the dress in common use with us thirty years ago ; while the gay flowered kerchief crossed over the breast, the brown, naked feet, the bonnetless head, are the only signs that she is Italian and not English. The only artificial signs, I ought to have said ; for those glorious eyes, those large red handsome mouths, those low-toned velvety cheeks, and that supple grace and upright carriage of women accustomed to bear heavy weights on their heads and to walk with bare feet are especially un-English ; and fair as our own pretty girls are, some of the Italian peasants are as far superior to them as goddesses are to mortals.

And so of the men. But I confess I could not see the wonderful beauty of the Caprese women, which has made so many "real gentlemen" of almost all nations take them for wives. They are not so fine as the Ischian women, whose Greek-like knotted kerchief gives them a strange flavour of classicism. Nor did I see the superiority of the tarantella over our own local dances. It is just a tearing kind of foursome reel, with little meaning and not much more grace ; and the women who jump about are as lumpy and clumsy as any Molly or Susy among ourselves. The men are better ; and the little incidents of naked feet, white trousers and shirts and red scarfs, earrings, the mandolin, and the soft Italian tongue, give a flavour of romance which else the rude rhythm of the dance would not have in itself.

But if the tarantella at Capri was a disappointment, the Blue Grotto, the myrtles, acanthuses, oleanders, and butterflies were not ;

the walks and the views were not ; and many a worse asylum for old age can be imagined than the flowery, tranquil little island of Capri, or its more primitive sister, Ischia, with their natural beauty and freedom from crime, their human kindness, and, in the former, the pleasant colony of artists gathered there to keep thought and intellect from stagnating.

But now the heat set in, and we were sunbound to the house. Up to the beginning of August, though fierce it was not intolerable ; but when it came to 86° in the shade, life naturally narrowed itself into the smallest compass possible ; and darkened rooms for the day, with the loggia or the garden after sundown, was the circle in which we moved for over a month. And yet with all the physical distress that was inseparable from the exhaustion under which we suffered, what exquisite delight there was in the beauty in which we lived ! Those splendid sunsets which we used to watch from the loggia, when the lower lines of the sky flowed into the sea in one band of pure gold that gradually passed through the most delicate opalescence overhead down to an intense purple in the east, completing the whole chord of colour—when the long bars of gathering cloud and the softer wreaths of light-lying vapour slowly burned into crimson, then smouldered down to sullen purple, and finally cooled into the restful grey of night—when the moonlight, like a paler sunshine, wanting only its fire and passion, left the landscape visible but made it full of a suggestive mystery that was like some of the old stories of transformation—the same yet different—how lovely it all was ! how richly we were repaid for the dullness of the days and the distress of the unusual heat ! The starry, moonless nights were almost more beautiful—if less dreamy, certainly fuller of distinct circumstance. In the moonlight everything fell back into a misty, indeterminate idealism ; but under the stars, each point that could be made out at all was of double force. Naples, which in the daytime looked like a mirage lifted from the solid earth and lying in the quivering air, was now a stretch of fire on the horizon, and Torre del Greco on the one side and Pozzuoli on the other continued the line. The solitary lights of the fishing-boats lying motionless close in shore gave one a strange feeling of romance and mystery. The gliding hull of the pleasure-steamers, one blaze of light from stem to stern, whence, if the night was one when sound travels far, were heard the faint echoes of music, might have been fairy palaces on which any number of poems could have been written. The cottage lamps of Vico shining through the trees, and those which marked out the higher terraces of Santa Maria, San Vito, and Buon' Aria ; the

swinging lanterns of the careful "colono" looking after his crops and gathering his fruit for the early market ; the flashing of the lighthouse out by Misenum ; the quiet stars above—the noble sweep of the Great Bear and the bright north star pointing to home over the head of Vesuvius ; and Vesuvius itself so often through that time with a blood-red crown flashing fitfully against the dark sky ; the splendid constellations, and the planets that were like minor suns, all made up a world of passionate delight mixed with a vague kind of pain, as if it were too much to bear because impossible to be expressed or shared.

Sometimes we sat in the garden, in the trellised arbour with its purple ipomea and passion-flowers shining under the lamplight, with music and singing as our festa ; the performers, to heighten the effect, out of sight in the vine-covered "pergola," while the darker walk was thronged with dusky figures moving silently about like shadows, their bare feet making no sound, till they burst into applause as the plaintive love-song or the lively scherzo ended. In the fresh young morning, before the "light lay heavy on flower and tree," the atmospheric effects were very splendid. Seen from where we were, the sun slanting across the sea made it prismatic—a deep, dark, living blue in its substance, with broad stretches of beryl where the shallows came, but with a surface broken up into a ripple of rainbow colours. It was a marvellous effect ; as wonderful as that golden-green over the base of Vesuvius flowing into the purple of the infertile lava, till the chord there, too, was complete, and the outline of the mountain looked as if traced in a golden thread against the sky. After a time—somewhere towards the second week in September—the extreme fervour of the heat gradually lessened, and we were once more able to face the sun. By this time the grapes were ripening in the vineyards—now no longer free for all who chose to walk through, but protected by fierce dogs running loose—and the fruit season was at its height. The stalls and baskets were pictures which no painter living or dead could have justly rendered. There were pyramids of dark green shining water-melons, the outer row cut to show the cool frosted crimson pulp, with the big black seeds as contrast ; while heaps of a smaller and less vivid kind, covered with a tawny network of veins, lay on the ground as turnips might with us. Baskets of luscious figs, purple and green, with their three signs of "a penitent's tear, a beggar's cloak, and a hanged man's neck," alternated with velvety peaches and shining plums ; filberts lent the value of their golden brown to masses of scarlet "love-apples"—or, as the Italians call them, "*apples of gold* ;" large, handsome, purple

egg-fruit ; burning red "peperon ;" capers and capsicums ; crisp, cool, light-green salads ; rosy apples ; warm brown chestnuts ; crooked gourds of the kind of which Cinderella's coach was certainly made ; scimitar-shaped cucumbers and tufted Indian figs,—were all mixed up in lovely harmonies ; while swathes and layers of cane-leaves for a background helped the value of every colour and of all forms with true artistic insight.

When the vintage began, again the scene shifted and we had new pictures at every turn. It was a pretty sight, if with less pomp and incident than in the countries where vine-growing is the staple industry and the vintage the supreme event of the year. Men, mounted on primitive ladders, cut with their small sharp sickle-shaped knives the heavy bunches which fell into long pointed baskets hung on the branches. The boys and women emptied these baskets into moderate-sized tubs, which then the women, poor souls—who do so much of the hard work in Italy—carried off on their heads to the enormous vat which, may be, stood, with true Italian *sans façon*, in the middle of the high road. Some of the younger women were pretty enough for Bacchantes of a modern kind ; but the elder were for the most part repulsive enough, battered by hard work, poor food, exposure, and ignorance, into a kind of thing that was "neither man nor woman—neither brute nor human." The treading of the grapes came after the cutting, and we went to a large "fondo" to see the process. A comely woman told us, with careful anxiety, that the men washed their feet before they began : but belief in the healing effects of grape-juice on sores is terribly strong in these parts—and, "come si fa?"—the owners of wine-vats are human—compassion is a divine impulse—and fermentation purifies all things !

The grapes are treated by stamping and pressing. Sometimes the men stamp with all their might, knee-deep, in the shining, slippery mess, and sometimes they pile the grapes into a smoothly-packed mound which then they press slowly and forcibly, the muscles and sinews of their legs showing strongly and their toes gripping like steel. Sometimes they join hands and stamp in a rhythmic way, like a fettered dance, while one of them sings a rude chant, the echoes of the vaulted roof flinging back his voice with painful force. It is strange to hear the rushing of the red grape-juice flowing in a little river into the vat beneath—strange to see those handsome men and boys at the work which ranks among the oldest in human life. I confess, honestly, it is in imagination chiefly that the beauty of it all lies ; the facts were sordid and ugly enough ; but the imagination is the angel which breathes the breath of life into dead matter, and

through which homeliness becomes beauty and the commonplace suggestive of all poetry.

After the "vendemmia" comes the olive-harvest, when the rich slab golden fluid, after having been pressed out of the fruit by the rudest kind of machinery, is run into jars that no one can possibly see without thinking of the Forty Thieves. Oxen, or bandaged horses, tramp round and round the narrow circle where the olives are cautiously spread beneath a large millstone; the crushed mass, broken up into bits that are more like peat than anything else, is as good as peat for fuel when all the oil is thoroughly extracted; and they take three kinds before they have exhausted it. The last serves for light and machinery. In the same "fondo" where we saw the grape-treading we saw the oil stores;—a large granary—as it would have been with us—full of these immense jars, not pointed as in the ancient Pompeian days and thus not standing in, but on, the floor—else of much the same shape as their predecessors. Even on the Bay of Naples the frost breaks them at times, and the golden fluid, literally worth its name, is scattered and lost. This "fondo" was very unlike any English farm that could be found. Its three cows were stall-fed; there were no pasture-grounds, no grain-fields, no sheep, no roots, no ricks nor barns, nor barn-door fowls; but instead of these were large tracts of vineyards and olive-gardens, of orange-trees and lemons, and in place of the farmer's "brown October," red-lipped vats and barrels of pure bright wine.

The roads at this time were wonderfully picturesque. Here we met a solitary monk with his mule laden on each side with a small barrel of wine, the wood stained purply-red with many oozings; in the narrow pointed mat-work baskets, also slung across and hanging on each side, perhaps were "pomeroli," perhaps grass for fodder, but always conspicuously on the top the small wine measure as the *raison d'être* of the whole. Change the monk for a couple of demure nuns wending their way silently back to their desolate home; for a ragged unkempt woman from the hills, her half-naked child perched like a large-eyed infant Bacchus between the barrels; for a village workman, lean, sinewy, bare-legged, his gait that of a king, his face that of a martyr; for an old man in his red woollen nightcap, good for nothing now but to do a few pottering errands like this; for a couple of boys as mischievous as monkeys and more cruel—the mule having a bad time of it with them, and the wine none the better for the shaking—and you have one of the most prominent circumstances of the roads at this time, set in its various frameworks. The other was—huge sideless waggons, drawn by oxen gaily trapped and heavily

yoked, and laden with large red-stained wine barrels, over which were strewn layers of feathery green leaves to protect them from the sun.

Up at Gragnano, above Castellammare, the industry is neither wine nor oil, but macaroni-making. Whatever there is of rude in the former finds its superlative in this last. Three of the crowd of half-naked men thronging the room sit on a long pole and jump. The pole moves in a ratchet, and thus comes down on every part of the paste spread on the slab to be kneaded. It is the most primitive way of kneading, but the results are good, as we know; we do not know how much better they might be if the machinery were of a more scientific kind. The men all look as if they had heart-disease, and have an odd, distressed air. None of the broad smiling faces, bright eyes, merry half-play at their work as elsewhere; all are grave, sad, silent, depressed, pale, and emaciated, looking as if they found life very hard and heaven very far off! All Gragnano is given up to macaroni-making. The air smells of flour; the road is lined with frames on which the bent pipes are drying; before the doors are square cloths where the grain is drying in the sun; on the house-tops men and women toss it up in showers of gold when caught in the proper light; the whole place lives on, by, and in macaroni; but the corn-merchants of Naples are not over-fond of doing business with the Gragnanesi; and though the place and the situation are as lovely as a dream, the morals of the people, by all one hears, would bear an extra wash with advantage. Beyond Gragnano, still higher up in the mountains, is Lettere with its fine old ruined castle, its splendid scenery, magnificent turns of road, and gradual change of foliage and growth—where the green-husked chestnuts looked like unripened apples, and pretty barefooted country girls sat, like creatures in a fairy tale, among the large leaves of the fig-trees, and banded doubtful compliments with the driver or sent saucy greetings to his fare.

And now the country has put on its autumn face. The grapes are all gathered; the olive-trees are bare of fruit; the oranges and lemons for the coming season are still green and insignificant; the ailanthus flowers have long since turned to huge bunches of golden brown seed, more beautiful even than the flower had been. Round all windows are festooned melons and "pomi d'oro" in nets, stored thus for winter use; the manna-trees are being tapped, and the little cups, made of an ingeniously twisted sycamore leaf, are hung below the scored branches to catch the trickling juice; the fruit-shops are resplendent with purple and scarlet; the streets are fragrant with burning piles of fir-cones fanned by ragged children, to whom the nuts—only to be got at through fire—are unspeakably delicious; and *huge pumpkins* of which one is sometimes more than a man's load

abound. The women are picking the third crop of white mulberry-leaves ; patches of cotton-plant are here and there to be recognised—but Scafati is the real district for this growth ; great stretches of cane, something between a reed and a bamboo, mark the presence of water. About La Cava they are catching wild pigeons, just as, according to a document in the library of La Trinità, they caught them in 1009, and as they catch them in the Pyrenees, namely, by flinging up white stones from the tops of the high slender towers built for that purpose, when, the bird stooping, it is taken. Primitive threshing-floors seem to have been where and what they are since the day when Araunah the Jebusite stood by his ; the “granturco” (Indian corn) is being cut and every part converted into some use, for the grain is eaten, the husks are burnt for fuel, beds are stuffed with the dry leaves, and the reeds are plaited into baskets and the like. Indian figs are plentiful, and the fruit is better to eat than the plant is good to look at ; the travelling world, loosened from its sun-made imprisonment, is spreading itself abroad on excursions, and the local “dazio” is generous in the matter of forestieri and their collazioni. Salerno, Amalfi, Pæstum, and the like wake up out of their summer sleep ; and bronzes fall into the poor feverish hands which are only too ready to receive them. Perhaps a shivering wretch, handcuffed, alone, feeble, and marched between two stalwart mounted carabinieri, heavily armed, gives one a shuddering impression of a law which is powerful to brutality ; but farther on, two black-browed, determined, dangerous-looking men, also handcuffed and chained together, and also on foot between a couple of well-mounted, well-armed carabinieri, somehow redress the balance ; and, especially if we are on the dangerous ground near Pæstum, we are thankful that the law is so strong and so unconditional in its exercise.

Slowly the golden circle of the sun draws closer and narrower in the sky ; the fervid heat has gone, but still, in this bright November weather, we sit with open windows, closed jalousies, and without fire or carpet in the room. Still the same beauty lies before us—the blue sea and the bluer sky, with the islands and the mountains now golden under the sunrise and now flushed at its setting ; still the olive gives its wonderful value to the colours of the landscape, and Vesuvius has its fire by night and its pillar of cloud by day to mark it out from its twin brother Somna ; still the wonderful charm and fascination of Southern Italy remain as powerful in one season as in another, till life becomes a kind of divided allegiance for those of us who have drunk of this cup of enchantment to the full ;—and we stand hesitating between Home and Beauty, human Love and impersonal Nature.

E. LYNN LINTON.

THE LAW OF LIKENESS, AND ITS WORKING.

THAT the offspring should bear a close resemblance to the parent forms one of the most natural expectations of mankind, whilst the converse strikes us as being an infringement of some universal law that is not the less recognisable because of its unwritten or mysterious character. "The acorn," says a great authority on matters physiological, "tends to build itself up again into a woodland giant such as that from whose twig it fell ; the spore of the humblest lichen reproduces the green or brown incrustation which gave it birth; and at the other end of the scale of life, the child that resembled neither the paternal nor the maternal side of the house would be regarded as a kind of monster." Thus true is it of the humblest as of the highest being, that the law of likeness or "heredity," as it has been termed, operates powerfully in moulding the young into the form and resemblance of the parent. But the law that is thus admitted to be so universal in its operation exhibits, at the same time, very diverse readings and phases. The likeness of the parent may be attained in some cases, it is true, in the most direct manner, as, for example, in the higher animals and plants, where the egg or germ, embryo and seed, become transformed through a readily-traced process of development into the similitude of the being which gave it birth. So accustomed are we to trace this direct resemblance between the parent and the young in the higher animals and amongst ourselves, that any infringement of the law of likeness is accounted a phenomenon of unusual kind. Even extending to the domain of mind as well as of body, we unconsciously expect the child to exhibit the traits of character and disposition which are visible in its parents and to grow up "the child of its father and mother," as the expression runs, in every phase of its bodily and mental life.

A wider view of the relations and harmonies existing in nature however, shows us that this direct development of the young into the similitude of its ancestors is by no means of universal occurrence. Many forms attain the resemblance to their progenitors only after passing through a series of changes or disguises, often of very complicated nature. And a very slight acquaintance with the facts of

physiology would serve to show that the law of likeness, like most other laws regulating the world of life, has its grave exceptions, and that it exhibits certain phases of singular interest in what may be termed its abnormal operation. The young of an animal or plant may, and frequently do, exhibit very remarkable variations from the parent in all the characteristics which are associated with the special nature of the being. The circle of repeated and perpetuated likeness may thus be broken in upon at any point, and the normal law of heredity may be regarded as occasionally superseded in its working by the operation of another law—that of variation and divergence. Forms unlike the parents are thus known to be frequently produced, and these errant members of the family circle may be shown to possess no inconsiderable influence on the nature and constitution of the world of life at large. Family likeness, as everyone knows, lies at the root at once of the differences between, and relationships of, living beings. The offspring must resemble their parents and their own kind more closely than they resemble other groups, else our knowledge of the relationship of one form to another must be regarded as possessing no sound basis whatever. But admit that the young may not resemble the parent, and a veritable apple of discord is at once projected into the apparent harmonies of nature, and dire confusion becomes the order of the day. As will be hereafter shown, however, whilst the law of variation does undoubtedly operate, and that to a very great extent, amongst living beings, other and compensating conditions are brought to light by the careful study of development at large; and the old law of like producing like may be seen, after all, to constitute the guiding principle of nature at large. As a study of high interest, and one the elements of which are afforded by our observation of the everyday world, the investigation of the law of likeness may be safely commended to the seeking mind. And in the brief study of this law and its operations we may firstly glance at some instances of development by way of illustration, and thereafter try to discern the meaning and causes of similitude or heredity. "*Rassemblons des faits pour nous donner des idées*," says Buffon, and the advice is eminently appropriate to those who purpose to enter upon a popular study of an important natural law.

One of the simplest instances of development, in which the young are not only transformed directly into the likeness of the parent, but represent in themselves essential parts of the parent-body, is illustrated by the case of the little worms known to the naturalist as *Naidides*, and familiar to all as inhabitants of our ditches, and as occurring in damp mud and similar situations. If a *Nais* be chopped

into a number of small pieces, each piece will in time develop a head and tail and become a perfect worm, differing in no respect, save in that of size, from the original form. A *Nais* cut into forty pieces, was transformed through the operation into as many small worms of its own kind. Here the law of likeness or heredity operates in the plainest and most direct fashion. The young are like the parent-stock, because they consist in reality of detached portions of the parent's personality. The experiments of naturalists carried out on animals of lower organisation than these worms, such as the little fresh-water polype or hydra, show a power of artificial reproduction which is of literally marvellous extent; and all such animals evince at once the simplest mode of development and the plainest reasons why the young should exactly resemble the parent. It might, however, be alleged that such artificial experimentation was hardly to be accepted as illustrative of natural development; but in answer to such an observation the naturalist might show that an exactly similar method of reproduction occurs spontaneously and naturally in the *Nais* and in certain other animals of its class. A single *Nais* has been observed to consist of four connected but distinct portions, the hinder three of which had become almost completely separated from the original body—represented by the front segment. A new head, eyes, and appendages could be traced in course of formation upon the front extremity of each of the new segments; and as development terminated, each portion could be seen to gradually detach itself from its neighbours; the original worm thus resolving itself into four new individuals. The most curious feature regarding this method of development consists in the fact that the bodies of these worms and of nearly-related animals grow by new joints being added between the originally formed segments and the tail. If, therefore, we suppose that one of these new joints occasionally develops into a head, we can form an idea of the manner in which a process, originally intended to increase the growth of one and a single worm, becomes competent to evolve new individuals, each of which essentially resembles the parent in all particulars.

The great Harvey, whose researches on animal development may be regarded as having laid the foundation of modern ideas regarding that process, adopted as his physiological motto the expression, *omne animal ex ovo*. Whilst it is undoubtedly true that the egg, or ovum, must be regarded as the essential beginning and type of development in animals, we note that, as in *Nais*, the production of new beings is not solely dependent on the presence of that structure. Just as plants are propagated by slips and cuttings, so animals may be deve-

loped from shoots or specially detached portions of the parent-body. And it is in the development of the egg, or in the course of what may be regarded as the most regular and defined stages of that process, that the exceptions to the law of likeness are most frequently met with. One of the most remarkable deviations from the normal law of development is seen in the case of the little *aphides*, or plant-lice, the insects so familiar to all as the pests of the gardener. At the close of the autumn season, winged males and females of these insects appear amongst their neighbour aphides, and these produce eggs, which, however, lie dormant throughout the winter. Waking into life and development with the returning spring, these eggs give birth each to a wingless female; no insect of the sterner sex being found amongst the developed progeny of these insects. The presence of both sexes is throughout the animal world regarded as necessary for the production of eggs capable of developing into offspring. Strangely enough, however, these wingless females not only produce eggs, hatching them within their bodies, but the eggs develop into beings exactly resembling themselves, not a single male aphis being represented within the limits of this Amazonian population. Seven, eight, nine, or even eleven generations of these wingless females may be produced in this manner, and the swarms of plant-lice which infest our vegetation attest the fertility of the race. But in the last brood of these insects, produced towards the close of autumn, winged males appear in addition to the females, which latter also possess wings. The members of this last brood produce eggs of ordinary nature, which lie dormant during the winter, but which in the succeeding spring will inaugurate the same strange life-history through which their progenitors passed. The case of the plant-lice may for the present be dismissed with the observation that the law of heredity appears to operate in this instance in a somewhat abnormal, or at any rate in a very unusual, manner. The true similitude of the winged parents is not attained until after the lapse of months, and through the interference, as it were, of many generations of dissimilar individuals: whilst no less worthy of remark is the circumstance that one sex alone is capable of giving origin to new beings, which sooner or later produce in turn the natural duality of sex, forming the rule of both animal and plant creation. And the case of the plant-lice is rendered the more remarkable by the consideration that of 58,000 eggs laid by female silk-moths which were separated from the opposite sex, only 29 developed into perfect caterpillars—the female plant-lice possessing a fertility under like circumstances which would be amazing even if taking place under the normal laws and conditions of development.

Cases of the unusual development of animals, which serve as parallel instances to the case of the plant-lice, are by no means rare. Thus in the case of the starfishes, sea-urchins, and their neighbours, the egg gives origin to a free-swimming, active body, which develops a structure of its own, and appears in a fair way to become, as might be expected, the future starfish. But within the body of this first embryo another formation is seen to take place ; and sooner or later this secondary development comes to assume priority, and appears as the true and veritable representative of the young starfish—the primitive body or embryo which produced it being either absorbed into its substance, or cast off on development being fully attained and completed. The production of the second starfish, as it were, out of a first-formed embryo is paralleled by the curious case of a certain kind of gall-flies (*Cecidomyia*), within the larvæ or caterpillars of which other young or larvæ are produced. The present case partakes thus of the nature of a striking exception to the ordinary laws of development, seeing that a young and immature form possesses the power of producing other beings, immature like itself, no doubt, but capable of ultimate development into true flies. In other words, heredity, or the power of like producing like, which ordinary observation demonstrates to occur usually in the mature and adult being, is here witnessed occurring in the young and imperfect form.

Certain very typical, but more complicated, cases of animal development than the preceding instances are witnessed in the reproduction of those curious animal-colonies collectively named “zoophytes.” Any common zoophyte, such as we may find cast up on our coasts or growing attached to the fronds of tangle, is found to consist of a plant-like organism, which, however, instead of leaves or flowers, bears numerous little animals of similar kind, connected together so as to form a veritable colony. Each of the little members of this colony possesses a mouth, surrounded by arms or tentacles, and a little body-cavity in which food is digested ; and it may be noted that each member of the colony contributes to form the store of nourishment on which all the members, including itself, in turn depend for sustenance. Such a veritable animal-tree, growing rooted and fixed to some object, increases by a veritable process of “budding.” As the animal-buds die and fall off, new buds are thrown out and developed to supply the place of the lost members ; the zoophyte, like the tree, renewing its parts according to the strict law of heredity, and each new member of the colony bearing as close a likeness to the existing members as that borne by the one leaf of a tree to its neighbour-leaves. But, as the tree sooner or later produces flowers which are

destined to furnish the seeds from which new trees may spring, so the zoophyte in due time produces animal-buds of a kind differing widely from the ordinary units which enter into its composition. These varying buds in very many cases appear in the likeness of bell-shaped organisms, and when they detach themselves from the zoophyte-tree and swim freely in the surrounding water, we recognise in each wandering bud a strange likeness to the familiar medusæ or jellyfishes which swarm in the summer seas around our coasts. Living thus apart from the zoophyte-parent, these medusa-buds may pass weeks or months in an independent existence. Ultimately, however, they develop eggs, and with the production of the eggs the clear, elegant, glassy bodies undergo dissolution, and vanish away amid the waters, to which, in the delicacy of their structure, they presented so close a resemblance. From each egg of the jellyfish-bud there is gradually developed, not a medusa, but a zoophyte. The egg, in fact, develops a single bud of the zoophyte, and this primitive bud, by a process of continuous budding, at last produces the connected tree-like form with which the life-history began. Thus the zoophyte is seen to give origin to a jellyfish, and the jellyfish in turn reproduces the form of the zoophyte—one generation of animals, as the older naturalists believed, “alternating” in this way with another.

The law of likeness would at first sight seem to be ill-adapted, in virtue of its essential nature, to explain the cause of an animal, such as the zoophyte, producing an entirely different being, represented in the present instance by the jellyfish-bud : and it might appear to be equally inexplicable that the progeny of the jellyfish should revert to the zoophyte-stock and likeness. The case of those curious oceanic organisms, allied to the “sea-squirts,” and known as Salpæ, presented to the zoologists of former years phenomena of an equally abstruse kind. The salpæ are met with floating on the surface of the ocean in two distinct forms. One form exists in the shape of a long connected “chain” of individuals, whilst the other form is represented by single salpæ. It was, however, ascertained that these two varieties were linked together in a singularly intimate manner by their development. The chain-salpæ were found to produce each a single egg, which developed into a single salpa ; and the latter, conversely, produced each a long “chain” of individuals—the one variety, in fact, reproducing the other. The apparently mutual development of the zoophyte and the jellyfish, and of the chain and single salpa, is, however, explicable, as far as its exact nature goes, on other grounds than those on which the naturalists of former years accounted for the phenomena. The

jellyfish is not a distinct animal from the zoophyte, but merely one of its modified buds, produced, like the other parts of the animal-tree, by a process of budding, and destined for a special end—that of the development of eggs. The latter illustrate the law of heredity because they are to be regarded as having been essentially and truly produced by the zoophyte, into the form of which each egg directly develops. And similarly with the salpæ. The chain-salpa may be regarded as corresponding to the zoophyte, each individual of the chain producing an egg, which develops again into a chain-salpa, through the medium of the single and unconnected form.

To a still greater extent in insects and some crustaceans—such as barnacles, &c.—may the process of development be complicated and extended. The egg of the butterfly gives origin, not to the aerial winged insect, but to the mundane caterpillar, which, after passing an existence devoted solely to the work of nourishing its body, envelops that body in a cocoon and becomes the chrysalis; finally appearing from this latter investment as the winged and mature form. In the case of all insects which, like the butterfly, pass through a *metamorphosis*, as the series of changes is named, the law of likeness appears to be protracted, and its terms somewhat evaded or extended. The egg, in other words, develops into the mature form only after passing through an extended development, and evolves the similitude of the parent-form through certain intermediate stages of well-marked kind. And so also with the well-known barnacles which attach themselves to the sides of ships and to floating timber. The young barnacle appears as an active little creature possessing limbs adapted for swimming, along with feelers, eyes, and other appendages. Ultimately the embryo barnacle forms its shell, loses its limbs and eyes, attaches itself by its feelers to some fixed object, develops its flexible stalk, and passes the remainder of its existence in a fixed and rooted condition. The development in this latter case, although in due time producing the likeness of the parent, clearly leads to a state of life of much lower character, and to a structure of humbler grade, compared with the life and organisation of the young barnacle. The invariable law of heredity in the various examples detailed is thus seen to operate sometimes in clear and definite manner, converting the offspring into the likeness of the parent directly, and with but little change, save that involved in the process of growth, into the parent-form. In other cases, the operation of the law is carried out through an extended and often complicated process of development; and the observation of the manifold variations which the working of the law exhibits, adds but another to the many proofs of the inherent

plasticity of nature, and the singular adaptations which are exhibited to the varying necessities of living beings.

Amongst the higher animals, as we have noted, the process of development for the most part evolves the likeness of the parent in a simple and direct manner. True, in all higher animals, as in lower animals, the mere formation of organs and parts in the body of the developing being constitutes a process in which, from dissimilar or from simple materials, the similarity of the animal to its parent and to the intricacy of the adult form are gradually evolved. But we miss in higher animals these well-defined and visible changes of form through which the young being gradually approximates to the parental type and likeness. Direct heredity forms, in fact, the rule in higher life, just as indirect heredity is a common feature of lower organisms. The frogs, toads, and newts form the most familiar exceptions to this rule amongst higher animals; the young of these forms, as is well known, appearing in the form of "tadpoles," and attaining the likeness of the adult through a very gradual series of changes and developments. But in no cases can the existence of hereditary influences be more clearly perceived or traced than in cases of the development of higher animals, in which traits of character, physical peculiarities, and even diseases, are seen to be unerringly and exactly reproduced through the operation of the law of likeness; whilst in certain unusual phases of development the influence of the law can be shown not less clearly than in its common and normal action.

The case of the "Ancon" or "Otter" sheep serves as an apt illustration not only of the transmission of characters to the offspring, but likewise of the sudden appearance and development of characters not accounted for by heredity. In the year 1791 a ewe belonging to a Massachusetts farmer produced a lamb differing materially from its neighbours in that its legs were disproportionately short, whilst its body was disproportionately long. This departure from the ordinary type of the sheep could not be accounted for in any way; the variation being, as far as could be ascertained, perfectly spontaneous. The single short-legged sheep became the progenitor of others, and in due time a race of Ancons was produced; the variety, however, falling into neglect, and ultimately disappearing, on account of the introduction of the Merino sheep, and of the attention paid to the development of the latter breed. The law of likeness in the case of the Ancon sheep proved normal in its working after the introduction of the first Ancon. The offspring of two Ancons was thus invariably a pure Otter sheep; the progeny of an Ancon and an ordinary sheep being also pure either in the direction of the sheep or the

Ancon ; no blending or mixture of the two races ever taking place. The law of likeness thus holds good in its ordinary operation, but takes no account and gives no explanation of the abstruse and unknown causes arising from the law of variation, and on which the development of the first Ancon sheep depended.

The heredity and transmission of mere influences, which have been simply impressed upon either parent, and which form no part of the parent's original constitution, presents some of the most marvellous, as well as some of the most inexplicable, features of animal and plant development. Thus an Italian naturalist, taking the pollen or fertilising matter from the stamens of the lemon, fertilised the flowers of the orange. The result was, that one of the oranges, subsequently produced, exhibited a portion of its substance which was not only coloured like the lemon, but preserved the distinct flavour of the latter fruit. Changes of similar nature have been produced in the fruit of one species of melon by fertilising the flowers with pollen of a different species, and thus producing, through the operation of the law of likeness, a blending of the character of the two species. Equally certain as regards their effects on the young forms of animals, are the effects of the transmission of influences or qualities impressed on the parents. The birth of a hybrid foal, half quagga, half horse, has been of sufficient influence to transmit to the subsequent and pure progeny of the mother, the banded stripes or markings of the quagga; the influence of the first male parent and offspring extending, as it were, to the unconnected and succeeding progeny.

The case of the human subject presents no exceptions to the laws of heredity and of hereditary influences, since the common experience of everyday life familiarises us with the transmission of the constitution of body and mind from parent to child ; whilst the careful investigation of the family history of noted artists, sculptors, poets, musicians, and men of science clearly proves that the qualities for which they are or were distinguished have, in most cases, been transmitted to them as a natural legacy and inheritance—so fully does science corroborate the popular saying, that qualities of body and mind “run in the blood.”

A notable case of the operation of the law of likeness in perpetuating a singular condition of body is afforded by the history of the Lambert family. Edward Lambert was exhibited in 1731, at the age of fourteen, before the Royal Society of London, on account of the peculiar condition of his skin, which was covered with horny scales ; the appendages, in their most typical development, according to account, “looking and rustling like the bristles or quills of a hedgehog.”

hog shorn off within an inch of the skin." In 1757 the "porcupine man," as Lambert was called, again exhibited himself in London. He had in the interim suffered from small-pox; the disease having had the effect of temporarily destroying the roughened skin, which, however, reappeared during his convalescence. Lambert's children presented the same peculiar skin-development, and the correlation between parent and offspring in this case was most marked, even in the date of the first appearance of the abnormality since the skin developed its scales in each of his children, as in himself, about nine weeks after birth. In Lambert's grandchildren this peculiarity was also well marked; two brothers, grandsons of Lambert, being exhibited in Germany on account of their peculiar body-covering.

The history of the Kelleias, a Maltese family, is no less instructive than that of Lambert, as tending to prove the distinct and specific operation of the laws of heredity. Gratio Kelleia—whose history is given by Réaumur in his "*Art de faire éclore les Poulets*," as a kind of lesson in the rearing of poultry—was a Maltese, who possessed six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. His parents possessed the ordinary number of digits, and hence the law of variation may be regarded as operating in the case of the human subject, as in the Ancon sheep and in lower animals still, in producing sudden and spontaneous deviations from the normal type of a species or race. Kelleia's family consisted of four children, the mother exhibiting no abnormality of hands or feet. The eldest son, Salvator, exactly resembled his father. George, the second son, had five fingers and five toes, but his hands and feet were deformed. André, the third son, exhibited no abnormality; and Marie, the daughter, had deformed thumbs. The operation of the law of heredity was not especially marked in this first generation, but its effects were of very striking character in the second. To begin with the family of André, none of his children exhibited any divergence from the normal type. Of Marie's family, only one, a boy, had six toes; his fingers being normal. Of George's four children, one boy possessed hands and feet of ordinary type; one girl had six fingers on each hand, but, curiously enough, six toes on the right foot only; whilst the remaining two girls had each six fingers and six toes on each hand and foot. Salvator's family likewise consisted of four children, three of whom possessed the six fingers and six toes of their father and grand-parent; the fourth and youngest possessing the ordinary number of digits. The four mothers of the second generation of Kelleias exhibited no abnormality in respect of hands or feet, and hence the hereditary influence of the female parent doubtless

made itself felt in the development of a proportion of normal hands and feet—although, as far as the genealogy of the family is traced, the proportion of six-fingered and six-toed members clearly tends to exceed that of those possessing the normal number of fingers and toes.

Having thus selected and marshalled some of the chief facts relating to the occurrence of heredity or the likeness between parent and offspring, it may be fairly urged that these facts seem to establish the existence of some well-defined law, in virtue of which the bodily structure, the mental characteristics, or even the peculiarities induced by disease, are transmitted from one generation to another. And it also becomes an important study to determine the causes which operate in producing such variations in the law of inheritance as we have endeavoured to illustrate in the case of certain groups of lower animals. Can we, in other words, account for the similarities and resemblances, and for the diversities and variations, which living beings present, apparently as a natural sequence of their life, and of the operation of the laws which regulate that existence? The answer to some such question as the preceding closely engaged the attention of physiologists in former years, the result of their considerations being the framing of various theories whereby the facts of heredity could be correlated and explained. It is evident that any explanation of heredity must partake of the nature of a mere speculation, from our sheer inability to penetrate deeper into the investigation of its laws than the observation of phenomena can lead us. But when rightly employed, generalisations and theories serve as leading-strings to the truth; and, moreover, aid in the most valuable manner in connecting facts which otherwise would present a most confusing and straggling array. We may, in truth, sketch in the outlines of the subject in theory, and leave these outlines to be deleted or intensified by the subsequent progress of knowledge. Buffon speculated, about the middle of last century, on the causes of heredity, and viewed the subject from a very comprehensive stand-point. He assumed that the ultimate parts of living beings existed in the form of certain atoms, which he named "organic molecules," and maintained that these molecules were received into the body in the shape of food, and became stored up in the various tissues and organs, receiving from each part a corresponding "impression." The molecules in each living body were, in fact, regarded by Buffon as plastic masses, which not only received the imprint, in miniature, of the organ in which they had lodged, but were also fitted to reproduce that organ or part. Potentially, therefore, each molecule might be said to carry within it some special

portion of the body of which, for a time, it had formed part. It was organic and, moreover, indestructible. For after itself and its neighbours had been freed from corporeal trammels by the death of the organism in which it had existed, they were regarded as being capable of entering into new combinations, and of thus building up afresh the forms of living animals or plants similar to, or widely different from, those in which they had previously been contained. Buffon's theory had special reference to the explanation of cases of the "spontaneous generation" of animalcules in closed vessels, but it also served to explain the cause of heredity. The molecules, each charged with the form of the organ or part in which it existed, were believed ultimately to pass, in the case of the animal, to the egg-producing organs, or, in the plant, to the seed; the egg and the seed being thus formed, as it were, from materials contributed by the entire body. The germ was to the body at large, as a microcosm is to the greater "cosmos."

A second authority who framed an explanation of the causes of likeness was Bonnet, who maintained that lost parts were reproduced by germs contained in the nearest portions of the injured body; whilst by his theory of *emboîtement* it was held that each germ was in itself the repository of countless other germs, these bodies being stored up in a quantity sufficient for the reproductive needs of countless generations. Professor Owen's explanation depends upon the recognition of the fact that certain of the cells of the germ from which the living being springs pass into its body, and there remain to transmit to its successors the material characters which it has acquired; whilst, also, the repair of injuries, and the propagation of new beings by budding and like processes, are explained on the supposition that these germ-cells may grow, increase, and operate within the organism which they are ultimately destined to propagate. Lastly, Mr. Darwin has come to the solution of heredity with his theory of *Pangenesis*, which may be said to avail itself of all that is reasonable and probable in the explanations just discussed, and also to include several new and important ideas of which the older theorists took no account.

As paving the way for an understanding of this and other explanations of the law of likeness, we may briefly glance at some of the chief facts with reference to the structure and intimate composition of living beings, with which microscopic study has made us acquainted. When the anatomist or physiologist seeks to unravel the complications of human structure, or when, indeed, he scrutinises the bodies of all animals, save the very lowest, he finds that each organ or tissue of the body is composed of certain minute vesicles or spheres, to which he gives the name of *cells*. Cells, in fact, are

the units of which the bodily whole is composed. Nerves thus resolve themselves under the microscope into fibres, and the fibres, in turn, are seen to originate from cells. Muscles similarly originate from muscle-cells. Each tissue, however compact it may appear, is capable of ultimate reduction to cells of characteristic kind. Nor is this all. The cells themselves are in turn composed of smaller particles, and these smaller particles—of infinitesimally minute size—may be regarded as consisting in turn of the essential material of life—the *bioplasm* or *protoplasm*—with the name of which everyone must be more or less familiar from the part it has played in more than one grave biological controversy. But the body of every living thing is in no case stable, viewed either in its chemical or in its more purely physical aspects. It is continually, as the inevitable result of living and being, undergoing change and alteration. Chemical action is wasting its substance and dissipating its energy with prodigal hand on the one side, and rebuilding and reconstructing its parts on the other. Its material particles are continually being wasted and excreted, whilst new particles are as incessantly being added to its frame. A never-ending action of waste and repair is maintained within every living being; and it is not the least striking thought which may ensue from the study of such a subject, that, notwithstanding the constant renewal of our frames, we continue to preserve the same recognisable form and features. The development of new particles in place of the old appears to follow the same course as that whereby the first-formed particles were guided to their place in the developing young. Germs, or “nuclei”—“germinal centres,” as the physiologist terms them—are abundantly to be descried within most of the tissues. Imbedded amongst the fibres of muscles, for example, are to be seen the germs from which new muscular fibres will be developed; and in the brain itself such reproductive bodies are to be observed. Thus the growth and continuance of our mental existence may be shown to be dependent on the presence of these new particles, which are destined to renew in a material sense those powers which, of all others in man's nature, most nearly approach the immaterial and spiritual.

Nor, lastly, is the problem of existence and structural complexity lessened in any degree by the consideration that man's frame, as well as that of all other animals, originates from a minute germ, composed primitively of a microscopic speck of living matter, and exhibiting in its earliest stages the essential features of one of the minute cells or units of his tissues. Through the powers with which this living germ-particle has been endowed, it is capable of passing

through a defined series of changes, and of developing therefrom a being of more or less complicated kind; whilst the germ itself must be regarded as transmitting in some fashion or other, and in a material form, the likenesses which link parent and offspring together in so close and intimate a union.

Applying the reasoning of the theory of pangenesis to the explanation of heredity and likeness in the light of the physiological evidence thus briefly detailed, we are required to bear in mind that, as an established fact, the cells of which a living being is composed increase and multiply to form tissues and organs, the new cells retaining the form and essential characters of the parent cells. The cell, in short, is formed, is nourished, grows, and reproduces its like, as does the body of which it forms part. And botanists and zoologists would inform us that lowly plants and animals, each consisting of but a single cell, not only exist, but carry on the functions of life as perfectly, when regarded in relation to the wants of their existence, as do the highest animals or most highly organised plants. Each cell, possessed thus of vital powers, may further be regarded as correlating itself with the life of the body at large, in that it is capable of throwing off minute particles of its substance. These particles, named gemmules, may be supposed to circulate freely through the system, and when duly nourished are regarded as being capable of developing into cells resembling those from which they were derived. These gemmules are further supposed to be thrown off from cells at every stage of the development and growth of a living being. More especially do they aggregate together to form the germ, or the materials from which the germ is formed. Transmitted thus from parent to offspring, the latter may be regarded as potentially composed of the gemmules derived from its parent,—which, like the organic molecules of Buffon, are charged with reproducing in the young form the characters they have acquired from the parent.

Regarded from a physiological stand-point, this explanation of the transmission of likeness from parent to offspring appears, it must be owned, to present no difficulties of very formidable kind. Scientific evidence regarding the functions and properties of cells is thoroughly in agreement with the theory, as far as the behaviour of these bodily units is concerned. The exercise of scientific faith and the weighing of probabilities commence with the assumption of the development of the gemmules from the cells; and it may be asked if the belief that these gemmules are capable of transmission and aggregation as held by this theory, is one inconsistent with the tenets and discoveries of biological science at large. If we inquire regarding the feasibility

of the mere existence of such minute gemmules, we shall find that physical science opposes no barrier to the favourable reception of such an idea. The inconceivably minute size of the particles, for example, given off from a grain of musk, which scents a room for years without losing so much of its substance as can be determined by the most acute physical tests, lies beyond the farthest limit even of the scientific imagination. The particles of vaccine lymph diffused through the body by the lancet of the vaccinator, are much more minute than the smallest cells; yet, judged by the standard of development and by the effects of their multiplication in our frames, their existence must be regarded as anything but problematical. Then, as regards numbers, the eggs of some animals exist in quantities, of which, at the best, we can only form a dim and approximate idea. A small parasitic worm, the *Ascaris*, is known to produce 64,000,000 eggs, and some of the orchids will produce as many seeds; whilst the fertility of some fishes is almost inconceivable. It has been objected, it is true, to this conception of the manner through which the law of likeness operates, that it is difficult to believe in the complicated powers and tendencies of the gemmules to select and carry the special qualities of the cells from which they originate; and that, in short, the conception credits the gemmules with powers of too mysterious and occult a kind for ordinary acceptance and belief. But in answer to this objection it may be urged, that the powers with which the gemmules are credited are not a whit more extraordinary than those possessed by cells, or than those which nerve-cells and nerve-fibres possess, for example, in forming and transmitting the undetermined, mysterious force which under certain conditions becomes resolved into thought and mind. The mere conditions of heredity which the theory explains constitute in fact a greater draft upon scientific credulity than is demanded by any conditions or ideas included in the explanation itself. Moreover, there is hardly a condition, illustrated by the examples of heredity and animal development already given, which is insusceptible of explanation through the aid of this theory. The cases of fission illustrated by the fresh-water worms, and the process of budding exemplified by the zoophyte, become intelligible on the idea that a determination of the gemmules to the parts concerned in these processes takes place, and that by their aggregation they form parts resembling those from which they were derived. The curious phases of reproduction in the plant-lice, in which, it will be remembered, female insects were seen to be capable of producing generation after generation of beings resembling themselves without the intervention of the opposite sex, is likewise explained

by the supposition that gemmules aggregate in quantities in the egg-producing organs of the insects. These gemmules are further regarded as being charged with the power of perpetuating the likeness of the stock from which they were originally derived, and being transmitted from one generation to another, until, through some more special modification, the periodical production of fertilised eggs in autumn is once more illustrated. The exact nature of "alternate generations" of the zoophytes and salpæ becomes clear to us if we presume that the gemmules of the producing form, such as the zoophyte, are multiplied and specially developed to form the jellyfish-bud, which finally, as we have seen, is launched abroad charged with the task of reproducing the zoophyte. Each egg of the jellyfish contains thus the gemmules inherited from, and which convey the likeness and form of, the zoophyte; the special development of new beings seen in this case presenting a contrast to the ordinary increase of the single zoophyte by budding. The metamorphoses or changes which animals undergo in passing from the egg to the adult state—well illustrated by the insect-class—can similarly be explained by the deductions of pangenesis, if we suppose that the gemmules which tend to form the perfect being undergo a progressive development, and a gradual elaboration in the earlier stages of the process. And we can the more readily apply this reasoning to the explanation of the manner in which the winged butterfly, for example, is evolved from the caterpillar, when we find that within the chrysalis-case or cocoon the body of the larvæ is literally broken down and resolved into atomic parts, whilst, by a wondrous process of reconstruction and rearrangement of these atoms, the perfect insect is in due time formed. Metamorphosis, in this respect, may truly be described as a process of the readjustment and rearrangement of the atoms and gemmules of the insect's frame. The variations of living beings may in their turn be explained by assuming an irregularity to exist in the arrangement of the gemmules which unite to form the germ of the varying form. Modified cells will give out modified gemmules, and these last will produce variations in the new being. Any cause producing alterations in the gemmules, either in the direction of over-fertility or in that of deficiency, will tell with corresponding effect on the germ which they tend to form. Whilst in cases in which bodily structures, mental qualities, or even diseases lie dormant in one generation, and become developed in the succeeding race, the gemmules may be regarded as having been transmitted in a latent condition in the former race, and as having been awakened and redeveloped in the latter. The transmission of active disease to a particular

generation through an intervening and latent stage represented by the preceding generation, is clearly explicable, if we suppose that the dormant condition acts on the gemmules as rest acts on wearied muscles in serving to restore their pristine strength. Some diseases are known to gain strength and virulence after the lapse of a generation, in which they have lain dormant and inactive. And the reappearance of the diseased condition becomes connected by the explanation just given, to use Mr. Darwin's words, with "the wonderful fact that the child may depart from the type of both its parents, and resemble its grand-parents or ancestors removed by many generations."

The relativity of our knowledge, however, forms a subject which may well be suggested as a closing thought. Whether pangenesis or any other explanation of heredity be ultimately proved to be true or not, the consideration must be ever with us, that we are likely to remain ignorant of the primary causes which determine and regulate the more apparent laws of likeness. We may thus scarcely hope to reach that "law within the law" which operates through the medium of secondary laws and ascertainable conditions. But it should form at the same time no mean consolation, that we have been able to approach theoretically, at least, towards an understanding of one of the commonest, but at the same time most abstruse, parts of the puzzle of life.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHARLES DICKENS AS DRAMATIST AND POET.

THE late Mr. Dickens made his fame, as the world knows, by his romances, and by a certain sparkling form of essay, in which acute observation of character and manners were combined with an almost photographic presentation of material objects. In the delightful art of letter-writing, it is needless to say, he excelled, and the specimens given in Mr. Forster's biography make us only lament that a full collection of his correspondence has not before now been made. These agreeable compositions, in which vitality, wit, and good humour flow abundantly, combined with excellent sense and sound knowledge of human nature, really take rank with the best of his writings. He also wrote some plays or fragments of plays. It is, however, well known that he had taste for verse-making, and more particularly for what used to be known as "occasional verses," and a little volume might almost be made out of those various scattered trifles. A few of these airy triflings will be found interesting, as showing how many-sided was the talent of the master ; and they are not presented as founding any claim for him to the dignity of a poet—the last thing he himself would have desired.

We will begin by some specimens of what may be called the squib kind, prompted—as so many others of his writings were—by political matter which had excited his indignation. Here is one from an early number of the *Daily News*, whose authorship has hitherto escaped detection, it being only signed "Catnach" :

THE BRITISH LION.

A NEW SONG, BUT AN OLD STORY.

TUNE—*The Great Sea Snake.*

O p'raps you may have heard, and if not I'll sing
Of the British Lion free,
That was constantly agoing for to make a spring
Upon his *en-c-me* ;

But who, being rather groggy at the knees,
 Broke down, always, before ;
 And generally gave a feeble wheeze
 Instead of a loud roar.
 Right toor rol, loor rol, fee faw, fum,
 The British Lion bold !
 That was always agoing for to do great things,
 And was always being "sold !"

He was carried about in a carawan,
 And was showed in country parts,
 And they said "Walk up ! Be in time ! He can
 Eat Corn Law Leagues like tarts !"
 And his showmen, shouting there and then,
 To puff him didn't fail ;
 And they said, as they peeped into his den,
 "O don't he wag his tail !"
 Right toor rol, &c.

Now the principal keeper of this poor old beast,
 WAN HUMBUG was his name,
 Would once every day stir him up—at least—
 And warn't that a game !
 For he hadn't a tooth and he hadn't a claw
 In that "struggle" so "sublime,"
 And however sharp they touched him on the raw,
 He couldn't come up to time.
 Right toor rol, &c.

And this, you will observe, was the reason why
 WAN HUMBUG, on weak grounds,
 Was forced to make believe that he heard his cry,
 In all unlikely sounds.
 So there warn't a bleat from an Essex calf,
 Or a Duke or a Lordling slim,
 But he said with a wery triumphant laugh,
 " I'm blest if that ain't him !"
 Right toor rol, &c.

At length wery bald in his mane and tail
 The British Lion grewed,
 He pined, and declined, and he satisfied
 The last debt which he owed.
 And when they came to examine the skin,
 It was a wonder sore
 To find that the an-i-mal within
 Was nothing but a BORE !
 Right toor rol, &c.

CAT: ACH.

he *Daily News* he also contributed in the same year—

THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABOURERS.

Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God to put it
: hearts of our greasous Queen and her members of Parlerment to grant us
read?"—Lucy Simpkins, at Brem Hill.

O God, who by Thy Prophet's hand
Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whence water came at Thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake :
Strike now upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high ;
And let some drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die !

The God, who took a little child
And set him in the midst,
And promised him His mercy mild,
As by Thy Son Thou didst :
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear
Where Lords and Gentry are !

O God, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop :
For in Thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep ;
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine angels weep !

The God, who with His finger drew
The Judgment coming on,
Write for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone !
O God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare,
Until they look (too late) on high
And see an Arrow there !

O God, remind them. In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In memory of Me" !
O God, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them Bread to eat,
And went from door to door.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, as is well known, possesses a very remarkable album, filled with contributions, extempore and otherwise, of the most famous persons of the time. On one page Southey had written—in allusion to the autographs of Joseph Bonaparte and Daniel O'Connell, which were inscribed on the next leaf—

Birds of a feather flock together,
But ~~raise~~ the opposite page ;
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage.

Later, when Dickens furnished his little contribution, he wrote, in allusion to Southey's change of opinion :—

Now, if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has moulted his feathers,
And left them in some other cage. ROZ.

One would have almost wished that the well-known "Ode to an Expiring Frog" had not remained a fragment, and that Mrs. Leo Hunter had recited the whole. It always seemed a very perfect piece of burlesque, not by any means overstrained—the common fault in burlesque—but having the earnestness that is certain to be found in genuine performances of the kind:—

ODE TO AN EXPIRING FROG.

Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing ;
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog ?
Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo, and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys
With a dog,
Expiring frog ?

The lines which embroiled Mr. Potts with the susceptible Winkle are good in this way, because exactly representing the sort of stuff that used to be found in a country newspaper :—

LINES TO A BRASS POT.

Oh ! Pott ! if you'd known
How false she'd have grown,
When you heard the marriage bells tinkle.
You'd have done then, I vow,
What you cannot help now,
And handed her over to W-(inkle).

Even in a "slang" song, this master of words could be artistic ; and it may be fairly asserted that Mr. Weller's song to the coachmen is superior to any of the kind that has appeared since. For it will be seen that there is a breadth and a dramatic character about it which are lacking in other more pretentious works :—

ROMANCE.

I.

Bold Turpin vunce on Hounslow Heath,
His bold mare Bess bestrode-er ;
Ven there he seed the Bishop's coach
A-coming along the road-er.
So he gallops close to the 'orses' legs,
And he claps his head vithin:
And the Bishop says, " Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here's the bold Turpin ! "

CHORUS.

And the Bishop says, &c.

II.

Says Turpin, " You shall eat your words,
With a sauce of leaden bul-let ; "
So he puts a pistol in his mouth,
And he fires it down his gul-let ;
The coachman, he not likin' the job,
Set off at a full gal-lop,
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwailed on him to stop.

CHORUS (*sarcastically*).

But Dick, &c.¹

In the same story is to be found a piece illustrating that fond and romantic Christmas spirit which he always fostered, and which, alas ! exists more in the anticipation than in the reality :—

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I care not for Spring ; on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne.
He woos them amain, with his treacherous rain,
And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself
Or his own changing mind an hour ;
He'll smile in your face, and with wry grimace
He'll wither yon youngest flower.

¹ " We beg," adds the pleasant author, " to call particular attention to the monosyllable at the end of the second and fourth lines, which not only enables the singer to take breath at these points, but greatly assists the metre."

Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
 He shall never be sought by me :
 When he's dimmed by a cloud, I can laugh aloud
 And care not how sulky he be ;
 For his darling child is the madness wild
 That spurts in fierce fever's train ;
 And when love is too strong, it don't last long,
 As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
 Of the modest and gentle moon,
 Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
 Than the broad and blushing noon.
 But every leaf awakens my grief,
 As it lieth beneath the tree :
 So, let autumn air be never so fair,
 It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out for Christmas stout,
 The hearty, the true, the cold ;
 A bumper I drain, and with might and main
 Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
 We'll usher him in with a merry din
 That shall gladden his joyous heart,
 And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
 And his fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
 One jot of his hard-weather scars ;
 They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
 On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
 Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
 And it echoes from wall to wall—
 To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
 As the King of the Seasons all !

In "Pickwick" will be found also the well-known and still popular "Ivy Green;" a really excellent song, with a very poetical idea for its basis. Many will recall the pleasant style in which that not ungifted "entertainer," Henry Russell, used to troll it, and the rather seducing burden "Creeping where," &c. The music may not be of the highest merit, but we would have no other for the words. The pleasant Henry, with his whole *bagage littéraire* of "Ships on Fire" and "Man the Life Boat," and his piano, on which he was as much at home as a deft skater on the ice—who gives him a thought now? Yet erst he held audiences spell-bound.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh ! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.

The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim :
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree !

And sily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,

As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;

But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green,

The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past :

For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Mr. Horne, the author of "Orion," was the first, we believe, to point out that many tender passages of Dickens's prose writings were virtually blank verse, a theory well supported by these specimens from "The Old Curiosity Shop"—

And now the bell—the bell
She had so often heard by night and day,
And listened to with solemn pleasure,
E'en as a living voice—
Rung its remorseless toll for her,
So young, so beautiful, and good.
Decrepit age and vigorous life,
And blooming youth, and helpless infancy
Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength
And health, in the full blush
Of promise, the mere dawn of life—
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there
Whose eyes were dim
And senses failing,
Grandames who might have died ten years ago
And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame :
The living dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave.
What was the death it would shut in,
To that *which still could crawl and creep above it* !

Along the crowded path they bore her now ;
 Pure as the new-fall'n snow
 That covered it ; whose day on earth
 Had been as fleeting.
 Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven
 In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
 She passed again, and the old church
 Received her in its quiet shade.

" Throughout the whole of the above, only two unimportant words have been omitted—*in* and *its* ; and 'grandames' has been substituted for 'grandmothers.' All that remains is exactly as in the original, not a single word transposed, and the punctuation the same to a comma."

Again, take the brief homily that concludes the funeral :—

Oh ! it is hard to take to heart
 The lesson that such deaths will teach,
 But let no man reject it,
 For it is one that all must learn,
 And is a mighty, universal Truth.
 When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
 For every fragile form from which he lets
 The parting spirit free,
 A hundred virtues rise,
 In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
 To walk the world and bless it.

So also in " Nicholas Nickleby " :—

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave,
 Trodden by feet so small and light,
 That not a daisy drooped its head
 Beneath their pressure.
 Through all the spring and summer time
 Garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands,
 Rested upon the stone.

And here is a passage from " The Child's History " :—

The English broke and fled.
 The Normans rallied, and the day was lost !
 Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars !
 The lights were shining in the victor's tent
 (Pitched near the spot where blinded Harold fell) ;
 He and his knights carousing were within ;
 Soldiers with torches, going to and fro,
 Sought for the corpse of Harold 'mongst the dead.
 The Warrior, worked with stones and golden thread,
 Lay low, all torn, and soiled with English blood,
 And the three Lions kept watch o'er the field !

Nor should his single prologue be forgotten ; one written in 1842 for Mr. Westland Marston's "Patrician's Daughter." The chief portions are given here :—

No tale of streaming plumes and harness bright
Dwells on the Poet's maiden theme to-night.
Enough for him if in his boldest word
The beating heart of man be faintly stirred.
That mournful music, that, like chords which sigh
Through charmed gardens, all who hear it die ;
That solemn music he does not pursue,
To distant ages out of human view.

But musing with a calm and steady gaze
Before the crackling flame of living days,
He hears it whisper, through the busy roar
Of what shall be, and what has been before.
Awake the Present ! Shall no scene display
The tragic passion of the passing day ?
Is it with man as with some meaner things,
That out of death his solemn purpose springs ?
Can this eventful life no moral teach,
Unless he be for aye beyond its reach ?

Awake the Present ! What the past has sown
Is in its harvest garnered, reaped, and grown.
How pride engenders pride, and wrong breeds wrong,
And truth and falsehood hand in hand along
High places walk in monster-like embrace,
The modern Janus with a double face ;
How social usage hath the power to change
Good thought to evil in its highest range,
To cramp the noble soul, and turn to ruth
The kindling impulse of the glowing youth,
Crushing the spirit in its house of clay,—
Learn from the lesson of the present day.
Not light its import and not poor its mien—
Yourselves the actors and your home the scene.

The last two "be good rhymes."

In 1843, he was asked by Lady Blessington, who was ever importing her literary and fashionable acquaintances for aid for her innumerable Books of Beauty and other annuals, to furnish a small contribution. He struck off the following, on a theme which he afterwards satirised in *Chadband*, and the idea of conversion through the agency of suitable religious pocket-handkerchiefs. Mr. Forster calls it "a clever and pointed parable in verse." And the unvarying modesty of its writer is shown in the diffidence with which he asked for it a place in his friend's journal, in case of its rejection

by the fashionable lady of letters. It however appeared in "The Keepsake" for 1844:—

A WORD IN SEASON.

They have a superstition in the East
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of Priest,
Of rolling incense and of lighted taper :
Hoping, that any scrap which bears the name
In any characters its front impressed on,
Shall help the sinner through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves—for they are not like us,
A highly civilised and thinking nation :
And, always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters :
And yet, where they who should have oped the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar floor,
And rent The Book, in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among those pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces ;
Their best High-Churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the virtues in the market places.
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,
(They curse all other men and curse each other),
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

His pleasant little opera, "The Village Coquettes," contains good many rhymes, written professedly for setting to music. These will be noted feeling, and a sort of graceful sentiment, without any pretence at powerful writing. This is specially found in the following, the chime of which haunts the ear:—

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around us here ;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear !
How like the hopes of childhood's day,
Thick clust'ring on the bough !

How like those hopes is their decay—
How faded are they now !
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here ;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear !

Withered leaves, withered leaves that fly before the gale ;
Withered leaves, withered leaves, ye tell a mournful tale !
Of love once true, and friends once kind,
And happy moments fled ;
Dispersed by every breath of wind,
Forgotten, changed, or dead.
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around us here ;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear !

It was set, as was the rest of the opera, by Mr. Hullah, and was republished a few years ago. The two heroines, Rose and Lucy, sing little ballads on love, which have an old-fashioned pleasantness:—

LUCY'S SONG.

Love is not a feeling to pass away,
Like the balmy breath of a summer day :
It is not—it cannot be—laid aside ;
It is not a thing to forget or hide ;
It clings to the heart, ah, woe is me !
As the ivy clings to the old oak tree.

Love is not a passion of earthy mould,
As a thirst for honour, or fame, or gold :
For when all these wishes have died away,
The deep strong love of a brighter day,
Though nourished in secret, consumes the more,
As the slow rust eats to the iron's core.

ROSE'S SONG.

Some folks, who have grown old and sour,
Say love does nothing but annoy ;
The fact is, they have had their hour,
So envy what they can't enjoy.
I like the glance—I like the sigh—
That does of ardent passion tell !
If some folks were as young as I,
I'm sure they'd like it quite as well.

Old maiden aunts so hate the men,
So well know how wives are harried,
It makes them sad—not jealous—when
They see their poor dear nieces married.
All men are fair and false, they know,
And with deep sighs they assail 'em ;
It is so long since they tried men, though,
I rather think their mem'ries fail 'em.

"The Squire" has another jovial, rollicking strain, such as might have made the rafters of Dingley Dell ring.

SPRING.

There's a charm in Spring, when everything
Is bursting from the ground :
When pleasant showers bring forth the flowers,
And all is life around.
In summer day, the fragrant hay
Most sweetly scents the breeze :
And all is still, save murr'ring rill,
Or sound of humming bees.
Old Autumn come, with trusty gun
In quest of birds we roam :
Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.
A winter's night has its delight,
Well warmed to bed we go :
A winter's day, we're blythe and gay,
Snipe shooting in the snow.
A country life, without the strife
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need ; I take no heed
Of splendour or renown.
And when I die, oh ! let me lie
Where trees above me wave :
Let wild plants bloom around my tomb,
My quiet country grave.

MORAL.

That very wise head, old Esop, said,
The bow should be sometimes loose :
Keep it tight for ever, the string you sever :—
Let's turn his old moral to use :—
The world forget, and let us yet,
The glass our spirits buoying,
Revel to-night, in those moments bright
Which make life worth enjoying.
The cares of the day, old moralists say,
Are quite enough to perplex one ;
Then drive to-day's sorrow away till to-morrow,
Then put it off till the next one.

The above, however, smacks somewhat of the conventional music-seller's ballad. The next has a more serious purpose.

HONOUR.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs, that had richly grown
In the deep thick forest glade.

It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak :
And the gentle breeze played light around,
As thus the fair boy spoke :—

“Dear father, what can honour be
Of which I hear men rave?
Field, cell and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave :—
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen :
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honour mean?”

“It is a name—a name, my child—
It lived in other days,
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport, thick battle frays :
When in armour bright the warrior bold
Knelt to his lady's eyes :
Beneath the abbey pavement old
That warrior's dust now lies.

“The iron hearts of that old day
Have mouldered in the grave :
And chivalry has passed away
With knights so true and brave ;
The honour which to them was life,
Throbs in no bosom now ;
It only gilds the gambler's strife,
Or decks the worthless vow.”

following recalls one of the German “part songs,” and we
most hear the sustained four voices ; the tendency to a sober,
solely strain is still maintained :—

EVENTIDE.

How beautiful, at eventide,
To see the twilight shadows pale
Steal o'er the landscape far and wide,
O'er stream and meadow, mound and dale.
How soft is nature's calm repose
When evening skies the cool dews weep :
The gentlest wind more gently blows,
As if to soothe her in her sleep !
The gay morn breaks,
Mists roll away,
All nature wakes
To glorious day.
In my breast alone
Dark shadows remain ;
The peace it has known
It can never regain.

A "round" exhibits the same plaintive spirit, and, like the "Autumn Leaves," lingers in the ear pleasantly.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Hail to the merry autumn days, when yellow cornfields shine
 Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's wine!
 Hail to the merry harvest time, the gayest of the year,
 The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing and good cheer!
 'Tis pleasant on a fine spring morn to see the buds expand;
 'Tis pleasant in the summer time to view the teeming land;
 'Tis pleasant on a winter's night to crouch around the blaze;
 But what are joys like these, my boys, to autumn's merry days?
 Then hail to merry autumn days when yellow cornfields shine,
 Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's wine.

I pass over some lines which are of inferior quality, until we come to a sort of dancing chorus, which is full of spirit.

JOIN THE DANCE.

Join the dance, with step as light
 As every heart should be to-night;
 Music, shake thy lofty dome
 In honour of our harvest home.
 Join the dance and banish care,
 All are young, and gay, and fair:
 Even age has youthful grown
 In honour of our harvest home.
 Join the dance—bright faces beam,
 Sweet lips smile—and dark eyes gleam.
 All their charms have hither come,
 In honour of our harvest home.
 Join the dance, with step as light
 As every heart should be to-night;
 Music, shake the lofty dome,
 In honour of our harvest home.

The question has often been asked why the late Mr. Dickens did not write for the stage. Many satisfactory reasons could be offered; those that pressed most with him being the risk of failure, which would have affected his position, and waste of power. Again, it would not have "paid" him to have written plays. The time and thought necessary for a drama must have been abstracted from a novel, which would have produced three times the return. We recollect his lamenting that in one of his little Christmas numbers, viz., "Mrs. Lirriper," he had wasted much that would have been valuable for a novel. That he would have succeeded on the stage there can be no doubt, for he possessed the two qualifications of a dramatist, the power of presenting character and of construction. The novelist's mode of work

is of course quite different ; but the basis is the same in both, and Mr. Dickens was as familiar with the arts of the stage as a trained actor. He delighted in it, and, when reading on his tours, often found his way to the little local theatre, where he was surprisingly interested. All his stories lend themselves to the stage, but have unfortunately been dramatised and acted in a very coarse and broad style ; the framework of the novels being put together clumsily, with unplanned boards, as it were, and huge nails. But all have interested and have been successful, notably "David Copperfield" with Mr. Rowe's grotesque Micawber ; "Pickwick," with Mr. Irving's Jingle ; the Christmas stories with Toole and the Keeleys ; "Bleak House," with Miss Jenny Lee, &c. Had the author come to the stage in his early days of vivacity and enjoyment of London life, he must have succeeded ; though this result could not have been looked for when he had taken up the elaborate and rather strained tone of "Edwin Drood" and "Little Dorrit," which were far too "stippled" for "the boards." In some new edition of Baker's list of Dramatic Authors, Dickens, however, must find his place, and figure respectably as the author of a comic opera and a farce, and as part author of a melodrama and farce. These pieces are "The Village Coquettes," "The Strange Gentleman," "No Thoroughfare," and "Mr. Nightingale's Diary." The first two were written in 1835, when he was but twenty-one years old, and the opera is in parts quite boyish ; the third was the work of Mr. Mark Lemon, but, as Mr. Forster says, was so added to and enriched by Dickens as to become a joint production. "No Thoroughfare" was written in collaboration with Mr. Wilkie Collins. One whole scene is entirely Mr. Dickens's, but as he was in America when the piece was being finished and produced, it is probable that a good share of the work is Mr. Collins's. It was written with a view to Mr. Fechter's romantic style, and is a piece that would require the most finished acting. When it was lately revived at the Olympic it had an old-fashioned air, and was ineffective. It is highly popular in France under the title of "L'Ablme," and is often played.

"The Strange Gentleman" was founded on one of his short stories, entitled "The Great Winglebury Duel." The equivoque turns on the confusion between a gentleman who wishes to fly from a duel, and a lady who is anxious to elope. The scene is at an inn, and the story is perfectly farcical and bustling. Not long ago it was actually announced at one of the theatres. It was produced on the opening of the St. James's Theatre, Sept. 29, 1836, and ran for some months. The compiler of "The Story of his Life," tells us that the author once took a part in it himself. On December 6, "The Village Coquettes"

was produced, set off by the singing of Braham and Miss Rainforth ; some of the songs of the former became favourites. The gifted author was always not a little sensitive on the score of this early production, but I confess it seems to me an agreeable, though unpretending little production, with a pleasing sentiment running through it. The story, in these times of highly-flavoured "Pink Dominos" and "La Marjolaine," might not be acceptable, and the spectacle of a virtuous young squire generously respecting his tenant's daughter, and, after being vigorously reprov'd by the father of the young lady, allowing him to retain his farm, might seem insipid. It will be seen that one topic, though hackneyed enough, is treated here with humour, and must have been highly effective under Harley's treatment. Martin Stokes, a sort of Paul Pry, wishes to put the old father on his guard.

Ben. Well, Stokes, now you have the opportunity you have desired, and we are alone, I am ready to listen to the information which you wished to communicate.

Mart. Exactly. You said information, I think ?

Ben. You said information, or I have forgotten.

Mart. Just so, exactly ; I said information. I *did* say information—why should I deny it ?

Ben. I see no necessity for your doing so, certainly. Pray go on.

Mart. Why, you see, my dear Mr. Benson, the fact is—won't you be seated ? Pray sit down (*brings chairs*). There now ; let me see—where was I ?

Ben. You were going to begin, I think.

Mart. Oh,—ah !—so I was ;—I hadn't begun, had I ?

Ben. No, no ! Pray begin again, if you had.

Mart. Well, then, what I have got to say is not so much information, as a kind of advice or suggestion, a hint or something of that kind ; and it relates to—eh ? (*mysteriously*).

Ben. What ?

Mart. (*nodding*). Yes. Don't you think there's something wrong there ?

Ben. Where ?

Mart. In that quarter.

Ben. In what quarter ? Speak more plainly, sir.

Mart. You know what a friendly feeling I entertain to your family. You know what a very particular friend of mine you are. You know how anxious I always am to prevent anything going wrong.

Ben. (*abruptly*). Well ?

Mart. Yes, I see you're very sensible of it, but I'll take it for granted ; you need not bounce and fizz about in that way, because it makes me nervous. Don't you think, now, *don't* you think that ill-natured people may say—don't be angry, you know, because if I wasn't a very particular friend of the family I wouldn't mention the subject—*don't* you think that ill-natured people may say, there's something wrong in the frequency of the Squire's visits here ?

Ben. (*starting up furiously*). What ?

Mart. There he goes again !

Ben. Who dares suspect my child ?

Mart. Ah, to be sure, that's exactly what I say. Who dares? Damme, I should like to see 'em!

Ben. Is it you?

Mart. I? Bless you, no, not for the world! I? Come, that's a good one.

In his preface, he modestly apologises for deficiencies, pleading that a libretto "must be to a certain extent a mere vehicle for the music"—a reasonable excuse enough. Allusion has been made to the extent to which his stories have "increased the public stock of harmless pleasure" on the stage. Not merely have the whole of them been dramatised, but most have been dramatised two or three times over, and several half-a-dozen times. Even the little Christmas "Household Words" numbers have found their way to the stage, and "Boots at the Holly-tree Inn" furnished matter for three or four pieces. There can be no doubt that, had they been adapted on scientific principles—not on those of the tailor—such as the French employ, the genius of Dickens would have been as conspicuous on the stage as it is in his books.

Such is a view of the great novelist in what may be considered the by-walks of his profession; and on the principle that some careless little terra-cottas of a sculptor like Carpeaux, *délassements* after his official labours, are found interesting and even precious, so may this collection of trifles, the work of one so dear to the generation, be found acceptable. On such specimens it would be manifestly unfair to found any speculations as to whether he would have failed or succeeded as poet or dramatist. They must be taken for no more than what they pretend to.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

TERMS OF PEACE.

IT is curious to see, after two years of warfare in South-Eastern Europe, how large a body of Englishmen still seem quite unable to understand the real meaning and bearings of the struggle. The war has had three clearly marked stages. First, the people of certain of the lands under Turkish dominion rose to throw off the foreign yoke which kept them down as bondmen on their own soil. Bosnia and Herzegovina rose, and those lands have never since been fully brought back under the old tyranny. Bulgaria strove to rise; how Bulgaria was brought back again for a while under the old tyranny all the world knows. Secondly, the neighbouring free states of kindred blood came to the help of their brethren. Servia, brave and slandered Servia, supported by Russian volunteers, had to submit to peace after a gallant struggle against overwhelming odds. The unconquered defenders of the Black Mountains gathered the neighbouring tribes around the common standard of freedom. The Turk has indeed carried havoc into some Montenegrin districts; but he has not been able to annex an inch of Montenegrin soil. Meanwhile the Montenegrins themselves have gone on from victory to victory; the area of freedom is extended by every fight, and the loss of fortress after fortress by his discomfited troops may indeed

Teach the pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Lastly, when the representatives of Europe first came together to find means to check Turkish oppression and then went away and left the Turk with full power to oppress, one European nation scorned to join in the general backsliding, and stood forth alone to do the work which Europe should have done in common. The people of Russia, kindled by the noblest emotion that ever stirred the heart of any people, have compelled their sovereign to lead them to the war, and they have drawn the sword in the most righteous cause in which the sword ever was drawn. Other nations have fought for their own freedom; Russia fights for the freedom of her brethren. Strong in the might of righteousness, enduring under reverses and merciful in the hour of

victory, the warriors of this great crusade have indeed waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens. As they advance, the rod of the oppressor is broken, and liberated nations again feel themselves to be men. The small uprising in a remote corner which the blinded Foreign Minister of England deemed could be "suppressed" at his bidding has grown, as those whose eyes were open knew from the first that it would grow, into one of the great crises of the world's history. We have had our moments of doubt and fear; but at last the goal seems to be reached. Now at last we need hardly doubt that, as regards a large part of the nations under the yoke, the wrongs of 500 years are to be undone. The deliverance of the Slaves is promised, promised by a prince whose word, we feel sure, is truth, by the liberator of his own people. The memories of the day of Kossovo and of the day of Nikopolis will be exchanged for memories of the brighter days which will soon have restored Bulgaria and the whole Servian land to Europe and to Christendom. If thus much at least is not done, the blood of patriots and of deliverers will indeed have been shed in vain. But that that much at least will be done we may trust to the righteous zeal of the Russian people, to the good faith of the prince on whom his people have laid the duty of doing single-handed the work from which confederated Europe shrank.

Now, to anyone who should hear all this for the first time, who should be able to judge of what is happening by the light of reason and experience, but who knew nothing of the cries and prejudices of the moment, it would indeed seem strange that there should be any man in Christian Europe who could look on such a prospect as this with any other than feelings of rejoicing. Four hundred years back men at least professed generous feelings. When Mahomed the Second laid siege to Constantinople, Western Europe failed to come to the rescue of the East; but Western Europe at least professed to mourn for the overthrow of the East. Now, strange to say, it is otherwise. To a large party in England the cause of the oppressor has some mysterious and unintelligible charm. That in a large part of Europe the people of the land should be bondmen on their own soil—that they should hold their lives, their property, the honour of their families, at the mercy of foreign invaders—seems to not a few to be a state of things which is to be defended and kept up, sometimes, it would seem, positively for its own sake, sometimes because "British interests" are held to be in some mysterious way concerned in refusing the rights of human beings to the people of Bulgaria and Thessaly. If the area of bondage is narrowed, if the area of freedom

is increased, these men speak as if something was taken from themselves, as if they had a vested interest in oppression, and could not endure that the oppressor should lose a single victim. - We live in strange times when England first, along with the other powers of Europe, brands the evil deeds of the Turk in language stronger than the traditions of diplomacy commonly allow, and then sends an Ambassador expressly to announce the "sympathy" of England with the tyrant whose evil deeds England and Europe had just branded. "Sympathy" with the Turk, "admiration" for the Turk, have become stock phrases with a large party of Englishmen. They are repeated as a formula by many who perhaps really do not know the meaning of the words which they utter. Dull county members at agricultural dinners tell hardly duller farmers that they would not be Englishmen if they did not admire and sympathise with the brave and gallant Turk fighting for his country. It may even be that some specially zealous defender of the Church as by law established, some one who loathes a Dissenter and votes against the Burial Bill, adds, as a further merit, that the Turk is "fighting for his religion." It is only the judgment of charity to believe that such men know not what they say. What they really say is that we should not be Englishmen if we failed to give our sympathy and admiration to men who are fighting, not for their own country, but to keep their hold on the country of other men—who are fighting not for their own religion, but for the power of oppressing men of other religions; who fight, stoutly no doubt—for who would not fight stoutly in such a cause?—for the divine right to murder, rob, and ravish whenever the fancy takes them; for the pleasant licence of carrying dishonour into Christian homes and spreading havoc, slaughter, and plunder throughout Christian lands. We should not, we are told, be Englishmen if we did not look with sympathy and admiration on men who habitually hand over their prisoners to the torturer, who leave their own sick and wounded to perish, who calmly reckon that the man with a shivered limb can be of no more service, and who forbid the surgeon to waste his skill on saving an useless life. For men like these our sympathy and admiration are challenged, while every slanderous epithet is hurled at the Montenegrin, at the free Bosnian, at the liberating Russian. The heroic race who have kept their mountain height unconquered from generation to generation are reviled as rebels and marauders; the men who have risen to free their land from bondage, their daughters and their sons from outrage, are called in official language brigands. And what name can be bad enough for soldiers who, while their own captive comrades are handed over to slaughter, to torture—

to the torture sometimes at least of the sharp stake¹—yet, when the men who have done these deeds fall into their hands, tend them like the sick and wounded of their own army? For them, in the new creed of Englishmen, there can be no sympathy—no sympathy for the patriot, no sympathy for the deliverer; the sympathies of Englishmen, we are taught, must be kept wholly for the men who are fighting for the right divine to indulge every foul and cruel passion at the cost of our fellow-Europeans and fellow-Christians.

With those who speak in this way, really knowing the meaning of their own words, it is of course in vain to argue. But we may well believe that a crowd of people so speak who have simply never taken in the facts of the case, who are misled, partly by inveterate prejudices, partly by the mere abuse of words. We may be sure that many people talk about sympathy and admiration for the Turks who have not the faintest notion what it is that they admire and sympathise with. When one reads the list of gifts to the Stafford House fund, and sees such entries as "A Sympathiser with the Poor Turks," we may be sure that the twaddle, however silly, is genuine. Some well-meaning old woman has been taught to believe that the oppressor is really the oppressed. The chatterers at agricultural dinners who talk about the big boy and the little boy are very likely in the same frame of mind. Nobody has explained to them that the case really is, to carry out their own metaphor, not the case of a big boy bullying a little boy, but the case of a præposter or prefect giving a boy of whatever size a lawful tunding for bullying a whole form of little boys within an inch of their lives. People are led away by mere names. They read that the Russians have invaded "Turkey," and they think that the case is the same as if the English had invaded France or the French invaded England. They fancy that the Russians are the enemies of "Turkey," and that the Turks are its defenders. They talk about the Turks defending "their country," as if the land marked "Turkey" on the map was the country of the Turks. The distinction has been pointed out a hundred times; but as long as the confusion goes on, the distinction must be pointed out again. The Russians are the friends of "Turkey;" the Turks are its enemies. Nothing so offends the Turk-lover as to be told that the Turks are an alien horde encamped in Europe. Nothing offends him so much, because nothing is so strictly and literally true. Because the statement is the driest and soberest expression of a historical fact, the Turk-lover calls it a

¹ I copy from a private letter of the very highest authority from the seat of war. "He [a Russian prince] met one poor fellow who had been partly impaled, and then rescued." Medical details and other cases of torture follow.

metaphor. The Ottoman Turks have no country. They are a nation ; they are simply a gang encamped in the country of other people. They fight, not for their country, for they have none, but to keep Greeks, Slaves, Albanians, Roumans, Armenians¹—all the nations whose lands make up the aggregate called "Turkey" on the one side, from the possession and enjoyment of their several countries. The Russian fights to give back to those nations the possession and enjoyment of their several countries. To that, and not to an enlargement of his own dominions, the Russian Emperor is pledged. But so that the war was simply waged for an enlargement of Russian dominion. We could not in such a case give it the same advantage which we now can ; but even in such a case we ought to remember that, though Russian dominion is a bad thing as compared with national freedom, it is a good thing as compared with bondage. The universal wish of all the nations under the yoke is this—"Give us neither Czar nor Sultan ; but, if we must choose, all make an irrevocable choice between Czar and Sultan, give us the Czar and not the Sultan. Let us have freedom first of all ; but if we cannot have freedom, let us at least have the despotism which will protect life and property and family honour, rather than the despotism which hands over all three to the caprices of every member of the foreign horde which is encamped among us."

Now it is specially important that the whole class of considerations which have been just now spoken of should be altogether considered whenever the time comes to discuss, what will have to be decided sooner or later, the terms on which the war is to end. For if the war ends, as it is devoutly to be hoped that it may, by the speedy and utter overthrow of the Turkish power, still it must be ended on terms in this sense, that some settlement will have to be made for the lands which are thus set free from the yoke of the Turk, so plain that nothing short of the utter overthrow of the Turkish power will meet the needs of the case. As long as that root of evil in the Eastern Question will spring up again in some shape or form, Diplomats, after the manner of diplomatists, have been strutting off what they call "opening the Eastern Question." They say, they have been striving to win for the Turk a little longer to lie, and rob, and murder, and ravish, in order to save themselves the trouble of settling what is to be done when the Turk is got rid of.

¹ What if we should add "Turks" to this list? The settled Turks of Asia could bring a rather long tale of wrong against the dominant caste. Arabs, Chaldees, and other Asiatic nations, Christian and Muslim, might be further added.

estion has been opened in spite of them ; the noble enthusiasm of great nation has been too strong for all their cut-and-dried notions and formulæ. What the diplomatic mind fears above all things are what it calls "difficulties and complications." Now as long as the Turk is allowed to hold any Christian people under his rule in Europe or in Asia, the Eastern Question will always be going on ; there will always be "difficulties and complaints." That is to say, as long as the oppressor is allowed to keep his power of oppression, so long will his victims revolt against him whenever they have a chance, so long will their free brethren continue to help them in their revolt. The Eastern Question, with its difficulties and complications, arises wholly out of the existence of the Turkish power. Take away that power, and there may be Eastern Questions still, as there may be Northern, Southern, or Western Questions ; but the source of those particular difficulties and complications which have troubled diplomatists for so long will be got rid of for ever.

The work then will be imperfect if the Ottoman Empire is allowed to exist any longer. That is the plain state of the case. Two years ago—a year ago—before the Russian sword was drawn, we might have been glad to accept a system of tributary states, with a pensioned Sultan at Constantinople. Such a scheme would have been a fair diplomatic compromise. It is as much as could be fairly looked for from mere talk without blows. But the days of compromise and diplomacy are passed. Now that the sword has been drawn, now that crusading blood has been shed, something must be had which may be worth the price that has been paid for it. And nothing short of the utter rooting out of the thing of evil against which we strive can be worth such a price. The Sublime Porte must pass away, as so many other evil things have passed away. The name of the Ottoman Empire must pass away from Europe and from Christian Asia. Let a Sultan of Iconium reign over those Asiatic lands where, so far as there is any people of the land, the people of the land are Turks. Such a Sultan might be endured ; but the dominion of such a Sultan would not be the Ottoman Empire of diplomatists. That hateful fabric of evil must be swept away. Nothing short of its utter sweeping away can be accepted as a real and lasting settlement. Nothing but sheer inability to do more could justify Russia, now she has drawn the sword, in accepting less.

Rightly to understand the true conditions of the case, they must be approached in a very different frame of mind from that which is shown by some of our recent talkers. We have heard not a few of them say that they hope *that, now that each side has done enough to*

vindicate its honour, both sides may be the more disposed to peace. Some men are so blind to the real bearings of the case, that it is quite possible that this nonsense may have been uttered in good faith. On each side vindicating its honour is meant, in plain words, that each side has killed a good many of the other. By this process of killing it is supposed that the fighting power of each side has been proved, and that therefore they may shake hands and be friends. This kind of talk is of a piece with the other kind of talk about admiration and sympathy for mere courage, never mind in what kind of cause the courage is displayed. Some people have gone so far as to propose that those who condemn—as every man who knows right and wrong must condemn—those Englishmen who have sold themselves to fight for the Turk, must still wish that, as they are Englishmen, they may fight well and distinguish themselves. That is to say, we are expected to wish that men whom we deem to be guilty of the blackest of crimes may be successful in their career of crime. The morality of such a way of looking at things is much as if a party of Englishmen should join a band of Sicilian brigands, and if they should be expected to wish that they may show themselves good shots and skilful thieves. All this, like the talk about honour, comes from failure to understand that the whole question is a moral one. It comes from that false notion of honour which sets up a law of honour distinct from the law of right. Whatever is right is honourable; whatever is wrong is dishonourable. Mere courage is in itself morally colourless, like any other intellectual or physical gift. It is good, if put to a good use; it is bad, if it is put to a bad use. To fight, well or ill, on the side of the Turk is dishonourable, because the cause of the Turk is the cause of wrong.¹ It is better for mankind that Hobbes and Baker should show themselves fools and cowards than that they should show themselves men of skill and courage. But if they show skill and courage, no real honour can be won by such a display, because the skill and courage are shown in a bad cause.

As for each side vindicating its honour, the Turk has no honour to vindicate; the honour of the Russian depends on something very different from killing this or that number of Turks. Here is a great work to be done; if it could have been done without killing anybody

¹ Nothing is here ruled as to the case of the individual Turk. There is nothing to hinder this or that soldier in the Turkish army from acting from the highest motives, according to his light. The Turkish power, as a power, is purely evil; but this or that Turk may easily be good. So might this or that Spaniard in the army of Alva or Farnese. But this does not apply to the European who sells himself to do the Turk's work of evil. He sins with his eyes open.

Russian, so much the better. The killing is not, as those about "military honour" seem to think, an end in itself; it is only a means to an end, a means to be avoided if any other would serve instead. Thanks, before all men, to Lord Derby, that means would serve, and the killing has to be done. But the honour is not in the killing; the honour is in doing the work to which the killing is a means. Or, rather, the honour is in doing all that is to be done to accomplish the work. In a good cause there is honour in failure, as in a bad cause there is no honour in success. Had she attempted the work, if she had done her best, and had found that the work was beyond her power, she would have been disappointed but not dishonoured. And now the honour of Russia is bound up in one thing only, to carry out—at least to use every means and power to carry out—the work which she has undertaken, the liberation of the Christian nations which are under Turkish bondage. Liberation can mean nothing short of the complete overthrow of Ottoman power as a power. Here, again, we must avoid the misapprehensions which arise from applying to Turkish affairs phrases which have a meaning when applied to ordinary European affairs, but which only mislead when they are applied to a wholly different set of things. The Turkish power is something wholly unlike anything to which we are used in Western Europe. All our usual phrases—"nation," "government," "right," "country," "international," &c.—like, cease to have a meaning when they are applied to the system of the Turk. It has been often set forth, but it must be set forth again, that the Ottoman Turks are not a nation; that they are a ruling caste, a gang of robbers, who hinder other nations from exercising the natural rights of nations. The Ottoman "Government" is not government; it is simply a system of organised brigandage. It implies the protection of the governed; it implies that the ruler secures to them at least the ordinary human rights of life, liberty, and family honour. Misgovernment implies that those duties of governors are badly or imperfectly discharged. Government is a good thing; misgovernment is the corruption of a good thing, which may conceivably be set right again. But Turkish rule has nothing in common with government or even misgovernment. It is the hindrance of the existence of any government, the negation of the existence of any protecting power, in the lands over which it is spread. It means that, over whatever land the Turkish power extends, those things which government is instituted to secure are systematically denied to the people of that land. Turkish

rule exists in Bulgaria, in Thessaly, in Crete, in this or that other land. This means that the people of Bulgaria, Thessaly, and Crete are shut out from the possibility of establishing any government which shall protect them in the commonest human rights. Turkish "government" is not government, but the absence of government; it is organised brigandage, and nothing else.

Now it may be answered that in all this there is nothing special characteristic of Turkish rule, nothing but what might be said of many Western Governments, past and present. It may be said that there are other parts of the world, even other parts of Europe, besides Turkey, where men are under Governments which they wish to get rid of, and where a foreign power stifles all national life in the same way in which the Turkish power does. It is said, for instance, that if the Turk holds Bulgaria, the Austrian once held Lombardy, and that at the outside all that is needed is to set free this or that particular province, as Lombardy and Venetia were set free from Austria. It need not follow that the whole Ottoman power should be destroyed, any more than the whole Austrian power was destroyed. So it might be argued with regard to Russia and Poland, Germany and North Sleswick, any other country where the people are under foreign rule which they would gladly get rid of. But there is a fallacy in this argument; the cases are not really parallel. There is, in truth, a twofold fallacy. The worst government in Western Europe is still different in kind from the rule of the Turk. Most certainly the Lombard under Austria was not, the Pole under Russia, the Dane under Germany, is not, in anything like the same case as the *rayah* of the Turk. His national feelings are undoubtedly offended; but he is not exposed day by day to the violation of all his domestic feelings and all his domestic rights. He is under a rule which will not allow any political movements against its own power, but which still does fair justice in common matters between man and man. This last is exactly what the Turkish power does not do. The Christian under Turkish rule can get no redress—except sometimes by bribery—for any wrong done by a Mussulman. The other cases are at worst misgovernment which may be reformed; they are not, like the rule of the Turk, mere brigandage, which cannot be reformed, but which must simply be done away with. In many parts of Western Europe, lands which were in times past brought under their present Governments against their will have long ago become reconciled to their lot, and have no wish to change back again to the Governments under which they formerly were. But lands which have been under the Turk for five hundred years are as eager to get

rid of the Turk now as they were five hundred years back. The misgovernment of European conquerors has gradually changed into good government, while the brigandage of Turkish conquerors has simply got worse and worse. While in the rest of Europe things are better now than they were five hundred, or one hundred, or fifty years back, in Turkey things are worse now than they were fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred years back. In truth, they cannot get better, and they must get worse. For the Mahometan religion dooms men of all other religions to be the bondmen of the Mahometan. It dooms them, not directly to personal oppression, but to political and social degradation. And it dooms them indirectly to personal oppression by forbidding their witness to be taken against a Mahometan. That is, in practice the Mahometan may do what he pleases to the Christian without fear of punishment. This state of things cannot be made better as long as any Christian—or any man of any other religion—is under Mahometan rule. And it is only in the common course of human things that a system like this, which cannot be made better, should gradually get worse and worse.

But there is again another difference between the Turkish power and any of the other powers which have been spoken of. If we take away from Russia or Germany or any other power those parts of its dominions in which it is thought to be ruling wrongfully over men of other nations, there will still be a great deal left. Take away all that anyone could propose to take away, and Russia and Germany would still remain great nations. That is because they are nations; because, if there are lands in which some of us may deem that they have no business, each of those nations has a much greater extent of land in which no one can deny that it is thoroughly at home. But take away from the Ottoman Turk all that he holds wrongfully, and he will have nothing left. He has no home, no country; he is like the cuckoo; he has no nest of his own; he lives in the nests of other birds; he feeds at their expense, and often kills them or throws them out of the nest. That is to say once more, the Ottoman Turks are not a nation, but simply a band of robbers. As such they came into Europe five hundred years back; as such they have remained ever since. There is no part of Europe where they really form the people of the land; they are, not in this or that corner but everywhere, mere foreign intruders, remaining quite distinct from the people of the land, and holding the people of the land in bondage. In Bulgaria, in Thessaly, in Crete, everywhere else, it is the same. The people of the land are Greek, Slave, or whatever they may be; the Turk is simply a foreign taskmaster who has settled down among them. Nowhere is the

Sultan looked on as a national sovereign ; he is not the head of the people of the land, but merely of the horde of foreign oppressors. In this position Mr. Layard has great sympathy for him ; but those whom he calls his subjects call him the Bloodsucker. Wherever the Turk is, the bloodsucking process goes on ; and wherever the bloodsucking process goes on, those whose blood is sucked by the Turk long, beyond all other things, to get rid of the great Bloodsucker and of all the lesser bloodsuckers with him.

It follows then that the kind of peace with which the present war ought to end is quite different from the kind of peace which ends any other war. In another war the defeated side may have been most justly defeated ; it may be perfectly right to separate some lands from the dominion of the defeated power, to exact an indemnity in money, to impose some pledges or guaranties for the future. It may be perfectly right to do this, and yet it might be utterly wrong to destroy or seriously to weaken the defeated power. That is to say, the defeated power, though it may deserve humiliation, chastisement, even dismemberment, may still be a nation, with a right to its national life and freedom within those lands which are really its national possessions. In such a case we may fairly talk of the rights, the honour, the dignity, of the vanquished nation ; we may appeal to the mercy and generosity of the conqueror not to press the rights of conquest too far. But this kind of talk will not apply to the settlement which must follow the present war. The misleading formulae of diplomacy must be cast aside, and the plain facts of the case must be looked in the face. The Sublime Porte, the Ottoman Empire, the rights of the Sultan, and all phrases of that kind, must be cast aside. We must hear no more chatter about the rights, the honour, the "susceptibility" of the men who ordered the Bulgarian massacres, and who have sent their Circassians and Bashi-bazouks to do the like work in Thessaly and Epeiros. The Turk has no rights and no honour, and his susceptibility does not matter. He is an intruder and a robber, and he must be dealt with as what he is. In any other case, the government of the land, whatever may be its form, must be taken representing the people of the land. In this case the first thing to be borne in mind is that the so-called "Government" of the Turk does not represent the land and its people, and must not be listened to, even if it did. The wishes, the feelings, the interests, of the Sublime Porte—that is, of the corrupt Ring at Constantinople—must simply go for nothing. What is to be consulted is the wishes, the feelings, the interests, in a word, the rights, of those nations which the Turk has so long kept out of their rights. Diplomats may put the thing

into any shape that they please. Let them by all means have the pleasure of drawing up any documents that they like. The Last Will and Testament of the Grand Turk, the Last Dying Speech and Confession of the Sublime Porte, might not be bad headings. But the Formulæ and the headings may be left to the clerks of this and that Foreign Office. So that the Turk is got rid of, the style and title of the process by which he is got rid of is of very little importance.

Of all cases in the world, this is a case for mercy and generosity; but it is a case for mercy and generosity, not towards the Turk, but towards his victims. Towards the Turk, as a power, mercy and generosity are out of place; mercy and generosity towards the Turk mean wrong and cruelty towards his victims. Some might call it generosity to leave to the Turk this or that province. What that would really mean would be to keep this or that province out of the hands of its own people. It would mean to prolong their bondage, to deny to them the mercy and justice which is given to others. It might be called generosity to allow the Turk to keep this or that income. But that would mean to wring this or that amount of money out of the groans of suffering nations, merely to supply means for the brutal pleasures of a pampered tyrant. Such generosity would be injustice to all those out of whose means the Turk's income would have to be raised. The rights of those who have rights must be respected. But the Turk has no rights to respect; the rights which are to be respected are the rights of those whom the Turk has so long kept out of the exercise of their rights.

But it may be asked, what is to become of the Mussulman inhabitants of the lands which are now under Turkish rule? It might be answered that, in undoing a great wrong and in setting free whole nations, the claims of an intruding minority need not go for much. But there is no need to make such an answer. The peaceable Mussulman population, wherever there is any, will gain almost as much by the overthrow of the corrupt rule of the Porte—that is, of the Ring—as the Christians themselves. They are almost equally oppressed, though not exactly in the same way. It is not that there are no good Turks, but that the good Turks are powerless in the hands of the bad ones. The Turks, as a body, have reached that lowest patch of degradation in which, when they find an honest man among themselves, they persecute him. Everyone knows how, while the doers of the Bulgarian massacres were rewarded, those Turkish officers who behaved with humanity were none of them rewarded, while some of them were actually punished. The degradation of the Christians tells against the peaceable Mussulman as well as against the Christians themselves. A peaceable Mussulman has before now been

wantonly murdered by a man of his own faith, and the murderer has escaped, because the only witnesses who could prove the crime were Christians. The peaceable Mussulman needs protection against Ottoman tyranny almost as much as the Christian does. And that protection may be given by taking away the Ottoman tyranny from him as well as from the Christian. No one wishes to impose on the peaceable Mussulman the smallest disability simply on account of his religion. All that is wanted is to hinder Mussulmans who are not peaceable from doing wrong to men of other religions. But this object can be gained by no means short of the utter abolition of Mussulman rule over every land where there are men of other religions. Experience shows that the Christian under Mussulman rule has not the slightest hope of ever faring better than the Christian subject of the Turk fares now. Experience shows that the Mussulman under Christian rule has a good hope of faring as well as he actually does fare under the rule of Russia, England, and Greece; that is, incomparably better than he fares under the rule of the Sultan, the Shah, or the Khedive.

Turkish rule then must cease; but within what bounds? The answer is simple; it must cease wherever there are Christians to be ruled over. Let a Sultan of Iconium rule, if anyone wishes it, over the wasted inland regions of Anatolia; though even there, wherever there is a really settled Mussulman population, they would gain by the overthrow of a rule which, in those lands above all, has shown itself the very abomination of desolation. Let the Sultan rule at Iconium; only he must not rule over Smyrna or Trebizond, still less must he rule over Rhodes or Cyprus. The Greek coasts and islands of Asia, the Armenian inland country, must be delivered from the Turkish scourge no less than the lands on the Danube or beneath the Balkan. And, above all, the work of Alexander the Liberator will not be done, if, in the European mainland and the European islands, the Greek is left in bondage, while the Slave is set free. Here, and not towards the Turk, is the true field for generosity. The Greek, as his warmest friends must allow, has not, in these latter days, wrought his own deliverance as his fathers did, and as the Slave has wrought his before our eyes. There is a free Bosnia; there is no free Thessaly. While the free Slave is thundering at the gates of Skodra and Antivari, the army of the free Greek lingers at Thebes. Yet the Greeks have their excuse, an excuse which may well plead for them with generous hearts, such as we believe the hearts to be alike of the Russian Emperor and of the Russian people. Servia and Montenegro, inland countries without a haven or an inch of sea-board, with no city of any account save the single capital of Servia, may come to the rescue

of their enslaved brethren, and leave comparatively little of their own open to barbarian invasion. It is another thing with Greece and her endless coast, her flourishing havens, her capital within cannon-shot of the shore. To the shame of Europe, the Turk has a fleet, built with European money, fitted out by European skill, and commanded, to the special shame of England, by an Englishman who has sold honour and patriotism for the gold which is wrung by stripes and torture out of the Christian victims of the master whom he has chosen. We can hardly expect the camp of Thebes to be moved to Larissa, while Hobart and his ironclads may at any moment show themselves before Peiræus and Syra, before Corfu and Patras, while Athens itself may be bombarded from the haven of Phaléron. Greece has been held back from the work by the sheer necessity of self-preservation. Yet that ought to be no ground for condemning Epeiros and Thessaly, Macedonia and Crete, the rest of the Greek coasts and islands through Europe and Asia, to groan under the yoke, while the yoke is taken away from the necks of Bosnia and Bulgaria. And what justice dictates policy dictates also. As long as the Turk holds a rood of Christian ground—be that rood Greek, Slave, or any other—the Eastern Question will still go on. There will still be massacres; there will still be revolts; there will still be diplomatic chatterings; there may even be more letters written from the English Foreign Office exhorting the Turk to “suppress” insurrections in Epeiros and Thessaly—to suppress them doubtless after the fullest Bulgarian pattern of suppression. To free the Slave and to leave the Greek in bondage would indeed be to sow the dragon’s teeth. It would be to sow the seed of difficulties and complications, of future wars, while the work might be done in a single war. When men go forth to a crusade, their watchword should be, “When I begin, I will also make an end.” Till an end is made of Turkish oppression, Eastern Europe will never rest. The “eternal Eastern Question” will still abide for dull diplomatists to wonder at and to sneer at.

And when the rest of the land is cleansed, the head and centre, the roof and crown of all, must not remain in the hands of those who still defile it. To be sure Lord Derby has said that he could not behold with “indifference” the head and queen of nations, the New Rome herself, transferred to any other hands than the hands which now possess it. The doctrine of British interests seems to be getting shut up with in narrower geographical limits. Two years back they demanded that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be again pressed down under the yoke. A year and a half back it was all the same to Sir Henry Elliot whether British interests demanded the sacrifice of ten thousand or of

twenty thousand Bulgarians. But now Lord Derby has grown indifferent to these matters. He would not strike a blow, he might not perhaps even write a letter of protest, though peace and order and justice should be restored from the Danube to Mount Othrys. But on one point he is not indifferent. Freedom and Christian rule may be endured elsewhere; but from the New Rome they must be carefully shut out. Some little space must be saved where the sovereign rights of the Sultan may remain untouched. That is, among the liberated lands some oasis of bondage must be left where deeds of blood and foulness may still be wrought undisturbed. If there should be any fear of Constantinople being restored to Europe and to Christendom, then Lord Derby will bluster, perhaps he will even ask that Englishmen may fight to stop such a change. Happily for the world, specially happily for Englishmen, the bark of Lord Derby is worse than his bite. Even in such a moment as the crowning overthrow of evil, Lord Derby, though he might not behold the change with indifference, would be far more likely to write letters than to sharpen swords. But to avoid all risks, the people of England must let him know that they will see the change from right to wrong, from bondage to freedom, from barbarism to civilisation, from Asia to Europe, from Islam to Christendom, not with indifference, but with delight. They must tell him that in no case shall the blood or treasure of England be spent, in order that the church of Justinian may still remain the mosque of the False Prophet, in order that the city of Constantine may still remain the sty of Abd-ul-hamid.

For the heritage of the Eastern Cæsars a nation is waiting, the nation which, driven from its imperial seat, has never given up its claim to its own. For the throne of Constantine another Constantine is ready, ready to take up the line of the emperor who fell before the gate of Saint Rômanos. Constantinople must again be Greek. The city of the two seas must go back to the people of the coasts and islands and peninsulas. The Slave must have his own massive inland realm, his own Hadriatic coast; he may fairly ask for an opening to the Ægean at Thessalonikê. But the coasts, the islands, the peninsulas, are the true home and heritage of the Greek, alike on the western and the eastern side of his own sea. Diplomats, club-loungers, chatterers of all kinds, will of course sneer at the chimerical idea of a prince of Athens reigning in the New Rome. How many years is it since they sneered no less vigorously at the chimerical idea of prince of Turin and Chambéry reigning in the Old Rome?

And what, it may be asked, is Russia to have as the reward of her labours? Increase of European territory no one wishes to give her;

she is herself too wise to wish for it. Increase of territory in Asia is another matter. Armenia must be delivered from the Turk ; and it may be that no form of deliverance is possible except annexation to Russia. If, as the students of the small-scale maps seem to think, Erzeroum were quite close to Calcutta, annexation to England might be better still. But geographical science unluckily teaches the lesson that Erzeroum is very far from Calcutta, and is comparatively near to Tiflis. The opening of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont is a matter of course. A money indemnity is not to be thought of. The Turk has no money of his own ; he can get money in no way but either by robbing fresh victims or by cheating fresh creditors. What Russia will win by her victory will be the greatest moral position that any nation in Europe ever won. She will have won the position which, under the guidance of a Canning and not of a Derby, England might have won. She will have won the position which, under the guidance of a Derby, England has been obliged to stand by and see Russia take without an effort to share her glory. Under happier guidance England might have stood forth in her old character as the champion of right and freedom. As it is, blind envy of Russia has led us—at least, it has led our momentary rulers—to take the crown from the brow of England and to place it on the brow of Russia. Every blow that is struck, every point that is gained, in this great struggle between right and wrong, should make Englishmen feel more keenly what it is to be shut out from their share in the toil and the glory. It has come to this, that we have to be thankful that the people of England have so far prevailed as to keep the momentary rulers of England from drawing the sword in the cause of wrong. Thus far at least we have succeeded ; but we must still be watchful. The enemies of right and freedom are many, and they are busy. The moment of the final triumph of right will doubtless be chosen for fresh outcries, fresh outpourings of wrath, fresh babbling about British interests, on the part of the champions of wrong. We must stand prepared to declare with one voice that, come what may, we will not shed one drop of English blood or spend one penny of English treasure in the vain and wicked attempt to prolong the foul dominion of the Turk, be it in Constantinople or in any other spot of Christian earth.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

PETITS PAUVRES.

NOIRS dans la neige et dans la brume.
Au grand soupirail qui s'allume,
Leurs dos en rond,

À genoux, cinq petits, misère !
Regardent le boulanger faire
Le beau pain blond.

Ils sont blottis, pas un ne bouge,
Au souffle du soupirail rouge,
Chaud comme un sein.

Voilà le boulanger qui tourne
La pâte grise, et qui l'enfourne...
—Quand sort le pain,

Quand sous les voûtes enfumées
Chantent les croûtes parfumées
Et les grillons,

Que ce trou chaud souffle la vie,—
Ils ont leur âme si ravie
Sous leurs haillons,

Ils se sentent si bien revivre,
Les pauvres petits pleins de givre,
Qu'ils sont là, tous,

Collant leurs petits museaux roses
À la grille, et chantant des choses
Entre les trous,

À genoux, faisant leurs prières,
Et se pressant à ces lumières
Du ciel rouvert

Si fort, qu'ils crèvent leur culotte
Et que leur chemise tremblotte
Au vent d'hiver.

ARTHUR RIM

QUEVEDO.

IN one of Quarles's instructive epigrams we are informed that God buys His wares by weight and not by measure, that He inclines less to words than to matter, and prefers the balance to the yard in His estimate of the exact value of prayer. Whether the same or a contrary course of proceeding be in use in the literary market presided over by the public, in whatever regard the compositions of Quevedo may be considered, in whatever scale they may be laid, they are little likely ever to be found wanting. For his papers in quantity are (though many have been lost) at least as numerous as those of Mariner, Lope's friend, who is said to have left behind him three hundred and sixty quires of paper full of his own lucubrations, unfortunately in a writing so exceedingly small and so exceedingly bad that no person but himself could read it, and in quality comprise subjects most useful and entertaining, expressed in terms from which not a single line, scarcely a single word, can well be taken away. In Spain the name of Quevedo is about as well known and as much talked of as that of Milton in England. His works there are as little read as the "Areopagitica" or "Paradise Regained" here. His reputation is in direct, but his countrymen's intelligence of its proper cause in inverse, proportion to his merit.

Francisco Gomez de Quevedo Villegas was born at Madrid in 1580, and died at Villanueva de los Infantes, in the land which Don Quixote made illustrious, in 1645. So far, at least, his biography has not been, as too many biographies are, fashioned at random to suit the reader's fancy. So far all his biographers agree; but uncertainty, which haunts all human things, too soon arises respecting the colour of his hair. Some say red, others, and the majority, black. In this world it is better to agree with the majority, which thus continues the outlines of the map of his microcosm. Fair complexion, lofty brow, dark eyes debased by spectacles, small moustache and imperial, middle-sized figure, distorted feet. Such was his mind's lodging; for his mind itself there are his books, and, as it is written on Wren's monument, *Circumspice*. There are plenty to investigate. He was a contemporary of Lope de Vega and Cervantes, of whom the former

calls him, in the seventh Silva of his "Laurel of Apollo," prince of lyric poets and rival of Pindar and Petronius, and the latter, child of the Sun-God. The accident of being littered in what is known in the language of footmen as the "sphere of high life" bore for him the bitter fruit of a Court education. He graduated in the University of Alcalá, where he became, if in this matter the singular unanimity of his biographers can be trusted, a doctor of theology before the age of fifteen. Such premature proficiency puts under a bushel that of Cowley and Pope. Lising in theology is a little more difficult than lising in numbers. For the former one wants something more than bees swarming about one's mouth in one's cradle. Nor this alone: before he had, in the eye of our English law, ceased to be an infant, he had studied French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Arabic and Hebrew (in which last tongue he afterwards assisted Juan de Mariana in his edition of the Bible), civil and canon law, mathematics, astronomy, medicine and natural philosophy. The man seems to have suffered from a literary dropsy; no wonder he paid for his assiduity with distorted feet and half-blinded eyes! A duel, of which the only certain information is that it was fought about a woman of whom he knew nothing, and arose in a church, the hothouse of Spanish amatory intrigue, banished him from Madrid, and he became a Minister of Finance under the Duke of Osuna, afterwards Viceroy of Naples. With this master, after a stormy political life, he suffered shipwreck. He was twice imprisoned—like Cervantes, he is the glory and the shame of Spain—and in both cases apparently with gross injustice. During these long-continued seclusions from worshipful society, he chewed to considerable purpose the hard cud of oppression and poverty, of insolence and neglect. At the conclusion of his first imprisonment he retired to his paternal estate of La Torre de Juan Abad in the Sierra Morena, and there proposed, after so many years of his life spent for others, to live the remainder for himself. "There," as he says, "surrounded with fit books though few, I converse with the departed, and listen with my eyes to the dead who speak to me with a low counterpoint in life's dream. There I watch the dragging of the harrows, and live like an ant amidst a heap of corn." There, like a daughter of Zion, he sat down and sang by the waters of his native stream. Well for him had he continued thus to amuse himself. But his evil destiny reconducted him to the capital, and he was again sentenced to confinement, and only released when long restraint had ruined his health and brought him so near to the end of his days that no indulgence could add many, no inhumanity take many away. He had, as Tacitus tells us about the Germans, *funerum nulla ambítio*.

In a word, he objected to the waste of money in furnishing a ridiculous religious farce for an idle rabble. Quoth he, *la musica paguela, quien la oyere*—let him who hears the music pay for it. Some of the historians of his life make him lose his senses just before his death. They declare that he begged the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition to correct with its prudent pen any clause which clashed with the ideas of propriety entertained by that excellent institution.

It has been said that an acquaintance with Quevedo's works is rare in Spain ; in England, even in this highly educated age, few of us are acquainted with his name. Shortly after the Restoration, the good knight, Sir Roger L'Estrange, made English a minute portion of him, which he was pleased to christen "The Visions of Dom Quevedo, Knight of the Order of St. James," and which was so popular as in a very short time to reach an eleventh edition. So Sir Roger stands out in the dark background of Time, lightened by the halo of the glory of the intellect of Quevedo, as Urquhart by that of Rabelais, and as Cotton by that of Montaigne. But Sir Roger's version is not nearly so faithful as those sufficiently unfaithful of Cotton and Urquhart. It is, indeed, obviously a translation, not from the original Spanish, but from the French of Le Sieur Raclots, taken in its turn from that of Le Sieur de la Geneste, as may be seen from the very first lines of the First Vision of the *Alguacil Alguacilado*, or "Catchpole Possessed":—"Going t'other day to hear mass at a convent in this town, the door, it seems, was shut, and a world of people begging and pressing to get in. Upon inquiry what the matter was, they told me of a demoniac to be exorcised or dispossessed, &c." The corresponding French rendering has : "Ces jours passez m'en allant ouïr la messe en un couvent de cette ville, j'y trouvai la porte fermée et une affluence de peuple qui tâchoit par prières d'y pouvoir entrer ; je m'informay," and so on. Now, in the Spanish we have, first of all, a dedication to the Conde de Lemos, President of the Indies, in which Quevedo, after saying he well knows that, in the eyes of the Count, the author is more bedevilled than his subject, divides the *Alguaciles*, or Spanish police, into six classes : those of fire, of air, of earth, of water, those under the earth, and those that fly from the light. Next, in an address to the "pious reader," he asks him to read his discourse if he likes, and if not, to leave it alone, as there is no penalty for not reading it ; and lastly, the subject is opened thus : "I happened to enter St. Peter's in search of the licentiate Calabres, a man of a bonnet of three orders made after the mode of a half-peck measure, eyes suited to louse-hunting, quick and restless ; wristbands of Corinth, a *souffçon* of shirt about his neck, his sleeves

as they had been in skirmish, and all the braid in tatters ; his arms set akimbo like the handles of a pot, his hands hooked ; with a voice between that of a penitent and one who has mortified himself with the lash ; with a downcast look and thoughts in treble : his complexion in some parts cracked, in others dull ; a dawdler at responses, but a breviator at meals ; a mighty caster out of spirits, so much so that he sustained his body therewith ; a good hand at uttering charms, making in his benediction crosses bigger than belong to those that have married ill. His sluttishness he called humility, recounted visions he had had, and if folk were too careless to believe him, worked miracles which wearied me. This, Sir, was one of those fair sepulchres whitened without, and full of mouldings, but within rottenness and worms ; feigning externally honesty, and being internally of a dissolute disposition, and of a conscience torn wide open. He was, in ordinary language, a hypocrite, a living fraud, a speaking fable, an animated lie."

Cowper, in his "Table-Talk," tells us that Quevedo "asked when in Hell to see the royal gaol," and on expressing surprise at the few kings he found there, was informed by his black attendant that all were there that ever reigned. There is no passage like this in the *Zahurdas de Pluton*, or "Pigsties of Pluto," perhaps the most pleasing of Quevedo's "Dreams" ; it is therefore probably to be discovered, since the singer of Olney was seldom inaccurate, in the version of Sir Roger L'Estrange, though the writer has searched for it there also without success. Sir Roger has not precisely preserved the eloquent introduction to the *Zahurdas*: Quevedo wrote—"I found myself in a place favoured by nature with a pleasant calm, where beauty free from malice ravished the view (mute recreation, and without human reply), where fountains prattled among their pebbles, and trees amidst their leaves, and where from time to time some bird sang, whether in rivalry or to reward them for their music I cannot determine. Look how curious is our desire, which discovered no contentment in such a scene !" Sir Roger translates freely, not to say elegantly. "Being one autumn at a friend's house in the country, which was indeed a most delicious retreat, I took a walk one moonlight night into the park." Le Sieur Raclots has of course almost word for word the same in French ; and the Edinburgh edition of 1798 also generously accords to us the autumn, the country house, the moonlight, and the park, of all which, it is needless to add, there is no vestige in the original.

It is indeed difficult, as Captain Stevens, another of his translators, says, to "make him speak English with that diverting sweetness as he does Spanish." The titles even of the "Dreams" are distorted :

the *Visita de los Chistes* becomes "Death and her empire," and "Hell" in all its naked simplicity of grandeur takes the place of the *Zahurdas de Pluton*. From ignorance or indifference, from involuntary or voluntary inaccuracy, every translator writes as if he had opened the volume at random and taken a leaf out here and there. Only the *disjecti membra poetæ* remain, a few grains of Castilian gold mixed and scarcely seen in much French or English mud. Guided apparently by that humane desire of pleasing the populace, which is the polar star of all literary progress, Sir Roger has introduced us to Tyburn Gallows and Ratcliffe Highway, Hackney and Covent Garden, my Lord Mayor and Oliver Cromwell, thus adding considerably to one of the chief literary values of Quevedo as the illustrator of the manners of his place and age. In this latter respect L'Estrange's work bears much the same relation to that of Quevedo as Pope's *Imitations of Horace's Epistles* to Horace himself. But the Bard of Twickenham professes only to imitate, and is at least consistent. When he has represented

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

by "Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend," he does not afterwards translate *Luculli miles* by "a soldier of Lucullus."

L'Estrange's book was published not to oblige the public, or to gratify the importunities of friends, the wearisome lie which, now pretty well worn out, used to adorn the preface of nine publications out of ten, but, as he himself informs us, out of pure spite for the hard measure with which it had been meted unto him by physicians, lawyers, and women. Quevedo's satire is indeed universal, but perhaps chiefly directed against these objects of the indignation of L'Estrange. It is not to be found elsewhere more condensed than in that dream of *El mundo por de dentro* or "The world from within," where we find vice so long as it is advantageous known as virtue, and virtue when disadvantageous stigmatised as vice, where a regard for the welfare of others is the disguise of curiosity or pride, and where male and female selfishness flaunt abroad boldly under the masks of honour and of virtue.

The works of him of whom a glimpse was caught in the seventeenth century as of a Spanish Lucian laughing at the *domus exilis Plutonia fabuleque manes* bear witness to a rare marriage, the marriage of a native genius to untiring industry. They may be divided into serious and comic, the religious portion of the former alone being larger than all the rest, and each of these divisions may be again subdivided into prose and poetry. The joyous satirist is also the profound philosopher, the ascetic moralist, the consummate historian.

But the colossal statue is seldom seen save on one side only; light of Fame, like that of the sun, can, it seems, only illumine part at the expense of corresponding shadow on the other.

It is sad to reflect that while his "Dreams" have done most to make him known in Spain and elsewhere, and next to them his *Vida del Tacaño*, or "Life of a Great Rascal," his works on the scholastic doctrine of Catholicism; his version of the Introduction to a Devout Life of Francis de Sales; his Virtue militant against envy, ingratitude, avarice and pride, the four pestilences of the world, and against the great bugbears of life, contempt, sickness, poverty, and death; his sonnet on the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; his Political God and Government of Christ our Lord, in which he collects a complete body of political philosophy from the example of Jesus, grounded on the idea of Gregory that the whole of Christ's life is a practical lesson, are rarely opened, and not a page of one of them has been translated. Some few may have laughed at his letters of "Knight of the Nippers," but who will be found acquainted with his "Compendium of the Life of S. Thomas of Villanueva." After such an example of perversion of popular interest, no one can wonder at the subordinate neglect of his Satires after Juvenal, translations of Epictetus and Phocylides, his imitations of Anacreon, of his poetry of all kinds, *xacaras*, *canciones*, *endechas*, *bailes*, *magals*, and burlesque sonnets, which parodied the extravagant imagery of the Marinists, and the affected singularity of Gongora, a fault which Quevedo was himself far too liable.

An explanation of the prodigious fecundity of this *magnum opus Hispanorum*, as he is called by his friend Justin Lipsius, may be partially found in that little *labor limæ* to which he submitted his work, but lies chiefly in that order and distribution of his time which he rigorously adhered to. Few of life's wasted opportunities were set to the debit side of his account. That jealous interference of Industry on the part of Idleness, that apparently natural desire of the unoccupied to interrupt occupation, attacked Quevedo for no purpose. The unhappy beings sick of that sadly common disease of nothing-to-do, who wander about, as the elder Disraeli has lamented, privileged by a charter of society to obstruct the information they cannot impart, could little hurt a man who, like Diogenes in his cask, took up his habitation in an inn to avoid the daily vexation and anxiety of domestic interruption, who dated his letters from his signboard, and would receive his friends only at one appointed hour. Liberal of all things except of time, of which alone avarice is a victim, he weighed the priceless moments which never return to him.

prayer or praise with the minutest measures of the apothecaries' scale. The little odd intervals of existence, the drops of time which added together make so large a draught, he carefully economised by carrying always some book in his pocket, and so found himself never less alone than when alone. It is even reported that he had a revolving reading-desk, made after his own receipt, set by him at his meals, and thus seasoned a little meat with much learning. To Quevedo meditation was more to be desired than mutton, and the taste of wisdom sweeter than the taste of wine. Nay, he kept a lamp with flint and steel standing on a little table by his bedside, and was even loth to pay the dues of that universal tax-collector, sleep. Idleness he has himself named the moth of virtue and the holiday of vice.

Jovial, like Sir Thomas More, and saturnine by turns, of rare originality of thought and rarer boldness of expression, of a disposition to show at every opportunity "Truth in her smock, only a little less than naked;" Truth, whom he loved like Pius V. and would not injure like Louis XI.; with the quiet independence of Voltaire, and the bitter bile of Swift, is it a matter of wonder that he had many enemies? Were the proud *hidalguia* or the *nouveaux riches* of Spain likely to love a man who regarded rank and birth and riches as they will always be regarded by him who is conscious of having in his own mind something far rarer than these; a man who advised the *linajudos*, or boasters about their ancestry—a convenient term for which, however pressing our necessity, we have in English no equivalent—not to search into time's protocol, nor tear away the veil of ancient silence, nor vex buried bones, wherein are more worms than blazons, warning them with the example of Phaethon, who fell from heaven in seeking to prove his descent from Apollo?

Human nature never changes. Though, as a rule, the Spanish Martial avoided the person, and sought only to punish the vice, yet he was found guilty of being singularly wise. Envy proportional to his merit pursued him as its shadow. Not being able to come near him in piquant satire, in varied extent of doctrine, in enchanting excellence of style, his enemies published at Valencia, in 1635, a libel full of malicious misinterpretation, a work woven with the woof of coarsest calumny and the warp of most insipid insolence. On its title-page it bears the name, of course assumed, of the licentiate Arnold of Francofurt as its author. Who wrote it is a matter of no mighty moment. Probably it was a joint composition of the Doctor Juan Perez, of Montalvan, and Fr. Diego Niseno. Only from Churchmen could such a *sample of Christian* charity have come. Its

title will certainly be quite sufficient for the satisfaction of the reader. "The Tribunal of Just Vengeance instituted against the Master of Errors, the Doctor of Indelicacies, the Licentiate of Buffoonery, the Bachelor of Filth, the Professor of Immorality, and the Archdevil of Mankind."

Instead of lowering himself and exalting his Zoilus or Zoiluses by a reply, as has been in our English experience only too often the case, he refused to answer the fool according to his folly, left the would-be remora of his ship unnamed, asking with his compatriot

Nam cur te aliquis sciat fuisse ?

So he suffered in patience and possessed his soul in quiet, notwithstanding these answerers of books, as Goldsmith calls them, who, like eunuchs in a seraglio, being incapable of giving pleasure themselves, hinder those that would, and who revile the moral character of him whose writings they are unable to injure, writings which, compared to their own, are as the sculpture of Michael Angelo to a dog in Dresden china.

The "Tribunal" is only of value in determining the genuineness of the works of the Spanish Menippus, since, with a view of discrediting them, it presents a catalogue of all printed or in MS. until the year 1635.

Quevedo's mind did not, as some of his biographers would have us believe, decay with his body. In his "Life of Marcus Brutus," consisting of a commentary on the text of Plutarch stuffed with moral and political reflection, which was written but a short time before his death, is the following passage: "Justice, clemency, valour, modesty, and temperance are virtues which the populace seldom applauds universally, inasmuch as the revenge and envy and evil customs of most of the common sort make them desire their king to be cruel to others, lewd to give easy access to themselves, cowardly to allow the bargains of their craft, and unjust to give license to their crime. Howbeit, the liberality in which all participate, all praise—the virtuous as their reward, the wicked as their pay. Liberality seasons all the actions of a king ; it magnifies the good, and excuses the bad ; it absolves him during life from accusations, and acquires tears for him at his death." Certainly his fame was not likely to be lessened by such lines as these. To adopt Garth's poetical and tender allusion, the falling off of his hair had none other effect than to make his laurels seen the more. Perhaps the best, or rather the least unfaithful, in the versions of Quevedo's "Dreams," is that called in English "The Last Judgment," of the Spanish *El sueño de las calaveras*, or "The Dream of the

Skulls." The worst is that entitled "The Vision of Loving Fools," which corresponds, or is intended to correspond, with the Spanish *Casa de locos de Amor*, or "The House of those that are Mad for Love." In this sparkling moral fantasy the lord of Juan Abad takes for his motto that verse which Virgil took from Theocritus—

Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit !

On a sudden he finds himself in a fair meadow of sweet and bitter waters, wherein Love's servants are dipping his shafts of gold. In the meadow's midst is a large building of Doric architecture, with chapter and cornice, pilasters and architrave, and frieze with bossy sculptures graven, for all the world like Satan's Palace of Pandemonium, made of many-coloured stones, and with portals standing for ever wide open. Underneath the chapter is written—

House of those that are mad for love,
Wherein unto him who best knows how to love
The best place is given.

Entering in at the door, of which Beauty is the keeper, he finds a folk of pale and violet-hued faces, among whom all faith to friends, all loyalty to lords, all piety to parents, is unknown, where maid-servants become mistresses, and where mistresses serve as maids. Here Time is the only physician, and cures not a few of the sick lovers by simply setting himself betwixt them. In the strongest part of the house the women are confined, whose days are chiefly spent in playing with little dogs with collars of bells, in asking fortune-tellers how they may regain their modesty, and in writing love-letters that it is given to few to read. Widows, when not occupied in painting themselves, are weeping for their lost husbands with one half of their face, and laughing at their new sweethearts with the other. Maids in general, he says, desire men to be of the tribe of Dan : "*hidalgos en dar algo y Platones en hacerles buenos platos.*" Here it is difficult to avoid noticing that curious affectation in language, which sought to please the ear if not the understanding by the juxtaposition of words widely different in sense but nearly resembling one another in sound. For quibbling Quevedo had, of course, the highest authority. The Bible is beset with puns. In our own Shakspeare they meet us at apparently the most inopportune occasions. They come in when we should least expect them, like the singing of a *prima donna*, which is generally loudest with her latest breath. But notwithstanding that the good Bishop Andrews is said by such conceits to have turned many to repentance, notwithstanding the success of burlesques big with this play of words, in our own enlightened era on the

stage, a pun is not universally pleasing. Dr. Johnson, for one, expressed his opinion on punning with the exact estimation of character and genial view of his fellow-beings for which he is so deservedly famous. A pun is especially provoking to a translator: it defies illustration alike of pencil and of pen; and Quevedo is, alas! so passionately fond of this form of equivocal allusion as to make a man fully understand the feeling of Shenstone, when he devoutly thanked God for bestowing on him a name over which this particular court of facetiousness could claim no jurisdiction.

His "Life of a Great Rascal" was inspired by the *Lazarillo de Tormes* of Hurtado de Mendoza. It is what the Spaniards call *novela picaresca*, a romance of roguery, and falls under the same category as the *Guzman de Alfarache* of Mateo Aleman, the *Marcos de Obregon* of Vicente Espinel, the friend of Cervantes, to whom Le Sage is so deeply indebted, and the *Diablo Cojuelo* of Luiz Velez de Guevara. The romance represents an old story, the success of immorality, the flourishing of the wicked like a green bay tree. It is the Reineke Fuchs, the *Weltbibel*, as Goethe called it; the good fortune of a fox among geese, of a knave among fools. In compliance with what seems to have been almost a custom of the period, the recital is left unfinished. The Rascal, whether *pícarillo*, *pícaro*, *pícaron*, *pícaronazo*, or *pícarote*, for which it is difficult to find corresponding terms in any other language, is invariably distinguished by audacity and astuteness. In Quevedo's Rascal we have pictures of inner Spanish life, painted not indeed with the superfine delicacy of Boucher or Watteau, but with the coarse natural truth of Adrian Brauwer and Ostade. This species of novel in Spain supplies the place of the sentimental sort in other countries. Spain, before France instructed her, knew nothing of that nauseous dough which, compounded of the fashionable portions of passion and piety and spiced to taste, is baked into sweet cakes yearned after and purchased by the young. Not the least graphic of the portraits in Quevedo's sober tale is that of the Licentiate Cabra, the Segovian schoolmaster, whose leanness was such that you might suppose he had forgotten to have himself buried. He was, says Paul, the protagonist, hunger personified, death's footman, a kind of ecclesiastical pea-shooter, red-haired, with eyes that seemed to peep out of baskets, a beard colourless from fear of his mouth, which threatened to devour it out of mere famine, most of his teeth banished as idle rogues and vagabonds, a throat like that of an ostrich, his legs like a two-pronged fork or a pair of compasses, and when he walked came a rattling like that of castagnettes. On Sundays he wore a bonnet which was once of

cloth, half-eaten by rats, and bordered with dandriff and grease; each shoe might be a Philistine's grave. Not a rat or spider ever reached his room. His soup was so clear that Narcissus had run more risk with it than with his fountain; at the bottom thereof one orphan pea and a struggling adventurer of a turnip.

The letters of the "Knight of the Nippers" commence with the exercise to be performed by every man, to save his money at the hour when it is demanded of him. His daily grace is to be "Blessed be God, who gives me an appetite, but not guests." Before sleeping he shall utter this thanksgiving, "Blessed be thou, O Lord, that I strip myself, and another has not done it for me." If one comes to ask money of him he shall be beforehand with him in complaining of the hardness of the times, but if he cannot succeed in this, he shall say, "I was just about to borrow a trifle of you." If one praises anything belonging to him, he shall say, "For this reason I shall keep it henceforth with greater care." He may express affection with words but not with his purse. The letter of the "Knight of the Nippers" to a lady with whom he had lived on intimate terms, but who having sucked him like an orange, naturally threw him away, and proposed pious conduct for the future, contains some amusing lines. "I have not yet ceased crossing myself at your billet of this morning. After having picked my body clean, gnawed my bones, sucked up all my silver, you say, 'It is a holy time; this cannot last for ever—the neighbours begin to talk—let us lay aside some part of our life for God.' Painted devil! so long as I had a halfpenny the time was sinful, there was no neighbourhood. I find the only way to convert you is to show you a bankrupt. You turn to God at once when you see a man without a farthing. An empty purse is your death's head, your memento mori, your most sacred relic. A fine thing to lay aside a part of your life for God! A fine life to bestow a part of it on anybody but Lucifer. You rob man of what he wants, and give God what he does not want. The bare-faced beggar would be bountiful of another life! Certainly you were bound apprentice to learn conscience of a tailor. I will repent of what I have given you, and you shall restore it to me to obtain God's mercy. The rest we will leave to be decided in Purgatory—if you chance to go that way, for if you go to Hell I quit my claim, being unwilling to sue you in your aunt's dominions."

And the same man who wrote this, in all good faith in his life of St. Paul the Apostle quotes the contents of a letter which the Virgin Mary wrote to the citizens of Messina, and in his "Cradle and the Grave," a composition which recalls almost on every page the "Manresa"

of Ignatius Loyola, and the "Holy Living and Dying" of Jeremy Taylor, entertains this sentiment, which he versified a little before his death, "Leave, O mortal, to weary thyself in the acquisition of wealth, for at the end thou wilt lose both silver and gold, and at the last Time will be thine heir. Live for thyself alone if thou canst since for thyself alone, when thou diest, thou shalt die."

About the "Knight of the Nippers," by the way, is told a pretty tale. A certain Bernardin monk, a conventual of Galicia, sent to the author a packet, of which the postage, two reals, was not paid. In it he wrote, "I have read with unwearied interest the letters of the 'Knight of the Nippers,' and the different manners you mention for men to deliver themselves from all the crafts and assaults of the ladies, yet have I discovered none to free you from paying the postage of this packet. God preserve you."

Quevedo was somewhat of a misogynist. He had passed through a husband's experiences. He calls nature's fair defects "sweet tasted devils," and would doubtless have defended South's derivations of surrogate from sorrow-gate and matrimony from matter and money. "I would," he says, "have my wife neither foul nor fair but between these extremes, or more fair than foul, for it is better to be anxious than to be afraid, to have something to shield rather than to shudder at. I would have her neither poor nor rich, that she be not sold to me nor I to her. I would have her merry, for in our daily life will not be wanting sufficient sadness for both. I would not have her young nor yet old, not a cradle nor yet a coffin, for I have forgotten my lullabies and have not yet learnt my responsories. Were she deaf and tongue-tied I would give God infinite thanks for all his goodness."

In the only two anecdotes we have touching his intercourse with what is so suggestively called the opposite sex he has no reason to respect it. In the first matter he is banished from Madrid, and in the second afforded him a brave opportunity of adopting the advice of Bacon, and being the first to laugh at his own defects in order to mar the malicious point of his friends. One day, being at a party, *tertulia* as the Spaniards call it, one of his feet stole out by accident not exactly like Suckling's little mouse, from beneath a long cloak which he wore to hide his legs from the light. "Oh what a foul foot said a lady with that ready wit and delicate sense of polite humor which makes woman so charming. Quoth Quevedo, "There is yet another foot more foul in this good company." Then they began to look one on another doubting of whom he spake, and a general registration of feet followed, until the philosopher, with a *sans-fre*

which would have astonished the noble author of "Childe Harold," presently produced his other foot, yet more distorted.

His condemnation of women is less coarse but more cutting than that of Juvenal or Boileau. They are forced companions with whom you must speak under suspicion. He is the prudent person who enjoys their caresses but never trusts them even in a trifle. Our senses starve for what a woman is, and are surfeited with what she seems to be. If you kiss her, you smear your lips; if you put your arms round her, you punish yourself with steel rods and make dints in her padding; if you bargain for her barefooted, you leave half of her behind you, for shoes, like death, make all women equal; if you woo her, you weary yourself; if you obtain her, you obtain embarrassment; if you keep her, you become poor; if you leave her, she pursues you; if you love her, she leaves you. Reading about these ridiculous women of Quevedo's age, two centuries and a half ago, how sincerely thankful we ought all to feel for the many improvements time and good sense have wrought upon those of our own.

But almost every class of society was in its turn the subject of the satire of this Spanish Voltaire. Lawyers save their clients in a suit as sailors their vessel in a storm, by taking out all they possess, that they may come, God willing, void and empty to the shore. Doctors he loved as Molière loved them. In the "Catchpole Possessed" a gentleman is haled before the judgment-seat of the King of Hell, and accused of many horrible murders. He is at once shut up with the medical men. Next to a doctor the most dangerous disease to a wealthy man is to make his will. The fires of Purgatory boil the priest's pot, and to pray for the poor and to pocket for yourself is a very stale kind of stealing. The confines are faint between resignation and hypocrisy. In "Pluto's Pigsties" he is of opinion that he has seen the lower regions already in the higher. On being asked how, he answers, In the covetousness of judges; in the tongues of evil speakers; to this St. James's idea is somewhat similar: in the appetites of the luxurious; in the vanity of great men; but the whole of Hell, without the loss of a point, is in the pietism of the pawnbrokers of virtue. Harder words than these he uses, inspirations of a bolder invective, but such as cannot be interpreted in an age in which greater vices necessitate greater delicacy of language and reserve.

In Spain unowned tatters of wit and shreds of satire escheat to Quevedo, as in this country they are usually collected to adorn Dr. Johnson; the lesser bubbles floating on the sea of letters are absorbed by the greater; the unclaimed property accrues to the Crown. To Condé, who had exceeding many flocks and herds, has been given

the one little ewe lamb of Madame de Cornuel, "No man is to his valet de chambre," and it is very certain that no few witticisms attributed to Quevedo might be divided among his poorer brethren. It is not, for instance, easy to find who should most expect it, in the life of Marcus Brutus, that austere morality and concise style, these apophthegms: "The of princely friendship produces death"; "Men enter palace envy, live in them under persecution, and leave them with sion"; nor the celebrated sentence, "Monarchs should ren that Satan was the first privy councillor"; nor this: "To see little value are the kingdoms of the earth in the sight of the is sufficient to look on those to whom they give them," which compared with the conclusion of Arbuthnot's polite epit Francis Chartres. The reflection is also to be found in La B and the common fountain seems to be Seneca's treatise on dence: "*Non sunt divitiæ bonum. Itaque habeat illas et Ellius homines pecuniam quam in templis consecraverint, videant et in*

Sir Robert Filmer would scarcely have endorsed the rem the Spanish politician on the subject of monarchs which are found in the *Politica de Dios, y gobierno de Cristo*. There is said to be a public person, whose crown is the necessities kingdom. Reigning is not an entertainment, but a task. He conceals himself from the complaints of his subjects, and has keepers for the aggrieved but none for the aggressors, retires fr duty and is on the same footing as the destroyers of Christ, of he will not learn to be a king.

Here is a curious passage, almost literally translated, *Politica*. "If you allow yourself to be seen by those who are allowed to see you, do you not give sight to the blind? If you your court from the evil spirits of covetous ministers, do you cast out devils? If you are a father to the widow and orphan are mute and on whose behalf all are mute, do you not give to the dumb? If by relieving the poor you banish famine and resultant diseases, do you not cure the sick? And if he can a good king who gives not to his subjects health, speech, liber sight, what shall he be who deprives them of all these?"

One of the most amusing of the many amusing sketches Spanish Scarron is entitled, "A Book of all Things, and of others besides," containing ghastly and fearful secrets, tried, c and proved, and never known to fail. The book begins with riddles and solutions, many of which are familiar to us, though would think of finding them in Quevedo. "*Question*. How to

a woman follow you, without having spoken to her, wherever you will? *Answer.* Steal what she has; she will never leave you in sun or shadow, but follow you to the world's end. *Question.* How to prevent tailors cabbaging your stuff? *Answer.* Never let them cut out your clothes, for this is the only remedy. *Question.* How to make your horse turn in any direction? *Answer.* Send him to a lawyer for half a day. *Question.* How to be beloved by all? *Answer.* Lend money, and don't ask for it again, treat, suffer, endure, do good turns, hold your peace, and allow yourself to be cheated." This, the popular humour of Marcolfo, of Tyll Eulenspiegel, of Jocrisse, is succeeded by a treatise on divination, astrology, &c., which looks as if it had been written yesterday for a satire on *The Handbook of Astrology*, by which every question of the future on which the mind is anxious may be truly answered, by Zadkiel Tao Sze. Herein we learn that Jupiter in Libra is extremely obnoxious to shopkeepers, or, as we say now, proprietors of establishments. The full moon signifies that she can hold no more, and this is an aphorism of Hermes. A blazing star with a long tail foretells that many are likely to look at it, and all princes die in that year who cannot live till the next. Evidently Quevedo troubled himself little about the sweet influences of the Pleiades or the bands of Orion. A chapter on Omens advises the reader if on leaving his house he sees crows flying, to let them fly and mind where he sets his feet, and informs him that Tuesday is an unlucky day for those who travel without money, and for those who are cast into gaol. Sunday is a good day to sponge a dinner, for the sun is in his own house and you in another man's. Thursday is a good day not to believe flatterers. A chapter on Physiognomy furnishes much that would have delighted Lavater. Another on Chiro-mancy is death to the gypsies. This man of little faith declares the lines in the palm show simply that the hand has been bent, and predict union neither with dark man nor with fair. "*The Book of all Things, &c.*" is concluded with advice how to learn all the sciences and arts, liberal and mechanical, in a single day. There is no room to give his receipts for acquiring languages with small expense of time and none of money, receipts at least as sure and far more ingenious than those of many modern professors who bait their linguistic mouse-trap with the toasted cheese of "a perfect knowledge of French in five weeks."

Almost unknown as a prose writer, Quevedo is, with one famous exception, in England perhaps entirely unknown as a poet. Yet his poetical works are numerous and, as has been already mentioned, of many styles. He is especially hard, even as a Spanish

poet, to translate, and his excellent critic, Ochoa, has decided that some of his conceits it is quite impossible to decipher. Nevertheless, he assigns him a high position on the Castilian Parnassus. His poems are chiefly collected under the title of "The Nine Muses," according to the subjects of which they treat. Under Clio, for instance, he writes of famous men, deeds, times, and things, under Melpomene of deaths and funerals, under Erato of love and beauty, under Urania of religion.

In a sonnet of the first division, Clio, addressed to Rome buried under its ruins, he contrasts its ancient and modern condition, observing that most of the solid structures of the city have perished while the river Tiber yet remains the same, and the conclusion of this sonnet forms the single exception above referred to. The little brook, which Horace describes in his "Journey to Brundisium," keeping its former channel in spite of agriculture and earthquakes, introduces, in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," this conclusion, miserably distorted. Quevedo wrote—

Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
Lo fugitivo permanece y dura.

This passage is taken, as Boswell's guide, philosopher, and friend pointed out, from James Vitalis, a theologian and poet of Palermo, who died at Rome in 1560. The whole sonnet is, indeed, copied from the same author, omitting many of his antithetic conceits, as that of Rome conquering herself at last, that nothing in the world might remain unconquered by her. The reference to the Albula at the conclusion of the Latin epigram is written thus—

immota labascunt,
Et quæ perpetuo sunt agitata manent.

It is unfortunate that the best known poetical quotation from Quevedo is not Quevedo's own. The English reader, judging from this sole evidence, might suppose one of the most original of Spanish writers nothing better than a plagiarist. Joachim du Bellay, who died in the same year as Vitalis, has the same thought in his *Antiquitez de Rome*, so excellently translated by our own Spenser :—

Le Tybre seul qui vers la mer s'enfuit
Reste de Rome. O mondaine inconstance !

The idea has been ingeniously utilised by Mr. Tennyson in his "Song of the Brook."

The four idylls in the Muse Erato, which conclude the poems, dedicated to the lady whom he celebrates under the name of Lysis, are fair specimens of his amatory effusions. The first is a loving lament, *pour et simple*, in the second the lover is already sick, and

soon dead of love, in the third he rises from the dead to compose his own epitaph, and in the fourth he makes his will. The Marinistic expressions touching this lady completely cut out those of Cowley and Donne. So much is even a poet the creature of the period in which he lives, that Quevedo, while laughing at the cultism of Gongora, wrote himself hundreds of lines full of the fantastic incongruities of Italian imagery, and debased by injudicious association of quaint metaphor and metaphysical extravagance. What is the scholastic speculation of Cowley, who compared a lover's heart to a hand-grenade, to the ingenious absurdity of Quevedo, who imagines his own heart floating in the waves of his mistress's hair, heaven studded with its stars out of her eyes, and yet surplus stuff remaining sufficient for Lysis to lengthen day and dissipate night, and her disdainful mouth a diamond of sonorous ice? What is Donne's somewhat far-fetched idea of a woman's name on glass making it as fragile to the description of the sea-shore as a sandy statute? Well might Dr. Johnson say that the metaphysical school aimed less at nature than at saying what was never said before, and that it failed to give delight in its endeavour to extort admiration.

Four of Quevedo's most festive and remarkable romances in Thalia are rare invectives against those marvels of natural history known as the Phoenix, the Pelican, the Basilisk, and the Unicorn. In the last especially, the popular belief is made the means of much matrimonial merriment. In one of his *Redondillas*, short poems of four octosyllabic verses, some original conceits occur concerning the old subject of Orpheus' descent to hell for the redemption of his wife Eurydice. The poem begins with saying that a worse subject could not have brought him into a worse place; goes on to inform us that his song caused much admiration, but his intention of taking his wife back with him more; that Pluto could not punish his intrusion with greater cruelty than by granting his request; yet that for the sake of the singer's music he attached to his grant a condition which facilitated the prevention of the ill-advised prayer touching the singer's wife.

Quevedo was not more remarkable for caustic wit or versatile ingenuity than for his widely extended knowledge of character. He was at home alike in the prince's presence chamber and the brothel of the prostitute, in the holy cloister and the gambler's hell. The *Xacarcs* in Terpsichore are poems written chiefly in the *patois* or slang of the *Xaque*, pimp and bully. They are a *novela picaresca* in verse. In the first, Escarraman writes to La Mendez from prison, into which he has been pushed by some "live pins," the Spanish argot of Quevedo's period for *alguaciles*. His chains chink

like grasshoppers in a stubble field at evening. He was taken in drinking bout after his sixty-ninth draught. He mentions some of La Mendez's friends whom he meets in gaol, and owing to a little dispute with these, is ordered a public beating by the governor, which he calls a bellows of Satan. The ass on which he rides during his punishment is big as a dromedary—the reader will remember Cervantes' comparison of the friar's mules to the same beast—so that he may behold him; as slow as a tortoise, not to hurry the slashes of his executioner. The letter concludes with a request to La Mendez to lend him a little money. That lady's reply is enshrined in another poem. She begins somewhat sententiously: "All woe is drowned in wine, all cares are calked with bread. I have nothing to give you except indeed some good advice, such is my misfortune." She gives advice suited less to this paper than to the occasion, and remarks incidentally that all women will prefer a rich Pagan to a poor Christian, however pious. Here La Mendez forms as evil an estimate of her sex as the English philosopher who expressed it as his deliberate opinion that a maid would as soon marry Jonathan Wild as St. Austin if the thief-taker had twopence-halfpenny more than the saint.

The pleasure of reading these roguish romances is much diminished by the difficulty of their words. It is like painfully elaborating a joke in Aristophanes without the assistance of Liddell and Scott. No gentleman like Mr. Hotten ever published a slang dictionary in the time of Quevedo of a language as rich perhaps in this article as any in what is known as the civilised world. But the *Xacaras* could never bear a literal rendering. *Maldiegollada* and *Zamborodon* speak with the tongues of *Lysistrata* and *Gargantua*, rather than with those of *Madame de Maintenon* and *Louis XIV.*

Sufficient has been shown of Quevedo, it is to be hoped, to make it understood that he, like the great High Priest of all the Nines, as Campbell is pleased to call Dryden, was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human heart. He was anything but one of the "gentle bosoms." Had the subject of *Eloise* fallen into his hands, he had left us a mighty coarse draft of her passion. Neither was this poet remarkable for the great regard which he paid to *les convenances*, which pester us from the cradle to the grave. He did not, like the Pharisee, thank God that he was not as this publican. A wicked Heathen and a sincere Christian met with the same treatment at his hands. He had little sympathy with what is known as the moral greatness of his species. He is scarcely a suitable companion for the young; his works contain few neutral tints, and his philosophy is wont to walk abroad without a veil.

JAMES MEW.

BYZANTINE INSTITUTIONS IN TURKEY.

WALKING one day with Finlay among the ruins which surround the Acropolis of Athens, we reached the stage of the Theatre of Dionysius, the mother of all theatres, a building as sacred as the house of Shakspeare. For there Æschylus, the father of tragedy, brought forth his works, and there, among the audience, Sophocles and Euripides might have been seen, whose plays, as well as the later comedies of Aristophanes, were performed in that theatre. My friend and guide possessed unmatched acquaintance with these interesting remains. But his special studies led him to note the marks of Roman and Byzantine domination. He pointed to the twenty-sixth and lowest row of seats, on a level with the semicircular pavement of that space which in an English theatre would be called the "pit." It is composed of sixty-six massive chairs sculptured in marble—white as that of the Parthenon—thirty-three on either side of the central seat, which projects slightly from the others and is more capacious. On the backs of these chief seats in the Theatre of Dionysius there are inscribed, in Greek characters, the style and title of those qualified to use them, and to these inscriptions, which without exception denote ecclesiastics, Finlay referred as the work of a time when Athens had long ceased to be Athenian. The democracy in which this illustrious theatre was erected did not build that central and commanding chair, which bears the name and is evidently the work of Hadrian.

Finlay was enthusiastic on the subject of Byzantine history. He had theories with regard to it which he stated fearlessly and supported with unrivalled knowledge—theories reaching above and far beyond Byzantine annals. He gave me a copy of a paper written twenty-seven years ago, which about that time appeared in the transactions of an obscure society, containing a skillful epitome of his larger work. He spent some time in correcting with his own hand this copy which is now before me, and from which I propose to show his view of the characteristic features of Byzantine history (traces of which yet linger among the populations of Turkey), for the most part in language of his own, which cannot be known even to many of those who have been readers of his published writings.

We are told by Gibbon,¹ that "as in his daily prayers the Mussulman of Fez or Delhi still turns his face towards the temple of Mecca, so the historian's eye shall be always fixed on the city of Constantinople." At the present moment, the eyes of all the world are turned in that direction, and therefore no time would seem more suitable for repeating the most concise and succinct expression of the views which Finlay held at variance with those taught by the great historian of "the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The first paragraph in the paper before me contains his opinion that "historical truth demands that an attempt should be made to vindicate for the Byzantine annals their proper place in the records of European civilisation." Gibbon, as is well known, traced "the Decline and Fall" through a period of thirteen centuries, from Trajan to Constantine, from Constantine to Heraclius, and then for more than eight hundred years to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, under Mohammed II, in 1453. Finlay maintained that this is a misconstruction of history, that the true period of the decline and fall of the Empire of the Romans is concurrent with the third period of Byzantine history, which extends from the accession of Isaac I., in 1057, to the destruction of the Byzantine Empire by the Crusaders in 1204. This period commenced with a revolution by the great nobles of Asia, who wrenched the administration out of the hands of a trained body of officials, whose systematic proceedings had tempered the imperial despotism. Henceforward the government was a despotism checked by an aristocracy, and it ran the usual course of all arbitrary power. As soon as the Emperors felt that they were sufficiently strong, by securing the support of a few great nobles, to neglect the feelings of the people, the wealth of the empire was forced into the imperial treasury, the population began to decline, the fabric of the administration was destroyed, and at last a band of 20,000 adventurers put an end to the Byzantine Empire. Finlay held that the empire, which was established at Constantinople after that city was reconquered from the Latins, was a Greek empire, differing completely in all its characteristics from its Roman and Byzantine predecessors.

But that in which we are nearly interested is the lesson which this most laborious student of Byzantine institutions believed Englishmen who govern India might learn from those institutions. We will transfer, at least in all its outlines, the brief sketch from which this great master drew his large picture, to these pages, because Finlay considered it instructive as affording the most remarkable example of a government securing to itself a durable existence by the force

¹ *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. xlviii, vol 9, p. 3.

of its own administrative arrangements without forming any national ties or claiming any sympathy of race with its subjects; because he thought it might serve as a lesson to the rulers of India, and inspire them with the hope that if their administrative machine be as wisely constructed and their administration of justice as suited to the exigencies of the times as at Byzantium, their power may be perpetuated for as many centuries. Finlay held that inquiry into the characteristic features of Byzantine history was not divested of practical importance, because Byzantine institutions saved a falling empire and preserved order and security of property among a large portion of mankind differing in race, language, and manners, while the rest of the world was a prey to despotic violence or social anarchy. The principles of Romano-Byzantine administration, however, first constituted centralisation the essential element of civil government, and a blind devotion to these principles has caused that accumulation of duties beyond the power of performance which is one of the evils most prominent in modern European states. The tendency of the Romano-Byzantine theories of civilisation being to elevate the supposed interests of the Government above the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts of law, their effect is to range the people and the Government in two separate camps—a division which at the present time offers the most powerful impediment to the improvement of society by limiting the bounds of justice. On every question connected with the political and moral effects of centralisation on society in a high state of civilisation, Byzantine history unfolds the lessons of experience during five centuries.

Such is Finlay's statement of the importance of the period which commenced with the accession of Leo III. to the throne of Constantinople in the year 716. Gibbon is vague in his description of the Byzantine Empire. He mentions the time of Heraclius, who died in 641, as that of its commencement. The victories of Timour suspended, according to Gibbon, for more than fifty years, the final ruin of the Byzantine Empire, which, in his chronology, was the work of Mohammed II. Finlay is precise. He has told us that the Byzantine Empire is a modern appellation created by historians to distinguish the Eastern Roman Empire after the extinction of the last traces of the military monarchy of Rome. Being in reality only a continuation of the Roman Empire, and not a new state, the commencement of the Byzantine Empire may be fixed either at the period when the germs of the political changes characterised by the name first make their appearance, or it may be applied only when these changes produce a visible effect in the government. Finlay took up

the latter position in asserting that Leo III. (the Isaurian) has the best claim to be ranked as the first of the Byzantine emperors. Under Justinian II., the last of the preceding (the Heraclian) dynasty, who suffered in his own person that mutilation of the nose which is still practised by the barbarous people of Turkey, the authority of Government had fallen so low, the ravages of the Sclavonians, the Bulgarians, and Saracens had rendered the condition of the people so intolerable, that the extinction of the empire of the East was regarded as an event inevitable and not very distant. It was then that Leo was proclaimed emperor in Amorium, while that place was closely invested by the Saracens. He reached the Bosphorus in time to defend his capital against the whole force of the Mohammedan Empire at the moment the caliphs had attained the summit of their power. He was the founder of a new dynasty, the saviour of Constantinople, the reformer of the Church and State, the first to arrest the torrent of Mohammedan conquest. He attempted a mightier task, and would fain have purified the Greek Church from the reminiscences of Hellenism. Though he failed in this attack on the popular feelings of his subjects, he improved the moral condition of Christian society, and infused new vigour into the whole population of his empire, whether friendly or hostile to his own personal views. Nothing, indeed, can prove more decidedly the right of his empire to assume a new name than the contrast presented by the condition of its inhabitants to that of the subjects of the preceding dynasty. Under the successors of Heraclius, the Roman Empire offers us the picture of a declining society, of thinly peopled provinces exposed, almost without defence, to the assaults of hostile invaders and to the intrusion of foreign colonists; whilst, under the sway of the iconoclasts, the Byzantine Empire began immediately to present an improving aspect. The facts stand recorded in history, yet the religious views of Leo III. have so blackened his reputation as to constitute him one of the strongest examples of the force of calumny. In truth, he must occupy a high position in the records of Eastern civilisation.

Finlay held that the enormous taxation upon capital in the Roman Empire led to a rapid falling-off in the numbers of the free population, and that decline of power followed as a matter of course. The barbarians who conquered the provinces of the West entered a country so depopulated that their insignificant numbers were sufficient to establish their influence. The Sclavonians intruded themselves into the eastern provinces, yet, though the effects of the silent influence of foreigners into the most secluded districts of the Eastern Empire

were almost as strange as those which resulted from the conquest of Italy by the Goths and Lombards, the fact has, nevertheless, been slurred over by historians, and is not yet generally acknowledged as one of the patent truths of history. The colonisation of the eastern provinces was, however, one of the principal causes of awakening that reaction which gave life to the Byzantine Empire, and repopled the provinces by an increase of the surviving natives. The extensive country formerly peopled by the Illyrians was so deserted in the time of Heraclius, that he invited the Servians and other cognate Slavonian tribes from the Carpathian mountains to settle in the districts they still occupy between the Danube and the Adriatic. Shortly before the accession of Leo III., the richest parts of Macedonia and Bithynia were lying waste; thousands of Slavonic colonists were settled on the banks of the Strymon and the Artanus; Greece was almost filled with Slavonians. The final policy of the Roman Empire had been such that the whole surplus profits of society were annually swept into the coffers of the State, and the inhabitants allowed to retain little more than the minimum required for perpetuating the race of tax-payers. The rich plains of the Morea were converted into pasture-lands by Slavonian nomades. Society was at this unfortunate epoch as repulsive in its external signs as it was degraded in its essential elements. Even the mechanical arts and the ordinary luxuries of comfort had declined as the great mass of the population grew gradually poorer. Harassed by the Saracens, who glowed with religious fanaticism as they carried the newly delivered Koran from victory to victory; the borders of his empire in part obliterated by the incursions of nomades upon an almost desolate country,—Leo III. had, in the political and social condition of the Christian population throughout the East, peculiar facilities for remodelling the government and creating what we call the Byzantine Empire.

Foremost in these circumstances, Finlay placed the tenacity with which they held to the establishment of Roman law. A dread of losing the benefits of legal order formed, during the seventh and eighth centuries of our era, one of those powerful impulses of society which affect the course of history without striking the minds of contemporary historians. This feeling first placed the mass of the population of the Byzantine provinces in steady opposition to the progress of the Mohammedan power. As long as Mohammedanism was contrasted only with the fiscal administration of the Roman Empire, and with the persecuting spirit of the Orthodox Church, the Saracens found Christian allies in every direction, and their arms were everywhere victorious. But when the disasters of the Roman Government

had destroyed its powers of fiscal oppression, a new point of comparison was presented. The superiority of Justinian's laws over Mohammed's Koran, and of the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals of the empire over the courts of the moolahs, became immediately apparent to all those who lived in an advanced stage of civilisation. The results of these feelings are recorded in the annals of the Byzantine Empire.

Finlay's argument is, that the long duration of the Byzantine Empire and the prosperity of Constantinople, were due to the supremacy of Roman law, and that this was maintained by people who were defenceless against a strictly professional army, who were divided by animosities of race, as well as by bitter controversies in religion; and the lesson which he thought the rulers of India might learn from the annals of the Byzantine Empire is, that a just, wise, and beneficent system of law will, by its advantages, constrain alien populations not merely to accept but to prize a government which is thus expressed in the administration of justice, provided always that the fiscal arrangements of that government are not oppressive. He declared that so long as Roman law was cultivated in the East, so long were the Mussulmans baffled in every attack upon the Byzantine Empire. The promulgation of the Basilica was followed by the appearance of Byzantine armies in Syria and Mesopotamia. Both events had their origin in the same social causes. The inhabitants of the Emperor's dominions boasted that they lived under the systematic rule of the Roman law and not under the arbitrary sway of despotic power. The Roman Empire declined because its fiscal policy annihilated the agricultural classes, who formed the true basis of the military force on which it reposed; the Byzantine Empire prolonged its existence for five centuries by cherishing the vitality of the trading population under the ægis of the Roman law, and by reposing on the treasury rather than upon the army.

We have to justify this argument by a survey of facts. When Leo commenced his reforms he had a well-disciplined army devoted to his person, a powerful mercantile class in every city of the East attached to his government, and the wealthiest and most populous city in the world as his capital, all equally interested in the support of his administration. But when he attempted to reform the ecclesiastical system by the extirpation of image-worship, he came into collision with a large body of people who were not in the service of his government, and who saw no prospect of advantage in his reforms. They opposed him, they made his memory and that of his yet more iconoclastic son execrated, and their odium has been sufficient

strong to tincture the pages of the sagacious Gibbon. But Leo and his successors reigned securely, because, while the law was valued, the army was devoted to the government. No state axiom was more anxiously observed by the governments of Rome and Constantinople than this, that the condition and ideas of a citizen and of a soldier were absolutely incompatible; and consequently the greatest care was taken to prevent the citizen from acquiring the right of assuming the position of a soldier. No one of the praetorian guard could possess a house in Rome or even in Italy. The law endeavoured to place an impassable barrier between the possessor of the soil, who was the tax-payer, and the soldier, who, as the agent of the imperial power, supported the tax-gatherer. Gibbon appears to have overlooked the existence of this peculiar feature in the imperial policy, and Finlay was confident that the military experience of the learned historian, as an officer in our own militia, assisted in misleading him. Here, then, we find the principal cause of that unwarlike disposition, which is a standing reproach against the wealthy classes in the Roman and Byzantine Empires. The meek spirit of Byzantine society, which has been generally attributed exclusively to the influence of the doctrines of Christianity, originated, in part, in these military arrangements. The Armenians were for several centuries the people who made the greatest figure in the Byzantine armies, from which the Greeks were almost entirely excluded. When a pedigree was sought for the Emperor Basil (who was really the son of a Slavonian horse-driver, an immigrant into Macedonia), it was fashionable to trace his origin to princes of Armenia, a fact which affords us some means of appreciating the position which the Hellenic race was compelled to occupy during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, in consequence of the exclusion of landed proprietors from the military service. But while the Byzantine emperors of the Isaurian line derived strength in carrying out ecclesiastical reforms by commanding an army which was thus unconnected with the Greek population, there can be no doubt that the diminished weight of the public burdens was the primary cause of the durability of the fabric as reformed by Leo. Finlay has said that it seems to be a law of civilised society that governments gradually sink from the omnipotence to which they lay claim in early times, to the humble duty of being merely the brokers of human intelligence, labour, and wealth, and that the finances form the symbol of the quantity which the central authority can appropriate. That the weight of taxation became lighter after the time of Leo III. is proved by the irrefragable evidence of the rising prosperity of the people. The number of the

free population, and of those of the ancient races of the population, began again to increase. The Slavonians, who had gradually occupied the open country of Greece, were expelled from the greater part of their settlements, the Saracens were driven from all the provinces on this side of Mount Taurus, and the eagles of the Byzantine armies reappeared victorious in the plains of Syria.

Finlay has deplored the fact that we are compelled to receive our accounts of "the most durable civilised government which has ever existed, solely from the dull chronicles of prejudiced monks or the pedantic annals of courtly historians." Gibbon speaks with the utmost scorn of the subjects of the Byzantine Empire, who, he says, assume and dishonour the name both of Greeks and Romans, and present a dead uniformity of abject vices, which are neither softened by the weakness of humanity, nor animated by the vigour of memorable crimes. Concerning Constantine V., son of Leo III., he repeats the story that "a plate of noses was accepted as a grateful offering," and gives half credence, half denial to wild imputations, by theological enemies, of offences among which that quoted is one of the least criminal. But is it reasonable, we may ask, to impute on one page habitual debauchery, abomination, lust, and cruelty to a prince, and to record upon the succeeding page his activity and courage at the head of his legions, his triumphs by sea and land on the Euphrates and on the Danube in civil and barbarian war, his undisturbed reign of thirty-four years, and the reverence with which for forty years after his death the iconoclasts prayerfully revered his virtues? In judgment upon these circumstances, Finlay is much more philosophical. He thought Gibbon had overlooked the fact that no political system can be prolonged from generation to generation unless it repose on institutions which form the habits of the people; the very power which supports it must derive its perpetuity from systematic regulations. The greater, consequently, the vices of a government of long duration may be, the greater also becomes the importance of investigating the institutions which have been powerful enough to sustain it. There were vices in the Byzantine rulers—vices which culminated in the reign of Michael III. (the Drunkard). But with that miserable prince ended the dynasty to which he belonged, and his executioner, or murderer, revived, as Gibbon admits, the order and majesty of the Empire. Basil I., who did this, accomplished the work because he inherited the institutions which were not overthrown by the orgies of Michael; and the publication of the *Basilica*, in which he and his successors on the Byzantine throne promulgated a new edition of the laws of Justinian, marks the period

in which the Byzantine Empire attained its highest degree of external power and internal prosperity. The volumes of the *Basilica*, said Finlay, tell us the true cause of the imperial splendour and the popular prosperity ; they show us the exertions made by the most despotic emperors to secure the lives and property of their subjects. There is one fact concerning which there can be no doubt, and it alone suffices to place the Byzantine Government higher in our estimation than any other which existed from the time of Augustus to the fifteenth century. Personal liberty and security of property were guaranteed more effectually and for a longer period under the successors of Leo the Iconoclast, than under any other government of which history has preserved a record. The empires of the caliphs and of Charlemagne, though historians delight to praise them, cannot pretend to any comparison on these points ; and as to their power, both sank into ruin while the Byzantine Empire continued to flourish in full vigour. No one who is wise will question Finlay's supremacy in this field of historical learning. But may we not permit ourselves to trace in the fate of some of the Christian races of Turkey, during the last four centuries, the consequences of some imperfections in Byzantine institutions ?

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

TABLE TALK.

AMONG matters of interest in the Third Volume of the "Life of the Prince Consort" must be counted the formal denial it contains of an often-repeated assertion, that the erection of public buildings in South Kensington was a job perpetrated in the interest of royalty. That Prince Albert had purchased no land contiguous to the South Kensington Museum or the Horticultural Gardens I have long known from Mr. Martin. It was quite hopeless, however, to repeat a statement of this kind, so general was the conviction to the contrary. A certain measure of unpopularity has always attached itself to the memory of Prince Albert in consequence of the conviction that he was parsimonious in his ordinary transactions, and that the money he saved by a system of penury, the very reverse of all we are accustomed to associate with royalty, went to swell the huge reserves of the Crown. "Statesmen of mark are known to have shared this conviction, which is said to have exercised, not once, but repeatedly, a very decided political effect." It now meets with a flat, direct, and emphatic contradiction. So far from saving money, says Mr. Martin, the Prince was only able by strict economy to meet the year's current expenses. He died "*leaving absolutely no fortune*, indeed barely enough to meet his personal liabilities." So flies away for ever, it is to be hoped, to the limbo of vanities a report which has done in its time no small amount of mischief. Still, while it is pleasant to think that the systematic prudence and economy of the Prince Consort were imposed upon him by duty, I cannot but regret that he was under the necessity of doing some of the things charged against him. It is well, doubtless, for the highest in the land to set example of prudence; still the distinction between economy and stinginess should at least be observed in Imperial transactions. An impression exists in artistic circles that the remuneration of artistic labor afforded by royalty was at times a very dubious advantage, and that Court patronage to a painter took occasionally the shape of extortion rather than that of favour.

THE lengths to which "Servant Girlism" is going in this country are appalling, and the latest example of it caps all. A gentleman and his family spent four months on the Continent this year, leaving their house in charge of two female domestics. When they came home a miracle occurred. They found nothing had gone particularly wrong. A few weeks afterwards, however, the Paterfamilias met an acquaintance in the street, who received him with a sympathising air.

"I was sorry, my dear Sir, to find that you had had a domestic calamity in your family."

"I! Not a bit of it. We are all right."

"But there has been a death in your house?"

"Certainly not. Why do you say so?"

"Well, only a month ago I happened to be passing down your terrace, and saw with my own eyes a funeral cortège standing at your door. Of course I made no inquiries at the time, but I was surprised to see nothing of the matter in the paper."

Paterfamilias went home grievously puzzled, but at last got to the root of the story. His servants had let his house for three months on their own responsibility, and shared the rent between them. This would probably have never been discovered, only their tenant's wife had the misfortune to de cease during his brief occupation of the premises.

FREEMASONRY in England is disturbed to its very depths by the action of the Grand Orient of France, the most important among Gallic lodges. Hitherto the Franc-maçon has been required to assert his belief in three things: the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and the *solidarité* of man. Now this form of trinitarianism is no longer *de rigueur*, and a man, to be a member of the Grand Orient, needs not make any theological declaration whatever. It is sufficient if he accepts the third article in the creed, and assumes a part in that mutual responsibility on which the French legists have bestowed the name of *solidarité*. As English Freemasonry maintains itself on a religious basis requiring, at least, the formal acknowledgment of a God, it is, in Lord Carnarvon's view, difficult to continue the kind of communion with French Masonry that has hitherto existed. A committee, consisting wholly of noblemen, and including Lords Carnarvon, Leigh, Skelmersdale, Donoughmore, and Tenterden, has been appointed upon a motion made by Lord Carnarvon, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, the Grand Master of England, to consider the matter. It is difficult to see what the committee can do, except let the question drop. Freemasonry in England is Conservative,

on the Continent it is Democratic. Here it is, at least, a more or less social and intellectual occupation for men of leisure ; there it is, as has been, a political agent. It is but natural that the feeling among the radicals of France, which makes them elect to be buried with their rites, should induce them to abrogate any form of theological worship. At the same time, it must be remembered, that if our orthodox Freemasons break off all intercourse with their French brethren, a question as to the expediency of keeping up, what will then become a mere matter of ceremonial, will at once arise. The real merit of Freemasonry has been that it established a brotherhood over which Courts and tyrannies had little power, and that individuals might be amicable while the nations to which they belonged were at feud. If Masonry would be a vital force, let it accept for its mission the task of putting down war. If ever such a result is to be obtained, it must come from the outspoken assertion of peace-lovers in all countries ; and for an association of this kind Freemasonry has a framework already provided.

ONE of the worst nuisances experienced by the English traveller in Southern regions is the quarantine to which he is subjected. Quarantine is all but unknown in England. If there is any truth in the statements of Commander Halpin, R.N., that the frequency of collisions and other accidents in the Channel is due to the fact that the crews of vessels are habitually shipped in such a state of intoxication that some days are requisite to put them on their sea legs, it would surely be a good plan to have a species of quarantine for outward bound vessels, and see that no ship is allowed to quit harbour until its crew is fit for work. If the effects of Jack's hilarious habits cannot otherwise be remedied, this plan might surely be adopted, since though there would be some loss of wages to owners, it would shortly be regained by diminished insurances. After all, sailors form no inconsiderable portion of our national strength, and we can scarcely show worse extravagance than allowing them to go to sea in a state in which every species of disaster seems absolutely challenged.

AMONG the many reasons, most of them valid ones, against making Thirlmere, one of the most charming of the English Lakes, a Manchester reservoir, is that such a proceeding will probably destroy one of the few specimens of haunted houses we have still left in England. It is Miss Martineau who tells us of that lonely residence under Armboth Fell, where the lights are seen in the empty banquetting-chamber, and the spectral dog welcomes the invisible

guests. If the lake is raised, as intended, forty feet, those lights will be put out, and the dog will be drowned ! May Cottonopolis be sent nearer home for its water supply, and not interfere with the public pleasure in things on which it has itself never set any value : the solemnity of solitude, the unruffled aspect of Nature, the glories of the mountain, the peacefulness of the mere !

There was a certain sonnet written once, which has a very direct reference to this utilitarian invasion :

Is there no nook of English ground secure from rash assault,

Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance

Of Nature ; and if human hearts be dead

Speak, passing winds ; ye torrents with your strong

And constant voice protest against this wrong.

If Wordsworth had lived to hear of the present outrage, he would have exclaimed (almost) with Lear, "Ye Aqueducts, burst."

A LONG cherished ambition of the Scot has now been gratified, and a statue of King Robert the Bruce has been erected on the Castle esplanade at Stirling. From this spot the monarch, who is represented as clad in a coat of chain-armour over which is the royal robe, and who is sheathing his sword after achieving the independence of Scotland, can gaze at will over the scene of his crowning triumph. The statue is cut in freestone, is nine feet in height, and stands on a pedestal ten feet high. I have not seen it, and am accordingly unable to judge of its artistic merits. If these are of no more conspicuous order than those of similar works in England and Scotland, those who by their subscriptions have testified their delight at the conquest of the South by the North have missed a chance of paying off old scores such as is not often afforded. Had they, instead of mounting a new statue on Stirling Castle, sent it to London and induced us to put it in some conspicuous position, say on the Thames Embankment, the balance of wrong, supposing any to exist, so far as Scotland is concerned, would at once be removed to the other side, and the national capacity to appreciate a joke of the highest order would at once be vindicated.

THERE is an M in Merionethshire and there is one in Muscovy. Resemblance between the two places does not, as in the parallel case of Macedon and Monmouth, stop here. The inhabitants of both places have so strong an objection to capital punishment that when a man is condemned to be hanged they refuse to assist in carrying out the sentence. In Russia the effect of this

reluctance is to compel the substitution of perpetual imprisonment for the capital sentence pronounced by the law. Wales is too near England to afford a criminal a similar chance. Workmen from Chester, accordingly, build the scaffold the Welshmen refuse to erect, and the great administrant of justice, the hangman, discharges his functions with characteristic indifference and *aplomb*. Such signs as these of growing antipathy to the punishment of death leave no room to doubt that it will soon be abolished.

I FIND that civilisation is advancing among us in three directions. First, people drink less and less wine after dinner, and in consequence, as I suppose, one's hosts can afford to give one better liquor during the repast. For my part, I have for years drunk nothing but claret, partly, as the Scripture says, "for my stomach's sake," but principally because the avowal (never made till I am seated at the table) compels the butler to help me from the claret jug that is to come on at dessert. I am not fobbed off with inferior wine at the only period when I care to drink wine at all. Secondly, the ladies are kinder to us in the matter of cigars; the delightful weed is now indigenious at many houses, after dinner, where I have been wont to fume—no, *not* to fume—to pine and long for it in vain. When two dinner invitations come together, it is not the rank of the invites that decides a wise man which to take, but the crucial question, "at which of these houses shall I get tobacco after dinner?" I am not a bigot, ladies; a mere cigarette satisfies me. But if you knew what I suffer when I get *nothing*! How would you like to be shut up in a room for hours deprived of what is necessary to your existence—a looking-glass, for example.

The third direction in which civilisation has made a stride is in the matter of "calls." This duty, irksome beyond measure to the males, is being relegated entirely to the softer sex, who have but one objection to fulfilling it. They say, not without reason, that this release from their obligations will still more increase the disinclination of men to get married. When it was *de rigueur* for all who had been asked to dinner anywhere, however far it might be from their own place of residence, and at whatever inconvenience to themselves, to leave a card next day upon their hostess, men looked out eagerly for wives—to be their substitutes in this detested proscription. Now that they are getting to be excused from this service, a great inducement to matrimony will be withdrawn. A poet whom our grandfathers, or, at all events, our grandmothers, knew by heart, has thus described a morning call. I am afraid it will be new to nine out of

my readers—even to those of them who talk glibly about
r's Poems:—

Who find a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection and well turned discourse ;
And next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats if such there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisis and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Filled up at last with interesting news ;
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hanged and who is brought to bed,
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come
As from a seven years' transportation home,
And then resume our unembarrassed brow,
Recovering what we lost we know not how,
The faculties that seemed reduced to nought,
Expression and the privilege of thought.

SINCE Fauntleroy's time we have had no such accomplished
scoundrel in a Court of Law in England as Mr. Benson, the
witness against the Detectives. His career is almost an un-
paralleled one—even as it appears to the public. A lover of the
picturesque, an editor of a French newspaper, a correspondent,
not only as the representative of a committee of invitation, with
no press : that is strange enough. But what is not so generally
known is that it was his money which started the last magazine
dedicated to Free Thought. He would have been not only a publisher
but some cynics might say has not been always wholly unconnected
(knavery) but the inaugurator of a new Theology—with probably
a new set of Commandments (to replace the broken ones). He
is, I am informed on the best authority (namely one of them-
selves), to two leading novelists, promising them any sum they pleased
to write a novel for this periodical, so that

But for the merest accident on earth
They might have been High Priests to Mumbo Jumbo,

and have written serials in the Felons' Journal. Nor was this all.
Icarus nearly did this Icarus approach the Empyrean before his fall
he was actually engaged to the daughter of a high and titled civic
functionary. It was only "that little rift within the lute" which often
ruins Love's harmony—a hitch about the marriage settlements—which
at the eleventh hour put Cupid's flambeau out ; broke off the match.
The newspapers omit to report a certain audacity of his—almost
a bigram—to which he gave utterance in Court. On the second

day of his examination, he alluded to one of the advocates as "my learned friend, the counsel for the defence." The advocate started up in indignation, "Am I to be thus addressed by a convict?"

"Pardon me," said Benson sweetly : "let us leave out 'the learned friend.' I will call him 'the counsel for the defence.'"

HOW much barbarism, superstition, and darkness still exist in the world is proven by the fact that five people have been recently burnt in Mexico as witches! St. James, a village in Coahuila, was the scene of this murder. Two individuals, a man and a woman, were first condemned. As soon as the fire reached them they gave notice of having something to reveal. The flames were then temporarily extinguished and the poor creatures purchased a brief intermission by denouncing three other individuals as their associates. With as much speed as was convenient those they implicated were captured, the pile was re-lighted, and five victims instead of three were sacrificed to a form of superstition which, like some other forms, is "an unconscionable time in dying."

NO movement at present before the public deserves warmer support than that for the establishment of Free Libraries, which originated at a meeting at the London Institution. Should the London School Board accept, as seems possible, the responsibility of establishing a library in every parish in London, the most important measure yet taken for counteracting the attraction of the beerhouse and the gin palace will have been obtained. By the imposition of a halfpenny rate a free library can be obtained for any parish. If, however, it is possible to avoid the imposition of a burden which falls heaviest upon the poorest classes, it is desirable to do so. Of course, some entertainment more exhilarating than is afforded by a reading-room will have to be provided if ever the demon of drunkenness is to be resolutely combatted. We take a step forward, however, when we provide the proletariat with any place whatever in which he may sit and keep himself warm. I do not, of course, limit to the lowest class the benefits to be derived from the establishment of these institutions. The gain that results from having a library of reference at hand is not one that a writer is likely to under-estimate. What experience has told me is wanting in order to render libraries really useful to the classes it is sought to reach is the establishment of a committee of selection, which will obtain the books the workman wants, and not those which moralists think fit to thrust upon him. If there is one thing to which the labourer objects, it is the idea of being intellectually "coddled."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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"I can show you in five seconds."

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1878.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER VI.

SO LIKE A MAN!

STORM and calm, rain and sunshine, bitter and sweet, action and reaction, are not these the conditions of life? If the wind is fair to-day, look for it in your teeth to-morrow; what is earned by the right hand, you are bound to spend with the left; and never expect to be four-by-honours in two deals running!

Who so happy as an accepted lover? He treads on air, he mounts to the skies, and he soars on the wings of a dove, believing firmly that he has abjured the wisdom of the serpent for evermore. Yet, after the first access of transport, every succeeding moment brings him down nearer and nearer the ground, till at last he walks about again on two legs, like a husband, or a goose, or any other biped, having neither energy nor inclination to fly.

I need not say that John Roy bade adieu to Beachmouth, betook himself to Charing Cross Station, and proceeded thence to the Corner Hotel, Corner Street, Strand, without loss of time. The distance was short. He could almost have wished it longer, that he might gain more time to realise the step he had taken.

Like most English gentlemen, he was a bold fellow enough on a , in a row, under any circumstances of risk to life or limb, but he was also sensitive and shy, particularly with inferiors, shrinking from their approaches, as a timid woman shrinks from observation and personal address.

It was not reassuring to find the hotel door blocked up by an

arrival, or to be told without hesitation by a supercilious waiter in yesterday's white neckcloth that they were full to the garrets, and hadn't a bed unoccupied, while he volunteered with something of reproof the further information that this was a private hotel, and if the gentleman expected to find accommodation he should have written to Mrs. Phipps at least a week ago.

"But I don't want a room," said John Roy, out of patience; "I came here to call on Miss—I mean, is Mrs. Phipps at home?"

"Mrs. Phipps is engaged."

"Go and tell her that a gentleman wishes to see her particularly, and will not detain her five minutes."

John Roy was peremptory, not to say stern; but the waiter stood to his guns.

"Any name, sir?" as if a man without a portmanteau must also be without a name.

The visitor wished he had brought a card-case.

"Mr. Roy," said he; "and be so good as to go at once. I don't choose to be kept waiting half-an-hour on the door-step."

But Nelly, who was already in the passage, flew to the threshold, and welcomed him with such warmth and cordiality as completely reassured the waiter.

"I *knew* you would come!" she whispered. "I have been expecting you all the morning. This way. Mind the step. Don't run against the coal-box. We're so full, we have been driven down-stairs. We generally live in the front dining-room. Now, I'll bring you in, and show you to Auntie."

The charm was working again, and at high pressure. So lovely, so loving, so bright, so beautiful; above all, so glad to see him. Who would not have followed such a guide down the darkest passages, the most inconvenient stairs that ever smelt of mould, soap, sawdust, stale coffee, and early dinner?

Mrs. Phipps was an excellent woman, no doubt—clear-headed, bustling, full of energy, a capital accountant, sincere, sensible, with a heart of gold—but she was *not* exactly the sort of person John Roy would have selected for his wife's aunt.

He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and as she came forward, rubbing one hand over the other, to stop in front of him, with a profound curtsy, he took in her exterior at a glance. The dark dress, looking dingier in the obscurity of a room on the basement, lighted from a grating in the pavement outside; the portliness of figure, increasing as it travelled upward to the chin; the large brooch, the bright gold chain, the jet ornaments twinkling in a solemn head-gear.

black, pompous, and funereal as the artificial tresses it surmounted, and the plain oblong face, with just so much resemblance to Nelly as might create a vague and morbid fear lest her bright young beauty should ever turn to this !

He made the best of it, and put out both hands. "You are to be my aunt too," said he. "Miss Burton has told you everything, of course. I am always going to call her Nelly for the future, and you must learn to look upon me as a relation of your own."

He was not prepared for the result. Mrs. Phipps burst out crying, and put her arms round his neck.

After this little ebullition she became practical enough. "I'm sure it's a great honour," said she, "and a great happiness to us all. It's what I never expected, and yet Nelly *do* deserve the best that ever wore shoe-leather, and I always said so. She was a good daughter, Mr. Roy, was Nelly, and a good niece. I'm sure I've reason to know it ; and she'll make a good wife to the man who will be kind to her. I can see in your face as you're one of that sort. I'm a plain-spoken woman, Mr. Roy ; I never had the manners of my niece, there, nor yet the education. I've my bread to get, as I may say, by hard and honest work ; but you won't think the worse of us, I hope ; and you won't take it as a liberty if I say, God bless you both ! and I should like to shake you by the hand, Mr. Roy, once more."

So this ceremony was repeated, and Roy acknowledged to himself that the good old woman who had educated his betrothed wife was a thorough lady at heart, although she spoke second-class English and kept an hotel.

"You'll take a glass of wine, Mr. Roy," continued his hostess, relapsing into her common-place mood. "I wish I could ask you to stop dinner, but Nelly and me has had our dinner, and you couldn't hardly see to eat it neither in so dark a place as this. I wish I wasn't so put about for room. But what am I to do ? You can't turn people away from the doors, if you keep an hotel."

"Mr. Roy never takes wine in the daytime, Auntie," said Nelly, assuming entire charge of his habits, as became a woman engaged for more than twenty-four hours. "We can give him a cup of tea in five minutes, and I'll make it myself ; I know what he likes better than you do."

But Mr. Roy preferred a walk with Nelly to refreshment of any kind, and the pair were soon strolling arm-in-arm along that romantic thoroughfare the Strand, discussing *trousseaux*, wedding, honeymoon, their eventual future. What do I know ? What do people talk about when they are going to be married and lead a new life ?

So the weeks went on. John Roy found himself waking morning after morning with a strange, anxious feeling that he was yet nearer his fate, sometimes impatient to get it over, sometimes thinking he could wait as long as he pleased, but never wavering in loyalty to Nelly, nor allowing for one second that he regretted his choice.

It was the dead time of year. "Not a soul in London," said the souls who met the other souls in the street. Yet is the Great City seldom so empty, even of rich and idle, but that ten or twelve could get together for a dinner-party at short notice. There are people who profess they like these little gatherings better than the crowd and hurry of the season, declaring that they never enjoy the society of their friends so thoroughly as when "there is nobody in town."

In St. James's Street and Pall Mall might be found a few lingering dull and torpid as the winter flies on a window-pane; but the Park seemed unusually deserted. Perhaps for that reason it was the chosen resort of Mr. Roy and Miss Burton, who would turn in at Albert Gate, having arrived there, as became a regularly engaged couple, in a hansom cab, to walk in the Ride, or sit down and make plans for the future, while she looked in his face with adoring eyes and he—well—he smoked, and let her look.

"I like this," whispered Nelly, pressing closer to his side as they returned one day from an hour or two of the above engrossing occupation. "You and me have got it all to ourselves!"

"It" meant that stretch of rugged bricks and rubbish, with its surface of mud just thick enough to splash, which the Government, then in office had provided for its tax-payers on horseback, and seemed in so far a solitude when Nelly spoke that its only other occupants were a fat man on a cob, and a doubtful-looking lady riding a lame horse.

"It's very nice," answered John Roy, rather preoccupied, for just then a figure turned into the Ride on a hunting-looking chestnut, at a pace that promised soon to bring him alongside our pedestrians. The easy seat and general outline were not to be mistaken. Roy wished at the moment he had some other lady on his arm.

The chestnut, though going fast, must have been well in hand, it was pulled up so quickly at the rails, while a familiar voice exclaimed, "Hulloh, Roy! In town at this time of year! Come and dine to-day. I'm off to-morrow morning for Newmarket." Then, as if catching sight of Nelly for the first time, the speaker bowed to her, raised his stirrup-iron, and added, "I beg your pardon. I was so glad to see my friend!"

It stung Roy to feel that there should be an absolute necessity introducing her on the spot as "Miss Burton—a lady who is going to do me the honour of becoming my wife." It stung him still more to notice an instantaneous change of manner, that only a sensitive nature would have detected, while, with a second bow, not quite so low, yet somehow more respectful, the other observed, "Then it's all settled, I'm hoping for you at dinner. Allow me to congratulate you!" and cantered off.

"What a pretty fellow!" said Nelly, in a tone of undisguised admiration.

"Most women agree with you," answered Roy, wondering he was not more nettled. "They used to call him the lady-killer in his day."

Her grey eyes opened wide.

"Did he really kill a lady? How horrible! He ought never to have married again!"

John Roy laughed. "You mean the horse, dear," said he. "I thought it was the man."

"Oh! I never looked at the gentleman," answered Nelly. "Who was he? What's his name?"

"Lord Fitzowen—commonly called Fitz!"

"A lord, is he? Well, he don't look half so like a lord as you! Is he going to Newmarket for?"

John Roy did not answer. He was thinking it would be rather difficult work to teach his wife all the ins-and-outs, the little technicalities, the very language of that artificial world into which he was introducing her. They would live in the country, he determined, and only come to London for the present. A man might be very busy in the country with some hunting, shooting, farming, and such useful creature to keep his house. One couldn't have everything. It was a great piece of good fortune that he didn't marry Jane!

And Nelly, clinging to his arm, wondered how she could ever have been so happy without him. His presence was paradise, his absence a blank. All places were alike if she only had *him* by her side.

So they were married in due course of time—exactly one month after the day that he proposed to her on Beachmouth Pier. The wedding was quiet enough. No bishop, no bridesmaids, and a cake of small dimensions from the confectioner's round the corner. The young couple walked quietly out of the hotel to a neighbouring church. Nelly was given away by her nearest male relation, a retired officer, who was *alter residing at Clapham*, who felt and looked in a false position

throughout. Mrs. Phipps wept plentifully in the rector's pew (absent with his family in Switzerland), and the ceremony was performed by an ecclesiastic, somewhat irreverently mentioned as "a clergyman on a job." One very old shoe was thrown by the upper housemaid when the happy couple left the hotel in a cab, and the waiter remained drunk all day. These were the only festivities. The servants agreed that, though Miss Burton had done well for herself, the bridegroom looked old enough to be her father, and the wedding was a tame affair!

Nevertheless, it was over, and they were married as irrevocably and completely as if a primate had officiated, and the whole House of Lords had signed the register.

Nelly was supremely happy; so, in a calmer degree, was her husband. Both had obtained that to which most people look forward as the crowning joy of life, yet it seemed like a dream to read in next day's *Times* the simple and unpretending notice—"Yesterday, at St. Withold's, by the Rev. Joseph Makeshift—JOHN ROY, Esq., of Royston Grange and 907 Piccadilly, to ELINOR, sole surviving daughter of Jacob Burton, Esq., late of High Holborn, London."

"John Roy?" said one or two friends, gleaning the morning papers with cigars in their mouths—"I have often wondered what had become of him. Used to be rather a good fellow. Only surviving child, too; looks as if he had picked up an heiress. Great absurdity marrying after forty, and infernal mistake to get caught before!"

But Nelly's history only began in reality on the day when she felt she was the happiest woman in the world because she stood at the altar as Roy's wife.

CHAPTER VII.

WARDEN TOWERS.

"AND you know her, Lord Fitzowen? What an odd person you are! I believe you know everybody in the world."

"I thought you said she was *out* of the world, Miss Bru. Therefore you were surprised I should have made her acquaintance."

"That's not the question. Where *can* you have met her?"

"Nothing more simple; walking in the Park with her husband."

"Before they were married?"

"Of course. People don't walk together in the Park after they are married, unless they've had a row."

"And he introduced you?"

"Why shouldn't he? Won't you introduce me to *your* husband, Miss Bruce, when the time comes—and the man?"

She smiled, rather wistfully. "Perhaps you know him already," said she. "And if you don't, I am not sure you are a desirable acquaintance. You might lead him into mischief."

"Somebody has been maligning me, and to *you* of all people, in whose good opinion I want so much to stand high. An enemy has done this."

"Not Mrs. Roy, at any rate. She couldn't remember having seen you. I said you were here, and asked her. There, Lord Fitz! There's a come-down!"

"Not a bit. Say a see-saw, if you please; for it's a go-up at the other end. If *she* had forgotten me, *you* hadn't!"

"How *can* I forget you when you're staying in the house? Besides, don't flatter yourself that I ever try!"

"Then I'll wait for a more favourable opportunity, and we'll talk about something else. What did you think of your new neighbour?"

"What did *you*?"

"I thought her—charming!"

"How like a man! As if that conveyed anything! Now, I will do you justice, Lord Fitz. I believe you pretend to be stupider than you are, so I wonder you didn't find out something."

"What was there to find out? I could see with my own eyes she hadn't a wooden leg."

"Indeed! Well, you'll say I am ill-natured, and that one woman always tries to disparage another; did it not strike you she is hardly quite a lady? I don't mean to say she drops her *h*'s, but something very like it. She has never lived amongst the people you and I are accustomed to meet, and I think Mr. Roy feels it. He looked very black at her more than once."

"What a shame! They haven't been married six weeks. If I *had* a wife, now—never mind—I'm not going to commit myself, Miss Bruce. I might say too much."

"If you *had* a wife, of course you would be just as trying as other husbands, but that's no business of mine. I was going to tell you—when we called, papa and I, as we were bound to do at once, being such near neighbours, we found them at home, and I know she was got-up to receive visitors. In fact, she told me so. She called it 'seeing company.' She was well dressed, I must say, not too much, and as handsome as a picture. You seldom see such eyes and hair. But for all that, there's a something. I'm convinced she

is not what I call *thoroughbred*, and yet papa wouldn't allow it. He was completely fascinated, and you know how particular he is."

"Naturally. If I were *your* papa, I should be very particular indeed."

"Nonsense! Don't interrupt. I watched Mr. Roy, and I'm sure he wasn't at his ease. He looked in a fidget every time she opened her mouth. I was sorry for him, and we didn't stay long, though she pressed me to *take* luncheon, and to *take* tea, and hoped I wouldn't *take* cold in the open carriage, and all the rest of it, as kindly as possible."

"And have you taken cold—I beg your pardon—*caught* cold? for if so, you had better not stand here any longer. I shouldn't like your death to lie at my door."

"You haven't got a door, only a latch-key. But for once you talk sense. So draw my skates a little tighter, and we'll practise the Dutchman's Roll round the island and back again. Are you ready? Go!"

During the performance of this exhibition, which is but a succession of outside edges, neither very speedy nor very graceful, I may take the opportunity of explaining how these young people came to be disporting themselves on some five acres of ice, which milder weather would dissolve into a pretty little lake, forming a principal ornament in the grounds of Warden Towers.

Sir Hector and Miss Bruce, a widower and an only daughter, had come to reside here, as their neighbours hoped, for a permanence, having taken a long lease of the place, which, notwithstanding its somewhat feudal name, had been hitherto the home of a retired tradesman, whose asthma compelled him to fight for breath in a warmer climate elsewhere. The house, though built with a turret at each end, was handsome and comfortable, the park roomy enough for a gallop, but not so extensive as to admit of feeding deer, and the gardens were exceedingly well laid out. As Sir Hector observed, "It was a nice gentlemanlike place in which to drivel away the rest of one's life. If Hester liked it, he would never ask to sleep out of the chintz room in the east tower again."

Hester liked whatever suited papa—that is to say, she turned him round her white fingers as an only daughter does turn the father who has learned to believe her a prodigy of infancy, a paragon of girlhood, and in all respects a pearl among womankind. Sir Hector, though his Christian and surnames sounded so warlike, was a mild old gentleman of rather convivial habits and an easy temper, even when tortured by gout. He accepted its pains and penalties with a good humour

that roused the admiration of his friends ; and the moment he resumed the use of his hands, or could put his lame feet to the ground, returned to those indulgences that sustained and strengthened his enemy with a zest only sharper for remembrance of past discipline and prospect of future pain.

To be sure, as he used to declare, "It was a pleasure to be ill when one could have Hester for a nurse ;" and it is but justice to say that no temptation could lure this young lady from her post if papa was either threatened or laid up. Many a time she stripped off riding-habit or ball-dress and sent the carriage back from the very door at the first of those symptoms that her experience told her were fore-runners of an attack. Many an hour did she pass in darkened rooms, measuring draughts, smoothing pillows, reading to him, talking to him, soothing the sufferer with her presence and the touch of her hand, when other girls were sunning themselves in the looks of their admirers at archery-meeting and picnic, or, more delightful still, enjoying a stirring gallop under soft November skies, over lush November pastures, after the hounds.

For in such amusements and pastimes did Miss Bruce take more than a masculine delight. Lithe, straight, and agile, she was a proficient in all those bodily exercises at which ladies are now able to compete on equal terms with the stronger sex. A practised whip, she drove her ponies to an inch ; a capital horsewoman, she rode to hounds (with a good pilot) in the first flight. She danced like a fairy ; could run a quarter of a mile or walk half-a-dozen without the slightest inconvenience, and even professed, though of this she afforded no actual proof, that she was able to jump a gate or a stile. At any rate, for all her softness of manner and grace of bearing, she seemed tough as whalebone, and nimble as a wild deer.

In these days of high-pressure education, she could not but be full of accomplishments ; playing scientific music at sight, singing a second, speaking three or four languages idiomatically, ungrammatically, and with a fair accent. She knew how to work embroidery, knit shooting-hose, and send people into dinner according to their rank without fear of a mistake. On the other hand, she was but a moderate historian, sacred or profane, believed our version of the Bible to be a direct translation from the Hebrew, remembered the Wars of the Roses only because of their pretty name, and suffered hopeless confusion about the Ligue and the Fronde. She could *not* read Shakespeare, she honestly confessed, nor understand Tennyson, had tried to wade through "Corinne" and found it *stupid*, believed she would have liked Sir Walter but for the Scotch dialect, and thought in her heart "Vanity

Fair" and the "Loves of the Angels" the two finest works in the language. Of household affairs she had some vague glimmerings, the result of experience in ordering dinner, and even believed, because she never tried, that she could do her own marketing. Every Christmas she spent a cheque from papa in soup and blankets, which she gave away with a great deal of method and very little judgment. To sum up all, she was a staunch Protestant, a regular church-goer, and she skated to admiration.

Her cavalier, also, performed handsomely over ice or asphalt, on skates or rollers. Both were members of Prince's Club; nor does it necessarily follow, as nameless slanderers would have us believe, that they were therefore utterly lost to all considerations of honourable feeling and even outward decency. It is difficult to understand why a pastime that brings young people together in a glare of light, under the eyes of countless spectators, should have been held up to obloquy as a recognised means of the vilest intrigue; or why a healthy exercise, exacting close attention under considerable effort, should be supposed to cloak overtures and advances that might be made far less conspicuously in the crash of a concert or the confusion of a ball-room.

It seems to me that the black sheep of both sexes must be at a disadvantage when the slightest inclination to either side from a just and equal balance cannot but result in physical downfall. The admirer deposited on his seat rather than his knees may scarcely hope to excite sympathy in his idol, and the idol herself must be well aware that she can never mount her pedestal again if she comes down from it with a sprawl! That Miss Bruce was as wicked a young lady as she was a good skater, I emphatically deny. For her companion's virtues I will not take upon me to answer with the same certainty.

Lord Fitzowen, as Mr. Roy said, "commonly called Fitz," has been about the world for more years than people thought, or, indeed, than he wished them to think.

He was one of those men, happily not very numerous in his order, who, after the first blush of youth, seem to have no object in the world but to amuse themselves. For this levity of disposition and indifference to the real purposes of life he was, perhaps, indebted to his joyous temperament that accompanies perfect bodily health. A famous writer of our own day has expressed the startling opinion that, if people never found their livers out of order, no great work would be accomplished. This is, perhaps, another way of saying that discontent is the origin of progress.

As Fitz, from the time he pounded strawberry messes at Eton till he mixed hussar-broth (a compound of which the *substratum* used to be red-herrings fried in gin) for his brother subalterns at Hounslow, never knew he *had* a liver, and hated, besides, every kind of mental exertion, we may presume that nature did not intend him for one of those "weary brothers" who either imprint or appreciate "footprints on the sands of time." What he did—rather what he did *not* do, if we may be allowed such a contradiction in terms—seemed done remarkably well. He was the best idler in society, and this is saying a good deal in London life, where the art is cultivated with a diligence that cannot but insure success.

Having a title, though an Irish one, a sufficient income, an agreeable person, imperturbable good-humour and spirits, as he said to himself, "forty above proof," it is no wonder that Lord Fitzowen was welcome everywhere, and an especial favourite amongst women.

Nevertheless, with an intuitive perception of the fitness of things, denied to the duller sex, they never expected him to marry. "He's delightful, I know, dear," Miss Bruce observed on one occasion in the confidence of five-o'clock tea, "but as for anything serious, I should as soon expect a proposal from the beadle at St. George's. It's entirely out of Fitz's line!" So he made love to them all round without burning his fingers, and persuaded himself that, with many faults, he was yet a man of strong feelings and sincere affections.

Somehow Fitz always seemed to belong to the prettiest woman present. Although there were other guests at Warden Towers, it was characteristic that he alone should be gazing at a winter sunset with his host's handsome daughter, after completing the Dutchman's Roll to the unbounded satisfaction of both.

"It is time to go in," said Hester, rosy and breathless, looking intently at the red streaks fading into a frosty film behind the island. "How I love this cold, clear weather! I wish it would last all the year through."

"You ought to have been an Arctic explorer," laughed Fitz.

Miss Bruce made no answer, but her eye deepened and the smile faded from her face.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROYSTON GRANGE.

THE cold, clear weather soon began to change. The sun went down red and frosty, but Fitz, looking out of his bed-room window at midnight, observed a halo round the moon, which he described as "her wig," and by breakfast-time a thaw was proclaimed. Spouts trickled, eaves dripped, birds chirped in the laurels, the distant downs melted into grey, and a soft wind blew gently through the fir plantations on the south of Warden Towers.

In such a country house as that over which Miss Bruce presided, the change to "hunting weather" was greeted with a hearty welcome, but at a few miles' distance it produced no little anxiety and discomfort. The Roys were about to give a dinner-party, the first since they came to live at Royston Grange. They had consulted the almanac, made, as Nelly said, a "proper arrangement with the moon," and now, if her light should be obscured by clouds, if the roads were axle-deep in soft white mud, if the floods were out, if the rain came down, if everything conspired to baffle their guests and spoil their party, husband and wife agreed that "it would be really too provoking."

They were together in the breakfast-room of Nelly's new home. She locked the tea-caddy, and fitted its key on a steel ring, among many others, with a certain housewifely care that seemed her second nature; he paced up and down between window and fireplace with an impatience that bordered on disgust.

"If the frost had only lasted over this confounded dinner-party," said he, "it might have rained torrents to-morrow and welcome! I want to get some hunting next week. Now I wish we hadn't asked the Grantons. She's delicate—*very*. They'll send an excuse and not come, or they'll come and not go away. If she catches a bad cold, she'll very likely die in the house!"

"Oh, Mr. Roy!" exclaimed Nelly (she could not yet bring herself to call her paragon by so simple a name as John). "She can have the pink room, poor dear! it is the warmest in the house. And I'm sure I'll nurse her night and day."

"Nonsense, Nelly!" was the marital rejoinder. "I wish I could teach you not to take everything one says *au pied de la lettre*."

"That's French," she answered good-humouredly, "but even in French it saves trouble to say what you mean."

"What I mean is this: if the Grantons throw us over, you must

send all your people in differently. Are you quite sure you won't make a mess of the whole thing?"

She pulled a list from her apron-pocket, written in her own clear, firm hand, and looked wistfully over its contents.

"I dread that part most of all," she whispered, with a loving look at him from her deep grey eyes. "The dinner I can superintend well enough, and arranging the furniture, and lighting the company-rooms. It's what I'm used to. But I *am* afraid of the county gentry; and if once I begin wrong, and march them off out of their proper places, I know I shall get as red as a turkey-cock, and think everybody is looking at me. You see, I never had to do with great folks, dear, till I knew you."

He bit his lip. How could he be angry with this kind and handsome woman who loved him so well? Yet it *was* provoking to be obliged to drill her for these little exigencies of every-day life, it *was* tiresome to be always in hot water lest she should say or do something contrary to that unwritten code which it is so impossible to classify or define. Lady Jane would have given him no anxiety on this score. And yet he could not bring himself to wish he had married Lady Jane!

"Remember, dear," he continued kindly enough, "I take Miss Granton, because she is a viscount's daughter, and Fitzowen takes you."

"Not Sir Hector Bruce?" said Nelly. "He's a much older man. I was always taught to reverence grey hairs. I wish you had more of them."

"Certainly *not*," he insisted. "Sir Hector is a baronet, and of early creation; but Fitzowen is an Irish peer——"

"What's an Irish peer?" asked Mrs. Roy. "I shall never take it all in. I thought one lord was as good as another lord, and I still think a baronet of sixty ought to be of more account than a young whipper-snapper not six-and-twenty. But you know best, of course."

"I suppose I do," he answered drily, and deferred for the present his intention of piloting his wife through the intricacies of Debrett.

But while he smoked a cigar in the stable and consulted with his groom on such inexhaustible topics as the grey's fetlocks and the chestnut's cough, he felt that Nelly's ignorance of conventionalities would be a continual source of irritation to his shy and sensitive nature; that notwithstanding her beauty, her sweet temper, her entire devotion to himself, a woman might have suited him better who was more conversant with his own artificial state of society, that he might even have been wiser not to have married at all. It is but justice to add that he had the grace to be ashamed of such reflections, and dismissed them with a jerk, just as he threw away the stump of his cigar.

Half-an-hour later, while bent on her household avocations, he saw her pause as she passed through the conservatory to tie up a pretty little nosegay prepared for his own button-hole when he should go out. Something of the old thrill he felt on the pier at Beachmont stirred his heart once more. Her attitudes were so graceful, the curves of her figure so true to the line of beauty, her eyes so deep and soft, her features so exquisitely cut, her locks so dark and glossy,—he could not but admit that his wife, in appearance at least, was the most bewitching woman he had seen.

"As far as looks go," thought John Roy, "she will hold her own with the best, and I can trust her to be nicely dressed. While dinner lasts, it will do well enough, but I know what women are. They'll find her out in the drawing-room, and they'll let her see they've found her out. Nelly will lose her head, and say or do something that will make me feel hot all over. I wish we hadn't asked them! I wish the cook would get drunk, or the kitchen-chimney catch fire, or something frightful would happen to get one out of the whole damned thing!"

But the cook and the kitchen-chimney remained staunch to their respective duties. Delicate Mrs. Granton did not send an excuse; on the contrary, she was one of the first arrivals, in a remarkably low dress. Sir Hector, Miss Bruce, and Lord Fitzowen, turned up in due course. By eight o'clock the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room. Nelly received them in turn, with exactly the right amount of cordiality, neither too cold nor too gushing, paired them off, and sent them to dinner, with a sinking heart indeed, but a perfect imitation of high-bred composure, followed them on Lord Fitzowen's arm with gracious dignity, and Mr. Roy began to breathe freely again.

"After all," he thought, "D'Orsay was right. A good heart is good manners ready made. Nelly couldn't have done it better if she had been born a duke's daughter!"

Soup and fish came and went with the usual soup-and-fish conversation. Mrs. Granton asked her host how the new stoves answered in his hot-houses, and whether he should take Mrs. Roy to the Hunt ball? The rest told each other that "it was *really* a thaw, that the frost had been enjoyable enough for skaters, that the change was welcome to those who hunt, and—and—Champagne, if you please," after which the talk became more general and more discursive, not without a few agreeable personalities and remarks occasionally much to the point. The whole affair seemed to go off smoothly, and though the company were chiefly composed of country neighbours, the entertainment promised to be a success.

People were well paired, and this was the more fortunate, as our table of precedence, regulating English society, leaves nothing to chance. Mrs. Granton, a pleasant little woman, with a tendency to mild flirtation, liked both her host and her neighbour on the other side, a young Guardsman, with good spirits, good appetite, and good looks. Two squires, fast friends of thirty years' standing, whose talk was of short-horns, sat together. The venerable clergyman of the parish placed himself next Miss Bruce, a young lady for whom he professed the deepest regard, to which she warmly responded—consulting him on his many charities, and speaking of him in all societies as “a dear old thing!” An unmarried damsel of a certain age, not yet on the retired list, was mated with a veteran admiral, who made up for his weather-worn face and grizzled hair by that frank and kindly gallantry which women find so irresistible, and which, combined with hardy habits and a reputation for personal daring, renders officers of the Royal Navy such universal favourites with the sex. Sir Hector, who sat on the same side of the table as his daughter, sheltered therefore from the warning glances with which she was accustomed to check such imprudences, launched out freely in the matter of savours and sauces, did not refuse champagne, and even asked for a glass of old ale after cheese, though, as Hester observed, “Papa knew it was poison to him. Absolutely poison!” Finally, Lord Fitzowen, who took in his hostess, found himself completely fascinated and enthralled. Her beauty, her good humour, above all, her simple manners, charmed him exceedingly. They were so wholly different from the artificial graces he was accustomed to in general society.

Fitz, though a gentleman, had, I fear, promised himself more mirth than interest in studying the character of John Roy's new wife. He expected her to furnish amusement during the evening, food for laughter with Hester on the morrow, and was surprised to find how completely he had been mistaken.

Quiet and unobtrusive, she seemed yet to take her own place as mistress of the house with a serene and conscious dignity. While paying courteous attention to her guests, no movement of the servants escaped her vigilance. Those deep grey eyes seemed to observe the requirements of all, and the training of her early life, the habit of close attention to trifles, of looking into everything herself, now stood her in good stead.

Nelly was at high pressure, nevertheless. She had no fear, indeed, of the cook's failures, nor of shortcomings on the part of her well-paid and well-ordered establishment, but she sadly mistrusted herself.

She had already learned to stand in awe of her husband's fastidious taste ; she dreaded at every moment to offend it by something she might say or do, and she glanced at him from time to time with an obvious timidity that was not lost on her sharp-sighted neighbour. "Does he bully her?" thought Fitz. "She seems afraid of him. She's not quite at her ease. Good heavens ! If I had such a wife as that, I should worship the very ground beneath her feet !"

Like many of his class, our friend was an enthusiast, and at last believed himself capable of romance and self-sacrifice. Some of the greatest follies on behalf of women have been perpetrated by men of the world, at whom that world invariably expresses a well-bred surprise, wondering they should "not have known better," ignoring the recklessness that stands for generosity, and forgetting how its own treatment becomes at last so wearisome that any change is accepted as an improvement.

It is a sad reflection, but, as the practised angler well knows that to capture fishes of all kinds there is nothing like a change of bait, so for the human gudgeon novelty has a keen and dangerous attraction. A bit of sweet-brier in the cottager's hedge never seems so fragrant as after a walk through the duke's conservatories. His grace himself, when he can get away from his French cook, loves to dine on a simple mutton-chop, and I have always been satisfied that queens and princesses wore the willow for King Cophetua when he placed his crown at the feet of a beggar-maid.

Lord Fitzowen had necessarily been thrown into the society of ladies of high rank—had been refused by the great heiress of one season, smiled on by the great beauty of the next, been a little in love, like everybody else, with the handsomest of duchesses, and had neither lost flesh, nor spirits, nor appetite from the strength of his attachments. But here was a new experience altogether. Apart from her good looks, he had never met any other woman the least like Mrs. R. y, and he studied her with the feeling of admiration and curiosity that a man experiences who, after a night's sleep on a railway, wakes in the streets of a foreign capital that he has never seen before.

The interest, I must admit, was all on one side. Nelly seemed much too pre-occupied to think of anything but her female guests—how she was to get them into the drawing-room—what to do with them when there; whether tea and coffee should be served separately or together, once or twice each; and if she ought or ought not to press everybody to stay a little longer after the welcome moment when their carriages were proclaimed to be waiting at the door?

Fitz could see that his attentions left no impression, and this

indifference only made him the more desirous of standing well in her good opinion.

"I have been presented to you before to-day, Mrs. Roy," said he, stimulated to exertion by a glass of Chartreuse after ice. "You have forgotten *me*, but I have not forgotten *you*."

"Indeed!" answered Nelly. "It's very stupid of me; I hope you'll excuse it. I was never good at remembering faces."

"You were walking with Roy in the Park. It must have been just before you were married. I was riding, and he introduced me. Do you remember *now*?"

"I remember your horse; such a beautiful chestnut! I was always fond of animals. Have you brought it with you to Warden Towers?"

A little piqued, and feeling rather at a disadvantage, Fitz pulled himself together before answering.

"He is in a stable at the village. I rather agree with you, Mrs. Roy; I like beasts on four feet better than on two. May I bring him over some day to renew his acquaintance?"

"Thank you," said Nelly absently. He suspected she had not paid attention to a word. Her faculties were now concentrated on the responsibility of "making the move" to marshal her ladies into the drawing-room. After all, she signalled the wrong one, and, observing a cloud on her husband's brows as she passed out, followed the rustling squadron in their retreat with heightened colour and rather a heavy heart.

Lord Fitzowen, though he filled a bumper of Mr. Roy's excellent claret, leaned back in his chair less talkative than usual. His evening's entertainment had not turned out as he expected, and he found himself thinking a good deal more of his friend's wife than of his friend's wine.

CHAPTER IX.

STRANGERS YET.

WHEN they had talked enough about poor's-rates, short-horns, the scarcity of foxes, and the unpopularity of their Lord-Lieutenant, John Roy sent his brown sherry round for the last time, and suggested coffee in the drawing-room. Entering behind his guests, he stole an eager glance at Nelly, to see how she was getting on.

Yes—it was just as he feared. He had told her particularly to cultivate Mrs. Granton, and there was Mrs. Granton on a sofa with

Miss Bruce, at the far end of the room. The two other ladies in consideration were in close conference over the fire, and his wife sat at a distant table, showing photographs to the mature spinster, who looked more than half asleep.

Roy's anxious, jealous temperament was up in arms on the instant. "Damn it ! Nelly," he whispered, over her shoulder, "don't let them send you to Coventry in your own house !" His glance was unkind, and even angry ; she had never before heard him swear ; with a chill, sick feeling at her heart, she realised, for the first time, how wide a difference there is between marriage and love.

"How can he look at me like that ?" thought Nelly, "and treat Mrs. Granton as if he could fall down and worship her ? If this is good society, I've had enough of it ! I wish I had never seen Beaumont. I wish I had never left Auntie and the hotel. I wish I was dead and buried, and done with once for all, and he'd get another wife, a *real* lady born, who would suit him better, but could never love him half as well !"

If anybody had said a kind word to her she must have burst into crying, but the servants were moving about with tea and coffee, there was an adjournment to the card-tables, and by the time eight of the party had settled to whist, and two to *bésique*, she recovered her equanimity, feeling only unreasonably tired and depressed.

Nelly disliked cards. Lord Fitzowen had "cut out" at the nearest whist table. I will not take upon me to say that he was disappointed when he found his hostess the only other unoccupied person in the room.

A pianoforte stood near the door into the conservatory, which was well lighted, and looked very pretty with its exotics, rock-work, and fountain in the midst. He asked her to play, and Nelly was too shy to refuse, but her courage failed when she sat down ; so they opened music-books, and talked about them instead.

John Roy, sorting a handful of trumps, turned round to see that his guests were amused. "If you like to smoke, Fitzowen," said he, "nobody minds it in the conservatory—only shut the glass door. Take him, Nelly, and show him how."

Lord Fitzowen, thus invited, professed great eagerness to see the conservatory, and was careful to close the door of communication with the drawing-room, though nothing would induce him to light a cigar in the presence of his hostess.

So they walked up and down inhaling the heavy perfume of hot-house flowers, reading their Latin names, and hanging over the gold fish in their basin under the fountain. Finally, they seated themselves

extreme end, and Mrs. Roy, who felt she ought to say something, observed, "It was very quiet and pleasant, after the heat in the rooms. She often brought her work here, and sat listening to the fountain, till she fancied she was miles and miles away."

Lord Fitzowen glanced sharply in her face. No, she was not speaking of the fountain, and seemed simply to state a fact that led to nothing more. He looked at her as if she was thinking, deeply too, but of what—of whom? He had never met him, she puzzled him. This was the most interesting person he ever met in his life!

Lord Fitzowen had penetration enough to see that she was shy and ill at ease. Diffident people have usually a keen sense of the ludicrous. If she could make her laugh, she would feel more at home with him, might hope to obtain her goodwill and friendship—perhaps, her confidence and regard.

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Roy," said he. "I have the same feeling as myself; all this wealth of green vegetables seems to raise me to another phase of existence. I feel like a caterpillar, for instance, in a cabbage-leaf, or a sweep on May-day."

"I don't know about the caterpillar," she answered, with rather a smile. "But I dare say the sweeps are very happy on May-day. They often think that you great people, who do nothing but amuse yourselves, are not half so contented as those who work for their money."

"Every man to his trade, Mrs. Roy. I couldn't earn a shilling at any employment you can name. I was brought up to amuse myself."

"And I to work. Yes, you may laugh; but I was taught from my infancy to gain an honest livelihood. I'm not ashamed of it. I sometimes wish Mr. Roy had been a poor man. He would have known how hard I tried to make him comfortable."

"I don't do *not* feel it now," thought Lord Fitzowen—"and this is the case of the many wives who consider themselves unappreciated and misunderstood;" but he was too discreet to put his sentiments into words, and only answered by a look of sympathy and expectation. He remained silent for a minute, then broke off a sprig of geranium and continued, more to herself than her companion,—

"I wonder if people get on better for being exactly alike in their tastes, or in all respects different. I often puzzle over it for hours when I'm sitting here listening to the drip of the fountain, and watching the gold fish. I dare say they're sometimes unhappy too, but I don't know."

"Fish are *always* discontented," he answered gravely. "with regard to the previous question. I am convinced that husbands and wives ought to be as different as—as—chalk from cheese. A man is the chalk, of course, and the woman the cheese."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," replied Mrs. Roy. "Or perhaps you are not the best judge, being a bachelor."

"How do you know I'm a bachelor?"

She blushed in some trepidation, lest she should have stumbled into another solecism.

"I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I—I was not aware I had not heard of your being married. I hope I have said nothing wrong."

He laughed merrily. "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Roy. I am a beast untamed, a gentleman at large, a virgin page, whatever you choose to call it. When my time *does* come, I hope the lady will be most unlike myself!"

"I dare say she will be very nice," observed Nelly simply. "Whatever you do, Lord Fitzowen, don't marry a woman below your rank in life; partly for your own sake, but a great deal more for her."

His tone was much graver, and he looked in the face of the hostess with an expression of sincere respect and regard, while he answered,—

"Pardon me, Mrs. Roy. There I cannot agree with you. A man is seldom fortunate enough to marry his ideal, but, at least, he should try. Shall I tell you mine? A woman of character, a woman of energy—not afraid to take her part in the business of life, and unashamed to acknowledge it; despising only what is base, and hating only what is wrong. The less she knows of that artificial game we call society, with its unworthy interests and petty artifices, the better. Frank, natural, and simple. I should like her all the more for her utter ignorance of the great world, and a complete indifference to its ways. Now I've told you my notion of a wife, Mrs. Roy. Of course she must be handsome, and have black hair, like yours—something that has nothing to do with it."

Her heart beat faster. He had described a character the very counterpart of her own, and he was an acknowledged judge of human nature, a thorough man of the world, occupying even a higher position than her own husband. Perhaps she had deceived herself, after all, and magnified mole-hills into mountains, from sheer anxiety lest she should fall short of the standard required by that paragon. She looked in Fitzowen's frank, handsome face, and felt that here was a friend in whom she could confide, a counsellor on whom she could

rely. Versed in worldly ways, but untainted by worldly duplicity; wise, good-natured, and experienced, he would point out the path to follow, the difficulties to be avoided; in a word, would teach her to retain her hold on the affections of Mr. Roy.

She pulled to pieces the bit of geranium in her hand, as if absorbed in that occupation, but stole an anxious look at him from under her long eyelashes the while.

"You—you are an old friend of my husband's, are you not?" she asked in a low, uncertain voice.

He had a scale of friendship, regulated on a tariff of his own. "I would lend him a fiver," he thought, "if he wanted it; perhaps a pony. Certainly not a monkey." But though there is a wide margin between twenty-five pounds and five hundred, he felt justified in answering, "Yes, a very old friend," bravely enough.

"Lord Fitzowen," she continued, "if I tell you something in confidence, will you promise not to repeat it to a soul?"

"Honour among thieves, Mrs. Roy. You and I are not thieves, and you may trust me as you would your solicitor."

"I would rather trust you as my husband's friend, and I will. You know, or perhaps you do *not* know, that till we married I never lived among the sort of people I meet now every day. I was respectably brought up, and well educated, Lord Fitzowen, but my father was a tradesman, and my mother a governess. I am not ashamed of them—far from it—only, in such a station it was not to be expected, of course, that I could acquire the manners and habits of the class I have to mix with now. I try to learn day by day, but it is such uphill work, and I have nobody to teach me!"

"They had much better learn of *you*. I beg pardon for interrupting."

"If I ask Mr. Roy, he is vexed, and I cannot bear to see him cross. He seems to expect one to know things by instinct. I am dreadfully put about by little difficulties that you would think the merest trifles. But they are no trifles to *me*! It's like not knowing how to spell a word when you write a letter, and having no dictionary."

"Shall I be your dictionary?"

"Will you? It's what I wanted to ask, only I didn't quite know how. It would be a great relief, for sometimes, I do assure you, I feel at my wits' end. Now I will consult *you*, if you don't mind."

"Mind! I would do anything in the world for you—and for him."

"Thank you, Lord Fitzowen. Don't think me ungrateful because

I say little about it. I feel your kindness deeply all the same. We'll go back to the drawing-room. The whist-players will be wondering what can have kept us so long."

"One moment, Mrs. Roy. Have you any reason to believe there is a ghost somewhere loose about the garden?"

"A ghost! Good gracious! Why?"

"Simply, that for the last ten minutes I have seen a pale, unattractive face pressed against the glass, glaring at us from outside. Square, flat, hard-featured, and not a pretty face by any means."

Nelly's spirits were rising. "Square, flat, hard-featured," she repeated with a laugh, "and not a pretty face by any means. Oh, then I shouldn't wonder if it was Mrs. Mopus!"

CHAPTER X.

MRS. MOPUS.

"Who is Mrs. Mopus?" but there came no answer to his question for already the rubbers had been lost and won; the carriages were announced. A table was set out with brandy, seltzer, ice, lemonade, and cold water, the modern substitute for stirrup-cups of former days, and Lord Fitzowen's hostess was too much engrossed with the ceremonies of leave-taking to spare him any further attention. Nevertheless, when it came to his turn to wish her good-night, she gave him her hand with such marked cordiality, as to excite the observation even of Mr. Roy.

"How do you like our friend Fitz, Nelly?" asked her husband, yawning his way upstairs. "You had every opportunity to-night of forming an opinion."

"I think him very nice," answered Nelly, with a bright smile.

"Most women do," he replied drily, and shut his door.

Almost at the same moment, in the obscurity of a closed landlady's parlour, Miss Bruce asked Lord Fitzowen the same question about Mrs. Roy. Fitz did not respond quite so frankly.

"Wants knowing, I should say," was his verdict. "Very quiet, very reserved. A character like my own, I think. Born to blush unseen; and bloom brightest in the shade."

"You ought to blush unseen in that corner," laughed Henry. "for being such a humbug! If you're both so shy and reserved, Lord Fitz, perhaps you will tell me what you found to talk about for a good hour in the conservatory?"

But Lord Fitz made no answer. He was still ruminating on the question he asked his hostess, "Who is Mrs. Mopus?"

Mrs. Mopus was neither more nor less than the housekeeper at Royston Grange, and in that capacity regarded John Roy's new wife with no small amount of jealousy and ill-will. So long as her master remained a bachelor, visiting his home, at long intervals, to bring with him a houseful of bachelors like himself, with their valets, she found the selection exceedingly to her taste. In his absence, she was an independent sovereign; when he came back, a lady patroness, presiding over an agreeable little circle of gentlemen's gentlemen, with whom her word was law, particularly at supper-time.

She had great opportunities for peculation, of which she availed herself moderately, but with scrupulous regularity; could engage or discharge housemaids, laundry-maids, and kitchen-maids at will, won a series of triumphs over the successive cooks who came and went like the slides of a magic lantern; and after a protracted contest with the Scotch gardener, found herself unquestioned mistress of Royston Grange.

She was a widow, with one good-for-nothing son, alive or dead in Australia, of whom she possessed no other memento than an ill-looking photograph. Energetic, resolute, and persevering, had she been ten years younger, she would surely have tried to marry Mr. Roy; but the looking-glass told her such a scheme was hopeless, and she gave it up almost as soon as it crossed her mind.

When she learned he was going to take a wife, she respectfully tendered her resignation, knowing well it would not be accepted. John Roy (so like a man!), hating all trouble of a domestic nature, begged her, of course, to remain, and for a time she speculated on the chance of his bride being a young, inexperienced woman, whom with her cunning and audacity she might turn round her finger like the rest of the household. It was a serious blow to discover that the new Mrs. Roy seemed as practised an adept in the science of housekeeping as herself, knowing the due consumption of butcher's meat to a pound, of coals and sugar to a lump, that she would no more submit to stealthy pilfering than to open robbery, and was resolved, in accordance with one of the first instincts of womanhood, to be mistress in her own house.

Mrs. Mopus did not yield without a struggle, but in the very first trial of strength found herself so ignobly defeated, less by Nelly's quiet dignity of manner than by her intimate knowledge of the subject in question (a supply of sand-paper and soap for the housemaid's closet), that she determined in future to avoid coming to conclusions

with her new mistress, preferring rather to watch and wait the opportunity offered, and then do her the worst turn that lay in her power.

She had no little knowledge of the world and its ways. John B. who took her from a recommendation, and not a character, was quite satisfied with her own account of how the intervening time—some seven or eight years—had been spent since she left her last situation. She professed to have been in business as a fancy stationer, and to have failed—of course through the rascality of an agent; but the valet of one of Mr. Roy's shooting friends could have told him a different story. She had been keeping a small public-house of a good repute near Croydon, which this worthy frequented when attending certain suburban steeplechases, where he was in the habit of wagering freely with his late master's money. He prided himself, however, on being no less a man of honour than a man of the world, and gave her to understand, doubtless for some practical equivalent, that he had no intention of showing her up. Still, she felt that her position was insecure, her tenure uncertain—more so than ever since the arrival of Mrs. Roy; and she cherished for her new mistress the good-will which animates the bosom of one woman for another who has been thwarted, supplanted, and found her out.

After their supper in "the room," as it was called—an elaborate meal, of which every upper servant felt bound in honour to promote the hilarity and comfort—Mrs. Mopus had contracted a habit of walking out of doors for half-an-hour or so in all weathers and under all circumstances, protesting that she could not get to sleep without this taste of fresh air after the labours of the day. Her real reasons were, perhaps, not entirely sanitary. It might be convenient thus to withdraw for a stated portion of time daily from the observation of the household, and no questions asked! When first she established the practice, she was narrowly watched, no doubt, by her fellow-servants; but in the course of a few months, when nothing came of these nightly wanderings, they ceased to regard them, and Mrs. Mopus found herself free to steal about the gardens and shrubberies wherever she pleased, unnoticed in the dark.

It was thus she held private interviews with the butcher to accommodate certain serious differences concerning the heavy overcharges on which he tried to put her off with a shabby ten per cent., and it was thus, too, that she clandestinely met a neighbouring farmer, sixty years of age and given to inebriety, who made honourable proposals of marriage, broken off prematurely by his being sold-up on quarter-day.

When there was company at Royston Grange, it was her habit in these nightly prowlings to peer through its panes into the conservatory. It amused her to watch the young men who adjourned there for coffee and tobacco, moving about among the flowers, like tropical birds, in their gorgeous smoking costumes. She was edified, too, by the freedom of their conversation, picking up occasional scraps of scandal concerning great people in London, or country neighbours nearer home, of which she would otherwise have remained ignorant. Collating their version of such affairs with that of their valets, she formed her own conclusions, and revolved them in her mind for future use. It was one of her maxims that the knowledge of a fellow-creature's secret (for evil) was as good as a bank-note. The time was sure to come when either he would pay to keep it quiet, or somebody else to find it out.

But her observations had hitherto been confined to the male sex. It seemed a great piece of luck to detect, on this night of the dinner-party, a lady sitting alone with a gentleman in the conservatory; a greater, to discover that lady was Mrs. Roy. Their conversation, indeed, might have been published in the first column of the *Times*; but there is no dialogue so innocent that it will not bear misconstruction, and the listening housekeeper overheard enough to lay the foundation of such a plot as she hoped would undermine the life's happiness of her mistress, estrange her from her husband, and drive her at last ignominiously from her home. If she had any scruples of pity, they were blown into air by Nelly's last remark while she entered the drawing room: "Not a pretty face by any means. Oh! then I shouldn't wonder if it was Mrs. Mopus!"

"And Mrs. Mopus will be even with you yet, before she's done!" muttered the housekeeper, as she crept back through the laurels, shaking with suppressed passion. "What are *you*, my fine lady, I should like to know, for all your stylish looks and your black hair? Why, you're no better born than myself, and no better brought up! If you'd been a real lady, a lady of quality, you'd have kept your own place in the drawing-room, *like* a lady, and not come poking your nose into the linen-closets and the store-room with me. Lady, indeed! If that young gentleman, and he *is* a gentleman, and a lord into the bargain, knew what I do, he wouldn't be so keen to follow you up and down, like a dog at your heels. And Mr. Roy, too; I'd like to hear what he would say to such goings-on. He shall know them, too, that he shall, before he's twenty-four hours older. I've been a faithful servant to him and his for many a long year, and I'm not going to see him put upon now. Not a pretty face, and you

wouldn't wonder if it was Mrs. Mopus ! Yes, it *is* Mrs. Mopus, and that you shall find out, my fine madam, to your cost !"

She was so angry that she went straight to her bedroom, and by the light of a single tallow candle, cogitating her plans, for the night.

Mrs. Roy, meanwhile, unconscious of coming evil, congratulated herself on the success of her dinner-party, and her own observance of those formalities she had so dreaded for more than a week.

"I never made a single mistake, did I?" she asked next morning at breakfast, peeping triumphantly round the tea-urn at her husband.

"Not many," he answered. "You made the move after dinner to the rector's wife instead of Mrs. Granton, and you didn't half take notice of that tiresome old Lady Meadowbank."

Nelly's face fell. "I'm so sorry, dear," said she. "It's nice of you to want to be kind to her, poor woman, for she's a widow."

"Oh! it's not for that," he answered sharply. "You never seem to understand things, Nelly. She owns the best covert in the country."

Mrs. Roy looked rather sad, and held her tongue.

A few such conjugal amenities, a few lectures on the proprieties from Mr. Roy, followed by silent tears, the bitterer that she was heartily ashamed of them, and Nelly began to lose confidence in herself, to dread the very tingle of the door-bell that announced visitors, and to make more conventional mistakes than ever in sheer nervousness and anxiety lest she should do wrong.

If, as has been said, the great secret of oratory is to entertain a thorough contempt for one's audience, so the art of shining in society cannot be successfully cultivated under feelings of diffidence and mistrust of one's own position or one's own powers. Mrs. Roy would glance anxiously at her husband before she spoke, say the wrong thing when she *did* speak, or stop short in the middle of a sentence, as conscious of her blunders, and waiting his instructions to go on; then he would shoot angry glances at her, which made matters worse; and once, after a certain luncheon to which some neighbours arrived unexpectedly, he reproached her for her awkwardness, her timidity above all her silence, and told her—positively told her—"he could bear to see her sitting at the top of his table, mum like a fool!"

The last feather fairly broke the back of her self-respect. She began to long for sympathy, for help, instruction, and advice. Lord Fitzowen would only come, she thought, he might tell her what to do; he was so kind, so considerate, so ready to share with her his experience and knowledge of the world. That very afternoon Lo

Fitzowen *did* come. She saw him ride past the windows while she ~~was~~ sitting disconsolately at tea, and ran to the glass before he was ~~announced~~, to smooth her hair, and make sure her eyes did not look ~~as~~ if she had been crying.

John Roy, marking trees for thinning, met his visitor in the park. "I'd come back with you," said he, wiping his bill-hook on the ~~hedge~~'s gloves he wore, "only I've got so wet among all this under-wood. But go up to the house ; you'll find Nelly at home. She'll be glad to see you ; she's rather in the dumps : it will do her good." And he returned to that most engrossing of all occupations, chopping in one's own plantations, while Lord Fitzowen cantered over the grass to pay his visit of ceremony to Mrs. Roy.

CHAPTER XI.

A WALKING DICTIONARY.

SHE received him with a bright smile, that faded to a look of womanly concern when he gave her his left hand.

"Why, you've got your arm in a sling," said she. "What is it? Nothing serious, I hope. You've had a tumble from your horse."

John Roy would have told her she used the wrong expression. A good rider *falls with* his horse, a bad one *tumbles off*. Fitzowen answered carelessly, "It serves me right for hunting before the frost was quite gone. I've put my shoulder out. It's nothing to signify, and luckily I didn't hurt your friend the chestnut."

"If you had not hurt yourself it would be more to the purpose. Did you ride him here?"

"How could I, Mrs. Roy? He was out hunting yesterday. No. I came over on one of Miss Bruce's ponies."

She jumped to conclusions like a very woman. Of course ! she ought to have seen it long ago. How stupid she had been ! Mr. Roy was quite right when he said she was not fit to find her way about in general society. Miss Bruce and this young nobleman were lovers, and in all probability engaged. She might confide in Lord Fitzowen now without the slightest reserve or afterthought. It was fortunate—providential ; and yet she could not help reflecting that Hester seemed unlike the sort of person he had described as his ideal of a wife.

"I see," she observed after a pause. "Of course you would."

"What do you see?" he asked ; "and of course I would what?"

"Of course you will have some tea. Shall I make it for you? Not so well as Miss Bruce, but the best I can."

"I didn't come here to talk about Miss Bruce," said he, subsiding into a low chair while she handed him his tea. "I am more interested at this moment in Mrs. Roy. Has she had many visitors? Has she given any more dinner-parties? And what has become of the ghost?"

"The ghost?"

"Yes. Don't you remember the ghost I saw looking into the conservatory?"

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Implicitly."

"And in spirit-rapping?"

"I think so, though they never come to rap at *my* door. I believe in everything, Mrs. Roy. That is to say, I believe in one thing as much as another."

She looked grave.

"I don't like to hear you speak so, and you don't mean it, I know. Lord Fitzowen, do you remember what I told you the other night about the ways of society? I cannot understand them. Have people no likings, no affections, no feelings, above all, no standard of right and wrong? or do they simply make a point of *never* saying what they mean? You have lived in the great world; you belong to it yourself. Perhaps you will explain."

"I will if I can," he answered. "You know I promised to be your dictionary."

"It was kind of you, if you *meant* it. I have thought so very often. I do indeed require a dictionary more than most people."

"Then, being yours, I shall at once turn over a new leaf."

"Most men in your position ought to do that," she answered, still thinking of Miss Bruce. "But will you be serious for a moment, if I ask you a question?"

"To please *you*, I will. For no other consideration on earth."

"Then tell me why it is that only poor people and servants are ever in earnest about anything. Mr. Roy is as bad as the others. You are all alike, and it seems to me you don't speak English. If it pours with rain, you call it 'moistish'; if the sun shines, you admit 'it's not half a bad day.' When young Mr. Slowman's horse ran away, and I said it was a great mercy he wasn't killed, Mrs. Granton added, 'and a great pity, too,' and all the company laughed. The Browns have lost every shilling they possessed, but Mr. Roy only thinks 'it's rather a bore for Brown!' Even when that horrid

oman left her husband the other day, and it got into all the newspapers, nobody seemed to consider the wickedness, but everybody exclaimed, 'How could she be such a fool!' Are you really without heart and principles, or do you think it good manners to appear so?"

"There is affectation in every class, Mrs. Roy," answered Fitz, plunging boldly into the question, as knowing he must soon be out of his depth; "and all affectation is vulgarity more or less. In our horror of one extreme, we fall into the other; and for fear we should seem dramatic, we cease to be real. So we are vulgar, too, in our way. And yet, what would you have? It would never do for us to go about proclaiming our likes and dislikes—our hopes, feelings, and opinions. We should be ridiculous; worse than that—tiresome. So we agree to play with counters instead of money, and it comes to the same thing when you are used to the game. Why, if I was to tell you what I am really thinking at this moment, how do I know you wouldn't ring the bell and have me turned out of the house?"

She drew herself up, and looked quite capable of acting precisely as he described; but before her pride could take offence, he rattled on into smooth water again.

"I don't care—I'll risk it with *you*, and run my chance. I was thinking what a flat my friend Roy is to be working like a slave up to his middle in dripping underwood when he might be sitting warm and dry by this comfortable fire in the best of company, over an excellent cup of tea. You haven't rung the bell yet, so I would go on, only I have nothing more to say."

"You have said quite enough," she answered, laughing, "when you presume to call Mr. Roy 'a flat.' But he never takes tea now, as he used; and gentlemen seem to find a charm that is perfectly unaccountable in chopping their own trees."

"I am so glad I never had any trees. Not that it matters, for I suppose I should have cut them all down. But you are making me forget everything it is my duty to remember. Now, what do you think brought me here this afternoon?"

Nobody so good-looking as Nelly could be less of a coquette. Still, it was not in a woman's nature to suppress the obvious rejoinder—

"I suppose it was in order to pay *me* a visit."

"Not a bit. You like people to be rude and sincere, so now I will tell you the truth. I made it *an excuse* to pay you a visit, that I freely admit, but I came charged with a message from Miss Bruce. The hounds meet to-morrow three miles from this house. She is not

going to ride, and would call for you in the carriage if you choose to come. It's a favourite place, and I think I can promise you will be amused."

Nelly's grey eyes sparkled. "I should like it of all things," she answered. "Do you know, I have never seen a hunt in my life? Only I'm afraid it's cruel," she added as an afterthought.

"You must not say 'seeing a hunt.' Your dictionary tells you to call it 'going out hunting;' and as for being cruel, it's—it's—in fact, it's quite the reverse. Then I may tell Miss Bruce you will drive with her?"

"I must ask Mr. Roy. I will, most certainly, if he has no objection."

"What objection *could* he have? I suppose he's not afraid to trust you with Miss Bruce."

"If *you* are not, I don't see why *he* should be," said Nelly, still harping on her own erroneous conclusion.

He looked mystified, but proceeded to the practical details of their expedition.

"Then she will be at your door at half-past ten. Don't ask her to get out, because she will be wrapped up for all day; and if you take my advice, you will put on your warmest clothes too. It's sure to be cold crossing the downs. You must go by the old Roman road. I dare say you don't know the shortest way out of your own woods. Where's the Ordnance Map? I can show you in five seconds."

Now, the Ordnance Map, notwithstanding that it was referred to three or four times every day, hung for greater convenience in the most remote corner of the library; so Mrs. Roy and her visitor adjourned there forthwith; the latter, as his hostess piloted him across the darkening hall, professing grave apprehensions lest they should meet the ghost!

It was already dusk. John Roy, in his wet clothes, made the best of his way home, following a narrow path, through some thick-growing evergreens that led direct to the house. Here he came into collision with an advancing form, shadowy and indistinct enough, but far too substantial in its proportions for a disembodied spirit of any kind.

On one side a scream was suppressed, on the other an oath was *not*; but Mrs. Mopus, perhaps because she expected him, recognised her master before the familiar voice broke out with—

"Who the devil are *you*? And what are you doing here?"

"It is only *me*, sir," she answered softly; "I thought you would be coming home this way, and I slipped out to meet you, Mr. Roy, that's *the truth*. It's right that somebody should be careful of your health."

you that never thinks of yourself. I said you'd be as wet as a sop, and so you are ; but you wouldn't go and change, not if it was ever so, unless I begged and prayed of you, as I always used. I've done my duty by you, Mr. Roy, for a many years, and I'll do it still ; whether others does or doesn't, it won't alter me."

"I believe you have a regard for me, Mopus," he answered kindly.

"But you are always over-anxious, and make a fuss about nothing."

"Old servants will, sir," she replied. "We know when we've got a good master, Mr. Roy. I've laid down dry things to air at your dressing-room fire, sir. That valet of yours is no more use than a post. No doubt Mrs. Roy would have seen to it herself, but she's engaged in the drawing-room with a visitor."

"Is he not gone *yet*?" escaped from John Roy's lips, with an involuntary expression of surprise.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered the housekeeper. "It's no business of mine, sir, to watch the gentlemen as comes to visit your lady. I keep to my place, I hope, Mr. Roy, though, of course, my thoughts are my own."

"Thoughts ! What do you mean by your thoughts?"

"Well, sir, you mustn't pay much attention to what I say ; I'm a little upset this afternoon with one thing and another, and I can't forget you've been a kind master to me for many a long day. Get into the house, sir, as quick as you can, and change from head to foot."

Now, the shortest way into the house was by the drawing-room windows, of which the shutters had not yet been closed for the night ; and past these windows Mrs. Mopus thought well to follow in her master's wake, though her own dominions lay in another wing. Suddenly she came alongside, and addressed him in a troubled whisper. "I ask your pardon, sir," said she—"I've deceived you, sir, regarding the gentleman who came to visit Mrs. Roy. He must be gone long ago. See, there's nobody left in the drawing-room, and the fire is nearly out."

"All right, Mopus," he answered, shutting the house-door ; but he muttered to himself as he tramped upstairs, "That woman must be going out of her senses. What can it signify to *me* whether there's anybody in the drawing-room or not?"

Nevertheless, during the process of undressing, her words and manner recurred to him more than once, always with increasing uneasiness and a vague feeling of suspicion.

Did she mean anything? If she meant anything, why couldn't she speak out? Was there anything to mean? Anything wrong going

on in the household that he ought to know? She seemed to imply much. No doubt it would come out in good time—to-morrow or the next day. He need not worry himself. Nelly would see to it and make everything right. Then he started in his slippers, and rushed to the window. The clatter of hoofs could be heard from the stable yard, and Fitzowen's good-humoured voice conversing with the helper as he led his pony out.

For one moment the room seemed to turn round, the next he muttered, "It's impossible!" and resumed his dressing calmly and methodically as before. But the "it" was not so easily shaken off, and, after attending him through the successive stages of his toilet, he accompanied him downstairs to assist at a *tête-à-tête* dinner with his wife.

Nelly was brilliant, and seemed in better spirits than usual. She looked forward with pleasure to her expedition on the morrow, and felt gratified by Lord Fitzowen's kindness in coming to suggest it for the day. John Roy, on the other hand, ate little and spoke less; but contrary to his usual habits, which were strictly temperate, drank two or three glasses of wine in quick succession.

It is one of the drawbacks to matrimony, that two people are seldom precisely in the same humour at the same time. Should the husband be helped twice to mutton, the wife is pretty sure to send her plate away untouched. If *he* is inclined to talk, *she* probably has a headache, and the lady is prone to broach subjects involving personal discussion when the gentleman wants to go to sleep. While the servants were in the room, Nelly did her best, but it is hard to keep the shuttlecock of conversation going with only one battledore, and, as she originated topic after topic, they fell successively to the ground. At last, when dessert was placed on the table, and the door shut for the last time, she made a great effort, and asked her husband, point-blank, "What was the matter?"

"Why?"

It was a discouraging reply, and she continued timidly—

"You seem out of spirits, dear, and you scarcely ate a morsel. Either you didn't like your dinner, or else you're not well."

"The dinner was no worse than usual," he answered ungraciously; "and I don't see why you should say I'm not well, because I can't jabber about nothing, with three servants in the room. A man needn't ask his wife to excuse him, I suppose, whenever he feels tired?"

"Or cross," she replied hastily, for his tone cut her to the quick.

"Or bored," was the unkind rejoinder. "I think that's near the mark."

Her eyes filled with tears, and after five minutes of painful silence she left the room.

But in less than half an hour her sweet and generous temper re-asserted itself. When tea came she gave him his cup with as bright a smile as usual, drew his arm-chair to the fire, and handed him the newspaper as if no cloud had ever come between them; she even bent her beautiful head over him to whisper softly that she "had spoken in haste, and begged his pardon, because she was in the wrong."

John Roy's heart smote him, and for a moment he esteemed her as "excellent a wench" as ever Othello thought Desdemona: but again there came between them the vague and unacknowledged shadow cast by the inexplicable bearing of his housekeeper, and he could not refrain from asking himself over and over again, though not without a certain bitter self-contempt, "What *could* Mrs. Mopus mean?"

(To be continued.)

LEARNING AND HEALTH.¹

IN this day the cultivation of the mental faculties is made to hold the first place in education. There be some who still maintain the superiority of physical over mental culture, and there be many who insist on the necessity of a high degree of physical culture of certain extreme and artificial kind. But, as a rule, the favour once too exclusively tendered to a purely physical training is on the decline. The admiration which once was bestowed on men of great strength has almost ceased in civilised circles. Physical strength may, if it show itself in some singular and abnormal manner, create for a time an excitement and noise, but the excitement ends in the silence that follows clamour. Men who perform great feats of strength are no longer heroes to be courted and immortalised. Hercules himself would be a nine days' wonder in these days. The evidence now is fairly clear, moreover, that men who even combine heroism with physical power are not the demigods they were. In war, the man in these days, who displays the deepest skill and cunning in the management of troops is the great general. It is not necessary that he should lead a column or expose himself to danger for a moment. His power lies in his knowledge, and his knowledge is his power.

To attain knowledge is one of the most desired objects, and so much of admiration of man for man as yet remains (it is not really very much) is expended on those who show the greatest mental gifts or possessions. The admiration, estimated at its true value, feeds vanity rather than veneration. Men who wish to be honestly admired see no mode of having what they long for except by the acquisition of knowledge and the toilsome display of it. They are frequently disappointed; more frequently, I fancy, disappointed than satisfied when they even attain to all they aspire to as scholars. They feel themselves, perhaps justly know themselves, to be great scholars and yet, how little are they recognised above the common people who are well-to-do and are no scholars at all! But what other course is open to laudable ambition?

There is in this way induced, therefore, a strain after knowledge

¹ *Lecture delivered at the London Institution on Monday, January 14, 1878.*

as a means of getting that remaining part, that skeleton of distinction which so soon will be put up as a curiosity of the past.

The acquisition of much knowledge has, however, another meaning and object beyond mere ambition. In this so-called practical day it is imagined that knowledge must be extended without limitation amongst the young in order that it may be limited without extension amongst those who have passed their youth and have become engaged in the practical affairs of life. School days and student days must be given up to the attainment of mastery over subjects included in the whole domain of the human understanding. The days of active life, in which men are made or marred, must be devoted to the perfect mastery, or supposed perfect mastery, of one particular subject. Branches of great divisions, and in time branches of divisions of great divisions, and in time again branches of little divisions derived from the secondary divisions, must be made the subjects of special study by special men.

It is very singular to observe in common conversation the expression of these two lines of mental activity. A fond parent, speaking in terms of admiration of his son at school, unfolds with pride the school report. His boy has been working with a zeal that cannot be too much applauded. In that monthly report sheet the lad has the highest number of marks in Greek and the same in Latin. He fails only one mark from the highest in Latin exercise, he is equally near the top in French, and in German he is but one lower down. In what is called English he is third, in Grecian history second, in Roman history first, in English fourth. In geography he is first, in chemistry fifth, in natural philosophy second, in mathematics third, algebra third, in arithmetic first, in mental arithmetic second, and in writing fifth. Poor boy! what a month of close work has been spent on that long list. Four hours of school in the morning, three in the afternoon. Lessons after school, assisted by an intelligent and active tutor devoted to the progress of his pupil, and very determined, though so exceedingly kind, for three hours and sometimes four hours more.

The father is delighted with the progress of the son. Suppose, however, you take the father on these very subjects, and see his position in respect to them. In nine cases out of ten you find that for him such learnings are vanities. He tells you he has no time for the gaining of any information on other subjects save the one which is the matter of his life. You may hear him say of men placed as he is, that they must keep to the single calling. Division of labour is the soul of success. In these times, to master one subject is to do

all that is required. An accomplished man ! Where is there such a man, and of what use is he if he do exist, which is improbable? An accomplished woman : Yes, an accomplished woman is now and then met with, but she, too, is rare, and not of much use either; but women have more time, and may be excused if they let their minds run after many things in learning.

This picture may perhaps be thought to have a mercantile or business character of too exclusive a kind. I do not think so. In science the same kind of argument is not wanting in respect to the young and to middle-aged men. The student of science must, in the period of his studentship, go through the whole range of scientific learning. He must struggle for his degrees and get them. Once through the ordeal necessary for so much successful winning, he must settle down into minuteness ; he must find some little point in the great world he has tried to traverse, fix on that, and seek to live on it in competency and reputation. He must touch no one else in his course, and let no one touch him. His magic circle, his ground of specialistic thought, is to be considered sacred. The same fashion for I cannot call it a principle—nay, I cannot, without abusing the word, call it a method—is maintained in the professions ; in two of them, the medical and the legal, in the most marked degree. A modern medical student, through the ordinary term of his studies, from the day he enters school until the day he gets his diploma, may work like a galley-slave at the whole world of natural science, and then, having seized his envied prize, may settle in life to the exclusive study and practice of disease of some section of the animal body. To be successful, he cannot draw the line too sharply round his particular pasture. Into that no man must enter unless he have a pasture somewhat similar, and such an one is not over welcome. In deference to other men of other pastures, our man of men must not go out of his own. If he knows another department even so well, he must not profess to know it—it is out of his line.

In legal pursuits the same kind of exclusiveness obtains, and I think in some instances in a more marked degree than in medicine.

It is fortunate for the Church that, with all her backslidings and troubles, she has not yet tumbled down to so low a position as her sisters have. It is of happy omen for the clergy that they must keep up their learning as general scholars. It is more than happy that in their case division of labour is not recognised as profitable ; for if they were to begin to specialise, if one clergyman were to take one sin for special study, and keep to it all his life, and another a different sin ; if one took up the cure of swearing, for instance, and another

of theft, and another of lying, the confusion of the modern learned world would be complete indeed.

This introduction to present modes of learning and application of learning would well befit an essay on the subject of learning, as a practical development of civilisation not altogether in accord, as it is now carried on, with the welfare of our race. I trust soon some scholar, whose heart is on education as mine is on health, will be bold enough to declare the unity of knowledge, the connection of it with wisdom, and the utter vacuity that must soon be witnessed if the current fashion be allowed to follow its fragmentary, self-repulsive, and self-destructive course.

To me it falls to oppose the system of modern education as destructive of vital activity, and thereby of strength of mental growth. It is my business to declare that at this time health and education are not going hand in hand; that the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint.

I cannot sit day by day to see failure of young brain, and of brain approaching its maturity, and of brain that is matured, and tamely accept the phenomenon as necessary and therefore to be endured. To see the errors that prevail and not to speak of them were to be silent on errors which would lead a nation into trained feebleness, which shall lead to new generations springing out of that feebleness, and to the propagation of a community that should no more be illuminated by those greatnesses of the past who, in less learned but freer times, gave forth the noblest of noble poetry, the most wonderful of wonderful art, and a science, philosophy, and literature that have been hardly mortal. Such a poetry as Shakespeare has poured forth; such an art as Gainsborough, and Reynolds, and Turner, and Herschel, and Siddons, and Kemble, and Kean have presented; such a science as Newton, and Priestley, and Davy, and Young, and Faraday have immortalised; such a philosophy as Bacon and Locke have contributed; and such a literature as Johnson, and Scott, and Dickens have, in the freedom of their intellectual growths, bequeathed for ever. To me, observing as a physician, the appearance and development of these men, under the circumstances in which they appeared, is natural, the mere course of nature untrammelled, regular, and divinely permitted; not forced but permitted, Nature being left to herself. To me, observing as a physician, the appearance of such men in similar greatness of form is at this time an all but impossible phenomenon. The men truly may appear, for Nature is always reproducing them, and the divine permission for their development is equally good now as of yore; but the development is checked by human interference, and thereby

hangs the reason of the impossible. Nature produces acorns for future oaks, and is as free as of yore that oaks should make forests; but if the young oaks be forced in their growth, and when they are approaching to maturity be barbarously compressed, head and trunk into narrow unyielding tubes, there will be no forests, nor so much as spare representatives of the forest, amidst the brushwood of commonplace meadow or bare ploughed field of mental life.

If it be true that education does not go hand in hand with health, it is vain to expect that education shall bring forth the first fruits of knowledge, and, what is more important, of wisdom. My argument is, that the present modes of education for the younger population, and for the older, are not compatible with healthy life; and that education, therefore, is not producing the mental product that is required for the steady and powerful progress of the nation.

There are many faults in the processes of education of the young which tell upon health in a direct mode. There are faults in the construction of schoolrooms still: there are faults in respect to discipline in schools: there are faults in respect to punishments in school life. I do not at this moment dwell on these, and for the simple reason that they are departing errors. No one who has watched the improvements which have been made in schools during the past twenty years can fail to see how markedly they have advanced; what care is taken to secure good ventilation; how clean and warm the modern schoolroom has become, compared with the schoolroom of the past day.

No one, again, can doubt that the discipline of the modern school is much more correct than it used to be, and that the manners and customs of scholars in school, and out of school, are superior in every particular. Scholars are cleaner than they were, less brutal than they were, and less subjected to those painful school accidents which, in our forefathers' time, were wont to leave their marks for life.

Lastly, it must be obvious to all that the law of kindness in schools is fast replacing the modes of ruling by the rod, and other forms of punishment, which once stood out as solemn and legalised barbarities: modes which hardened many hearts in their first days, and broke more than they hardened; modes which have left their impress even yet in the men and women whom they trained into transmissible forms of character and mind.

I may, then, leave these departing shadows on the schoolday health, that I may touch more definitely on the shadows that are now deepening and daily falling.

EDUCATION IN CHILDHOOD.

The first serious and increasing evil bearing on education and its relation to health lies in too early subjection of pupils to study. Children are often taught lessons from books before they are properly taught to walk, and long before they are taught properly to play. Play is held out to them, not as a natural thing, as something which the parent should feel it a duty to encourage, but as a reward for so much work done, and as a rest from work done; as though, forsooth, play were not itself a form of work, and often work of a most fatiguing nature. Play, therefore, is not used as it ought to be used—as a mode of work which the child likes, but rather as a set-off against a mode of work which the child does not like, and which in nine cases out of ten he does not like because it is altogether unfitted for his powers; because Nature is protesting, as loudly as she can and as plainly as she can, that the child has not arrived at a period of growth when the kind of mental food that is forced on it is fitted for its organisation.

For children under seven years of age the whole of the teaching that should be naturally conveyed should be through play, if the body is to be trained up healthily as the bearer of the mind. And it is wonderful what an amount of learning can by this method be attained. Letters of languages can be taught; conversation in different languages can be carried on; animal life can be classified; the surface of the earth can be made clear; history can be told as story; and a number of other and most useful truths can be instilled without ever forcing the child to touch a book or read a formal lesson.

Under such a system the child grows into knowledge, makes his own inventory of the world that surrounds him and the things that are upon it, and, growing up free to learn, learns well, and eats, and sleeps, and plays well.

In a child trained after this method, not only is health set forth, but happiness likewise,—a most important item in this period of life. Priestley, who was as good an observer of men as he was of inanimate nature, was accustomed to say of himself, with much gratitude, that he was born of a happy disposition; that he was happy by heredity. So, in all his great trials—in his failures as a speaker because of his defective stammering habit; in his difficulties as a theologian; in his persecution as a presumed politician, flying for his life, having his house burned to the ground and all the treasures he valued most flung out of window to a senseless, drunken, groaning mob; in all these trials, and others to come,—the cruel cutting of his colleagues of the Royal Society, and the final parting for ever, in his old age, from his beloved England that he had served so well; in all these trials, I say, which so few could have borne, he sustained the full share of his

hereditary gifts, his mental happiness and health,—or I should not say, his health, and therefore his happiness.

But this blessed health, which so distinctly propagates itself, never at any period of life so tried as in the first years. Then it is confirmed or destroyed, made or unmade.

In this period, in which so many die from various causes, Nature herself, at first sight, seems to set up continued irritations. It is only that she seems, for if she were allowed she would do all her spirit gently, even to the cutting of teeth and the modification of digestion to modification of food.

It is in this period that education is too often made for the first time to stand at variance with health. It is in this period that the enforced lesson too often harasses, wearies, and at last darkens the mind. It is in this period that the primary fault is committed of making play a set-off against work, and a promise of a good game an inducement for the persistence in hard labour.

What is constantly attempted to be taught in this period of life is the saddest detail. I have known a regular imposition of work per day equal to the full complement of natural work for many a man or woman. There are schools in which children of eight, nine, and ten years of age, and, it may be, younger children still, are made to study from nine o'clock until noon, and again, after a hasty meal and an hour for play, from two to five in the afternoon, and later on are obliged to go to lessons once more preparatory for the following day.

The bad fact is, that the work is actually done, and as the brain is very active because it is diverted from its natural course, the child it belongs to is rendered so unusually precocious, that it may become a veritable wonder. Worse than all, this precocity and wonderful cleverness too often encourages both parents and teachers to press the little ability to some further stretch of ability, so that the small wonder becomes an actual exhibition, a receptacle of knowledge that can turn up a date like the chronological table of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," give the whole history of Cleopatra, to say nothing of the Needle, carry you through a Greek verb without a stop, and probably recite a dozen selections from the best poets.

This is the outside of the marvellous picture. Let us look at the inside of it, as a skilled eye can easily look and read too. These precocious coached-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it. If you look at the tongues of these children, you see them to be furred or covered with many red points like a strawberry, or to be too red and very dry. If you inquire into the state of the

appetite, you find that the appetite is capricious ; that all kinds of strange foods are asked for, and that the stomach never seems to be in order. If you watch the face for long, you note that the frequent flush gives way to an unearthly paleness. If you watch the eyes, you observe that they gleam with light at one time and are dull, depressed, and sad at another, while they never are laughing eyes. Their brightness is the brightness of thought on the strain, an evanescent and dangerous phenomenon. If you feel the muscles, they are thin and flabby, though in some instances they may be fairly covered with fat. If you inquire as to the sleep these children get, you hear that it is disturbed, restless, and sometimes broken. In a healthy child the sleep comes on irresistibly at an early hour, and when the eyes are shut and the body composed, the sleep is carried out till waking time without a movement of position of the body. You ask the healthy child about his sleep, and he says that he is simply conscious of having closed his eyes and opened them again. But these unhealthy over-taught children have no such elysium. They sleep, perchance to dream ; to dream during half the night, and to be assailed with all the pressures and labours of dreams ; passing through strange abodes and narrow crevices which it seems impossible to squeeze into ; and waking in a start, with the body cold, in what is commonly called a nightmare, and sometimes in somnambulism or sleep-walking. The bad sleep naturally leads to a certain over-wakeful languor the next day, but, strangely enough, it interferes with the natural advent of sleep the next night, so that sleeplessness at night becomes a habit. The child must be read to sleep, or told stories until it is off, and thus it falls into slumber fed with the food of dreams, worries, cares, and wonders.

In this period of early education, first state of what may be fairly called the intemperance of education, the recreations that are adopted for the little scholar are often as pernicious as any other part of the system in which he or she is trained. During the day-pastimes, a want of freshness and freedom prevails, almost of necessity, in large towns ; and this want is often made worse than it need to be by inattention or deficiency of knowledge.

In a town like London there are three classes of children, all of whom present different aspects of health.

The children of the poorer people, the children that play in the open streets and round the squares, are constantly found to present the best specimens of health in the whole child community. If these children are well fed at home, and have moderately comfortable beds, and are not put to work for hours too long, they are singularly healthy in many instances, even though they be the denizens of courts,

mews, and alleys. It is true that numbers of them inherit sad constitutional diseases ; it is true that numbers of them exhibit deformities of the skeleton, owing to the circumstance that during their infancy they were not properly fed with food that will yield bone-forming structure ; still, amongst them are the ruddiest and healthiest of the town communities. They owe their health to the free and out-door life.

There is next a class of children belonging to the well-to-do. These are taken out for walks in the public parks and gardens, or are driven out, and if they be permitted really to enjoy the outing, and are not harassed with long lessons at home or at school, they are bright and healthy, though it is rare for them to present all the natural ruddiness and strength of the spring-time of life.

There is a third class of children who, least fortunate, lie between the rich and the poor, and who belong to the middle trading classes. The parents of these children are anxious, for the most correct of motives, that their young people shall not run wild in the streets to mix with children who are of a different class and under different influences. At the same time, they are unable to send their children out to the parks or suburbs as their wealthier neighbours are. The consequence is that these children are kept close at home or at school. They have to live in small rooms badly ventilated or irregularly ventilated, and albeit they are well clothed and well fed and comfortably bedded, they grow up all but universally unhealthy.

These children are they who specially suffer from too close work at books and educational labour generally. They are usually very pale, muscularly feeble, and depressed in mind. They grow up irresolute, and yield a large—by far the largest—number of those who fill up the death-roll of that disease of fatal diseases, pulmonary consumption.]

For fourteen years of my life I was physician to one of the hospitals in this metropolis to which so many of those who are afflicted with consumption find their way. Twice, and occasionally three times a week, the duty of inquiry into the origin of this disease came to my share of professional work. The field of observation was extensive, and no fact was yielded in it so definitely as this fact, that the larger proportion of the consumptive population have been brought up under the conditions I have named above: in close schoolrooms, during school hours far too prolonged, and then in close rooms at home, where other work, in confined space, filled the remaining lifetime.

It is to be confessed that many practical difficulties lie in the way of parents of children of the classes I have just named. But there are no insurmountable difficulties to improvement. An intelligent public demand for an improvement would very soon lead to

tension of what are called garden schools for the young, in which teaching by amusing lessons, or games of learning, in a pure air and in ample space, would secure all the advantages which are now so much desired. In our large and splendid Board Schools, which are becoming distinct and beautiful social features of the age, something towards this system is approached, if not attained.

EDUCATION IN BOYHOOD.

In the education which is bestowed on the young in the next stage of life,—I mean, on those who are passing from the eleventh to the sixteenth or seventeenth years of life,—the errors committed in respect to health are often as pronounced as in the earlier stage.

This period of life is in many respects extremely critical. The rapid growth of the organs of the body, the still imperfect and imperfect condition of the most vital organs: the quick changing, and yet steadily developing form of mind, which, like the handwriting, is now being constructed: the imitative tendency of the mind: and, not to name other peculiarities, the intensity of feelings in the way of likes and hates:—all these conditions, physical and mental, make this stage of a human career singularly liable to disorders of a functional or even of an organic kind. For one organ of the body, or for one propensity of the mind, to outgrow, or out-develop another or others, is the easiest of all proceedings in this stage of life, unless care be taken to preserve a correct balance.

The lines of error carried out in this period run in three directions at least, all tending to impair the healthy and natural growth. The first of these errors is *over-work*, which often is useless over-work. The second is deficient skill or care in detecting the natural *character of ability*; in other words, the *turn of mind*, and it may be said *capability*, of the learner. The third is the system of forcing the mind into needless *competitions*, by which passions which are not intellectual but animal feed the intellectual soul with desire, and, by creating an over-development of the nervous-physical seats of passion, make or breed a soul of passions which may never be put out in after life, until itself puts out the life abruptly by the weariness it inflicts.

I have sketched from a trustworthy record the work of learning imposed on a pale and nervous boy at a school the discipline of which is by some felt to be rather light than heavy. Any four of the subjects therein named were really sufficient to occupy all the natural powers for work of that young mind. Five of the subjects, Latin or Greek, English, Arithmetic, History, and French or German language, with writing superadded as an exercise, would be the

extreme of lesson work a prudent care would suggest. For the exercises of the mind eight hours of work would be necessary, if this period of labour were enforced, with two hours for meals, ablutions, and four hours for play, it would require all the remaining ten hours, out of the twenty-four, for sleep, in order to supply perfect renovation of body, that extra nutrition which growth of developing organs of the body so rigorously demands. But it can never be conceived, in respect to the human animal, that growth is labour. To put a horse into harness at too early a time of life, and to make it work hard as it is growing, is considered the most ignorant of processes; while to work a growing child has probably now than at advanced periods of life, is often considered the most correct and vigilant of processes.

This educational training has, according to my experience, one result,—a reduced standard of health and life. Boys and girls subjected to it are rendered pale, thin, irritable, feverish, restless at night, and feeble. A thoroughly good diet, and brisk play, and kind and sympathetic encouragement, may diminish the evil, and I am bound to say often do diminish it; but these aids, at their best, do no more than diminish. The root of the danger remains, and for delicate children the aids are a poor shield against the diseases of lungs, of heart, of nervous system, that are ever threatening and giving cause for alarm. How easily such over-worked children take cold during vicissitudes of season, how severely they suffer when they are attacked with the epidemic diseases—the common experience of every practising physician proves. For these diseases are themselves of nervous origin, and find the readiest place in exhausted nervous nature.

So the brilliant boy or girl of the school, whose intelligence has pre-illuminated the world, too frequently dies, and the dull boy or girl, the hulk of the school, escapes back to health from variations of it. And alas! say the admiring mourners of the dead, alas! it is true, "whom the gods love die young." Alas! it is false, I say. Whom the gods love die old; go through their appointed course, fulfil their appointed duties, and sink into their rest, knowing no more of death than of birth, and leaving no death-stricken mourners at their tombs.

The breach between health and education in the period of studentship now under consideration is further evidenced by the method that exists,—and as a necessity exists in a bad system,—making no practical distinction between one learner and another in relation to physical capacity and power. It is one of the faults of the system of punishments for those unfortunates who have broken the laws of the land that the same labour is inflicted constantly

persons of entirely different physical power, so that either half a punishment, or a double punishment, may be imposed for the same offence. This is most unfair even to criminals. It is not a bit more unfair than the system in school classes of teaching every one the same. To take the boy who has an inherited tendency to consumption, or to heart disease, or to insanity, and to place him under the same mental régime as another boy who has none of these proclivities, but is of healthiest parentage, is almost a crime in ignorance. And when it is the fact that the healthiest boy in a school is, in all probability, himself overworked, it is not difficult to detect that in respect to work imposed on pupils passing from the eleventh to the seventeenth or eighteenth year, it is impossible for health and education to progress side by side, and develop lustily together.

I said there was a second course of error in education at the period of life now under consideration. That consists in failing to allow for difference of mental capacity and turn of mind in different learners. There are many minds of neutral tendency; minds that can take in a certain limited amount of knowledge on almost any and every subject, but which can never master much in anything. These minds, if they be not unduly pressed and rubbed out, or flattened down, become in time respectable in learning, and sometimes imbued with the plainest common sense. These minds bear at school much work with comparatively small injury, for they are admittedly dull, and great things are not expected of them, and great things are not attempted by them. These minds do the necessary work of mediocrity, in this world, an important work enough,—the work of the crust of the intellectual sphere.

There are two other very different orders of minds. There is the mind analytical, that looks into details in business, into elements in science, into figures and facts in civil and natural history. In the school such a mind is good at arithmetic; good at mathematics; good at facts and dates; good at niceties of language. In these directions its lessons are pleasures, or, at the worst, are scarcely labours. There is again the mind constructive or synthetic; the mind that builds; that uses facts and figures, only, in the end, for its own purposes of work; which easily learns principles of construction; which grasps poetry and the hidden meaning of the poet; which is wonderful often for memory, but remembers the whole, rarely the parts of a theme; and which cannot by any pressure inflicted on it, or self-inflicted, take fast hold of minute distinctions.

The true intellect of the world, from the first dawn of it until now, has been made up of these two distinct forms. They seem antagonistic; they are so; but out of their antagonism has come the

light of knowledge and wisdom. They are the representative of knowledge and of wisdom. The first is knowing, the second is two distinct qualities, though commonly confounded as one.

In the small school of the youth, as in the great school of the world, these representative orders of mind are ever present. The mistake is, that they are so commonly confounded, and the change is made in the mode of study to fit the taste of the one or the other.

The consequence is that lessons are given to the advanced student which he cannot possibly grasp, and to the beginner student which he cannot possibly master. Under these conditions both chafe and worry and weary, and still do not get on. They fall into bad health, grow fretful and feverish, are punished, slighted, and otherwise made sad and, it may be, revengeful. If they be unduly forced, they grow up unhealthy in body and mind. They grow up feeling as beings who have in some way missed their way in life. The occupation into which they have drifted, and in which they have become fixed, is not congenial to them; at last they fall into listlessness, and, seeking in amusements and pleasures for the treasure they have lost, are trodden in the dust of the intellectual sphere,—the great mediocrity.

I said there was a third course of error in educational training in this period of life, and I noted that as the prize system forcing of young minds to extremes of competition in learning, this system is bad fundamentally. I have been assured by experienced teachers that it is bad as a system of teaching, and that not only so, but the demand for it on the parts of ambitious parents and teachers could make them permit it as a part of their work. They are obliged to them, as prize days draw near, to devote excessive time to the most earnest of the competitors. They say that the attention of the whole school is directed towards the competitors, who have special admirers, and so the masses, who, from fear or from want of ability, do not compete, are doubly neglected, are neglected by the teachers to some extent, and are forgetful of their own prospects. The interest they take as to the success of their idols. In this case those that are weakest are least, and those that are strongest are most, assisted—another illustration of the proverb, "To him much shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

I cannot undertake to confirm this judgment myself, but it sounds like common sense, but I can affirm that in the matter of education, in interference with that blessing, the prize system stands at the head of *guilty of the guilty*. You have but to go to a prize distribution

in the worn and pale and languid faces of the successful the effects of this system. And when you have seen them, you have not seen a tithe of the evil. You have not seen the anxious young-old boys or girls at the time of the competition ; you have not seen them immediately after it ; you have not seen them between the period of competition and the announcement of the awards. You have not seen the injury inflicted by the news of success to some, and of failure to others who have contested and lost. If you could, as through a transparent body, have seen all the changes incident to these events ; if you could only have seen one set of phenomena alone, the violent over-action and the succeeding depressed action of the beating heart, you would have seen enough to tell you how mad a system you have been following to its results, and how much the dull and neglected scholars are to be envied by the side of the bright and, for the moment, the applauded and flattered and triumphant.

These bad physical results the physician alone sees as a rule, and he not readily, since the evil does not of necessity appear at the moment, nor does he nor do others see the remaining evils from the physical side. It requires a look into the mental condition produced by the competition, to the effect of that condition on the passions, and to the influence of the passions on the nutrition and maintenance of the body, to know or surmise the secondary mischiefs to health which these fierce mental struggles in girlhood and boyhood inflict on the woman and the man.

While this lecture has been in preparation I have received from Dr. Holbrook, the editor of the *Herald of Health* of New York, one of his miniature tracts on Health, in which he records the experiences of men who have lived long, laborious, and successful lives, and the reasons they assign for having enjoyed such prolonged health and mental activity. The tract before me contains letters from two men of great eminence, namely, William Cullen Bryant and William Howitt. A part of William Howitt's letter so admirably expresses the lesson I am now endeavouring to teach that I quote it in full. It refers to his early life, and its perfect freedom of learning :—"My boyhood and youth were, for the most part, spent in the country ; and all country objects, sports, and labours, horse-racing and hunting excepted, have had a never-failing charm for me. As a boy, I ranged the country far and wide in curious quest and study of all the wild creatures of the woods and fields, in great delight in birds and their nests, climbing the loftiest trees, rocks, and buildings in pursuit of them. In fact, the life described in the 'Boy's Country Book' was my own life. No hours were too early for me, and in the bright sunny fields in the early mornings, amid dews and odour of flowers,

I breathed that pure air which gave a life-long tone to my lungs that I still reap the benefit of. All these daily habits of climbing, running, and working, developed my frame to perfection, and gave a vigour to nerve and muscle that have stood well the wear and tear of existence. My brain was not dwarfed by excessive study in early boyhood, as is too much the case with children of to-day. Nature says, as plainly as she can speak, that the infancy of all creatures is sacred to play, to physical action, and the joyousness of mind that give life to every organ of the system. Lambs, kittens, kids, foals, even young pigs and donkeys, all teach the great lesson of Nature, that to have a body healthy and strong, the prompt and efficient vehicle of the mind, we must not infringe on her ordinations by our study and cramping sedentariness in life's tender years. We must not throw away or misappropriate her forces destined to the corporeal architecture of man, by tasks that belong properly to an after time. There is no mistake so fatal to the proper development of man and woman as to pile on the immature brain, and on the yet unfinished fabric of the human body, a weight of premature, and, therefore, unnatural, study. In most of those cases where Nature has intended to produce a first-class intellect, she has guarded her embryo genius by a stubborn slowness of development. Moderate study and plenty of play and exercise in early youth are the true requisites for a noble growth of intellectual powers in man, and for its continuance to old age."

EDUCATION IN ADOLESCENCE.

In the education that is bestowed on the young in the period of their adolescence, namely, from the seventeenth or eighteenth to the twenty-second or twenty-third years, there is, I regret to say, no redeeming quality in regard to health as an attendant consideration.

Young men and young women who are now presenting themselves for the higher-class examinations at our universities and public boards are literally crushed by the insanity of the effort. It has happened to me within the past year to have under observation four of these victims to the inquisition of learning.

In one of these examples, where success, so called, crowned the effort, in addition to many minor injuries inflicted on the body, the absence of memory has succeeded the cram, so that names of common places are for the time quite forgotten; while the subjects that were got up so accurately have become a mere confused dream in which all that relates to useful learning is inextricably buried.

In another of these competitors, the period of competi-

ded with an entire absence of sleep, and thereby with that excitation which leads almost to delirious wandering of mind. Here we are led to an extreme depression, to a forgetfulness of the reason, failure, and to a listlessness on all subjects it will take months to

In the third example to which I refer, sleeplessness, labour, and excitement brought on an hereditary tendency to intermitting action of the heart, to unsteadiness of power, and thereby to uncertainty of result, which almost of necessity led to failure of attempt. Even in an instance of this nature, backed by all the assiduity that industry and patience and industry could support, was obliged to fail, because the physical force was not at hand to keep the working body in accord with the mental power. Ignorant of what they were after, examiners who were putting on the screw were not examining mental qualities of this youth at all, but were really trying how his heart would hold out under their manipulation.

In the fourth instance, it was my duty to decide whether a youth, brought up just to the condition for going into the inquisition, should, or should not, and wearied with the labour, bloodless and sleepless, run the risk—being quite ready for it,—or should, at the last moment, take months' entire rest, and then be got up to the same pitch of lifeless-ness and misery again.

Is there any occasion to wonder at these phenomena? One of the members of my profession has a son who originally was a lad of parts, and who, after undergoing the inquisition, had to wander for months in travel, helpless in mental and physical state—"he is like an idiot," said his father to me, than anything else. Is there any occasion to wonder at these phenomena, I repeat? None. In some of these inquisitions each examiner can pluck from his own store, and there are several examiners. Ask one of those examiners to answer the paper of another examiner, and see what he would do. An unhappy student has to answer them all.

The system is doing sufficient evil to men; but what is to happen in the world if women, anxious to emulate, are to have their way, and, like moths, follow their sterner mates into the midnight candle of competition? Up to this time the stability of the race in physical and mental qualities has greatly rested on the women. Let the fathers do as they might—in this age dissipate and duel and fight; in that age smoke, drink, and luxuriate; in another age run after the vain shadows of competitive exercises, mental or physical; still the women remained initiated, so that one-half the *authorship* of the race was kept intact of *reasonable and responsible beings*. In other words, there were

mothers as well as fathers. But if in these days women, and the infection of the present system, succeed in their clamorous admission into the inquisition, and mothers thereupon go on as they certainly will, just in proportion as they go in, the case will be bad indeed for the succeeding generations.

Some wise man has given us, if we would read his lesson come to the moral of this kind of effort in the wonderful story of Babel.

It is quite true. You cannot build a temple that reaches to heaven, though all the world try. It is not, that is to say, by forcing the minds of men to learn, that man can penetrate the secrets of nature and know them. If one learned man could seize and comprehend and apply the knowledge of two learned men, there might be a progression of knowledge in geometrical ratio, and soon, in truth,

Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

To this Nature says *No*; and when the attempt is made, she comes to it by the interruption she sets up, through the corporeal mechanism to the mental strife and contagion.

To let this struggle against Nature progress up to confusion of tongues, in which one learned man shall not understand another, is a far easier thing than many suppose: for Nature is unswerving in her course, and the struggle now is far advanced towards its natural consummation.

For a time yet it may be necessary to subject men who are to take part in responsible professional labours, in the practice of which life or property is concerned, to certain efficient tests as proofs of knowledge and skill. Such examinational tests may easily be conducted without being made in any sense competitive, and without in any sense doing an injury to health and life.

At best, such tests are arbitrary, and define no more than the capacity of a man at the period of his entry into manhood. At that period there is presented but one phase of mental life among many varying phases; and to let the brand of superiority stamped at that age, however distinguished the superiority then may be, stand forth as the all-sufficient distinguishing mark for a lifetime, would indeed be, and indeed is, unjust foolishness.

It is a very bad system that suggests such a mode of obtaining a claim to permanent superiority, and the effects of the present system are shown as most mischievous in this very particular.

The man who succeeds in gaining these great competitive honours is usually content to rest on them, and rarely wins other distinction *in after life*. It is doubtful whether the training is not fatal to *after distinction*, and whether the great geniuses of the world

would ever have appeared at all, if, in their early days, they had been oppressed by the labour, strain, and anxiety of the competition on the one hand, or had been bound by the hard-and-fast lines of dogmatic learning on the other. I believe myself that great after distinction is impossible with early competitive superiority gained by the struggles I have indicated, and that the evils now so widespread amongst our better-class communities will find their full correction in the circumstance that the geniuses of the nation and the leaders of the nation will henceforth be derived, unless there be a reformation of system, from those simple pupils of the board schools who, entering into the conflicts of life able to read, write, and calculate, are left free of brain for the acquirement of learning of any and every kind in the full powers of developed manhood.

Be this as it may, I am sure that the present plan, which strands men and women on the world of active life, old in knowledge before their time, and ready to rest from acquirement on mere devotion of an automatic kind to some one particular pursuit, is directly injurious to health both of body and mind.

Continued action of the mind and varied action of the mind are essentials to length of life and health of life, and those brain-workers who have shown the greatest skill in varied pursuits, even when their works have been laborious, have lived longest and happiest and best.

The truth is, that when men do not die of some direct accident of disease, they die, in nine cases out of ten, from nervous failure. And this is the peculiarity of nervous failure—that it may be fatal from one point of the nervous organism, the rest being sound. A man may therefore wear himself out by one mental exercise too exclusively followed, while he may live through many exercises extended over far greater intervals of time and involving more real labour if they be distributed over many seats of mental faculty.

Just as a sheet of ice will bear many weights if they be equally distributed upon it, but will give way and break up at one point from a lesser weight, so the brain will bear an equally distributed strain of work for many years, while pressure not more severe on one point will destroy it in a limited period, and with it the body it animates.

CONCLUSION.

Let health and education go hand in hand, and the progress of the world, physically and mentally, is sound and sure.

Let the brain, in the first stage of life, make its own inventory: distress it not with learning, or sadness, or romance of passion. Let it take Nature as a *second mother* for its teacher.

being rendered a receiving agency : allay rather than encourage ambition : do not push on the strong, but help the feeble.

In adolescence, let the studies, taking their natural bent, be more decisive and defined as towards some particular end or object, but never distressing, anxious, or distractingly ambitious. Let this be a stage for probation into the garden of knowledge, and of modest claim to admission there ; not for a charge by assault and for an entry without declaration and standard and claim of so much conquered possession.

And for the rest, let the course be a continued learning, so that with the one and chief pursuit of life other pursuits may mingle happily, and life be not

a dissonant thing
Amid the universal harmony.

My task is done. I find no fault with any particular class, neither of teachers nor pastors nor masters. I speak only against a prevailing error, for which no one is specially at fault, but for which all are somewhat at fault, however good the object had in view may be.

What we now witness in the way of mental competition is but the old system of physical competitive prowess in a new form ; and when the evils of it are seen, and when the worse than uselessness of it is detected, it will pass away as all such errors do when the universal mind which sustains them sees and appreciates the wrong that is being done. I believe sincerely that the errors I have ventured to describe, and which at this present, separate health from education, will in due time be recognised and removed.

In a leading article last year in one of our powerful and widely-read newspapers on a lecture of mine delivered in this place, there was an expression of regret that I, as a man of science, should deal so earnestly with subjects so trivial as these. Suppose the subjects to be trivial, and then in answer I might fairly say there are mites in science as well as in charity, and the ultimate results of each are often alike important and beneficial. But I deny the triviality. I ask, if these subjects, which refer to the very life-blood of the nation, be trivial, what are the solemn subjects, and who are dealing with them ?

I read in another and scientific paper, that to state facts of a similar order to those I have now related, to a public as distinct from a strictly professional audience, is a sure means by which to hurt tender susceptibilities, and of a certainty to give to some a cause of offence. To that criticism I reply, as I conclude, in the words of the good St. Jerome ; " If an offence come out of truth, better is it the offence come than the truth be concealed."

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDS.

PAPAL ELECTIONS AND ELECTORS.

THE conditions under which a Papal Election will be held in future will differ much from those under which any former occupant of the Chair of St. Peter has been chosen. Before now, Popes have been realmless sovereigns, have held their seat as it were on sufferance, surrounded by the territories of unfriendly or actively hostile potentates, have had their dominion threatened by the spirit of a restless age; but the combination of circumstances surrounding the closing years of Pius IX. have had scarcely a parallel in history. His pontificate, so remarkable in many things, is not the least so in the unprecedented length of time it has lasted. His occupation of the papal throne has exceeded thirty years; and, alone amongst Pontiffs, he has seen more than "the years of Peter." The average duration of a pontificate has been estimated at about thirteen years; and Pope Pius has had the singular fortune of so far exceeding the time usually allotted by fate to his predecessors that not a single cardinal survives of a creation senior to his own.

There is a prevalent but ill-founded belief that no person is eligible to the Papacy who is not a member of the Cardinalate. But, legally, the number of eligible candidates is not thus restricted. As a matter of fact, both Popes and anti-Popes have been not only not cardinals, but sometimes even laymen. One Pope, Adrian V., lived and died without taking orders. The fable of Pope Joan could hardly have obtained the wide credence that was long given to it, had it not been generally held that the qualifications necessary to a candidate for the papal throne were not such as to exclude all but those who belonged to a body so limited in number as the Sacred College. Though that fable has long been exposed, the length of time during which it passed for true, and the unhesitating faith with which it was almost universally accepted, form an interesting historical episode in more ways than one. It showed, for example, what—even in the "ages of faith"—was the estimate readily formed of the character of the successors of St. Peter. Its exposure and demolition by two non-Catholics, Blondel

and Bayle, are an early and remarkable instance of that historical criticism which, in the hands of the Destructive school, has removed to the domain of legend so many matters long thought to be worthy of belief.

Whoever invented the story, showed considerable imagination and power of invention. It runs as follows : About the middle of the ninth century, a young woman of Mainz, having fallen in love with a monk, resolved to run away from her home, and gain admission to the monastery to which her sweetheart belonged. She was received into the establishment as one of the fraternity, and continued for a long time to enjoy the society of the man whom she had followed undiscovered and unsuspected. At length they eloped together, and travelled over various countries of Europe, visiting—amongst other places—Athens, where the disguised young woman studied and made great progress in profane law. From Athens she went to Rome, in which city she became a student of and proficient in sacred learning. Her engaging manners and address, as well as her reputation as a scholar *utriusque doctrinae*, brought her into notice, and she began the duties of a professor. Her lectures, like those of Hypatia, were delivered to audiences comprising the most learned and best born of her contemporaries. She gained, in fact, so great a name for learning and sanctity, that at the death of Leo IV., in 855, she was unanimously elected his successor. Whilst on the throne, she filled the place of her monkish lover by admitting to her society a cardinal who held an office in the palace. At length, after a reign of nearly two years and a half, she was seized with the pains of labour during a procession, and gave birth to a child in the street, dying on the spot. Another story relates that, on the discovery of her sex, she was stoned to death. However or whenever the legend arose, it was long believed. "Till the Reformation," says Gibbon, "the tale was repeated and believed without offence; and Joan's female statue long occupied a place among the Popes in the cathedral of Siena."

But although it is a fact that not cardinals only are eligible to the papal throne, it is equally true that no one below that rank has been chosen Pope for exactly five hundred years; Urban VI., elected in 1378, being the last who was not a cardinal. Still, so little is the possession of the red hat considered an essential qualification, that even as late as 1758 votes were cast, and were received without objection, for an ex-general of the Capuchins who had never borne the cardinalian dignity. It may be fairly assumed that a practice which has received the sanction of so long and so undeviating a custom will only be diverged from under very exceptional circum-

ces, more so probably even than those in which the Holy See is present placed.

For more than eight hundred years the elective franchise has been in the hands of the cardinals and of none others. Previous to the eleventh century, the cardinals took part with the rest of the clergy in the election of a Pope. Nicholas II. issued a decree in 1059, limiting the right of election exclusively to cardinals, and giving to the rest of the clergy and to the people of Rome the right of proposing, and to the Emperor that of confirming it. The body of cardinals, or Sacred College, has, since the latter part of the sixteenth century, been fixed at seventy members. The title is not strictly an ecclesiastical one, but merely signifies a dignity or honour of the Roman Church. In its origin, it was undoubtedly connected with, and derived from, the service of the Church; but it is at present, and for many centuries has been, almost an equivalent of a high title of nobility granted by a secular sovereign. His Holiness, being an ecclesiastical monarch, and his court an ecclesiastical court, it is binding on all members of the latter, so long as they are attached to it, to wear an ecclesiastical dress. Lay *Monsignori*, who are functionaries of the papal household, do not lay aside the priestly uniform nor lawfully marry as long as they hold office, but on resigning it may do both. Cardinals are not ordained or consecrated, but are created by the Pope as sovereign. Their office is indispensable, and it is asserted that there is no tangible objection to the Pope's naming as cardinal any layman who is either a bachelor or a widower.

The term *cardinal* is derived from a Latin word meaning a hinge, though the bearers of the title were the "hinges," or supports, of the Church. Another derivation, but one now generally set aside, is from another Latin word, *incardinatio*, which signifies the adoption into the Church of a priest of a foreign communion. In the early ages of the Church the title signified the incumbents of the parishes of the city of Rome. It was sometimes applied to the chief cleric of parishes in other cities, in old documents certain French *curés* being styled. It should be noted that when a cardinal priest was promoted to a bishop he vacated his cardinalate, being supposed to be promoted to a higher dignity. In the Councils bishops long continued to take precedence of cardinals. The King of France, Louis XIII., at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was the first to grant to cardinals the precedence over ecclesiastical peers, bishops, and abbots. The seventy members of the Sacred College are divided as follows:—Six cardinal bishops, fifty cardinal priests, and fourteen cardinal deacons. This division is in many cases only nominal.

Bishops frequently hold the rank of cardinal priest, and priest of cardinal deacon ; whilst, on the other hand, there are cardinal priests who have only taken deacon's orders.

The six cardinal bishops are the suffragans of the Pope in the quality of Metropolitan of the Roman "province." The sees are those of Ostia, Santa Rufina et Porto, Sabina, Palestrina, Albano, and Frascati. The cardinal priests and deacons bear the title of some church in Rome. Several are bishops of particular dioceses in their own countries at the same time, still they bear the title of the church of which they were made cardinal. The cardinal of the Prudentiana, for example, need have little more to do with the church dedicated to that saint than the Duke of Wellington has to do with the town of that name in Somersetshire. During the height of the temporal power of the Holy See many cardinals resided in Rome, employed in either the spiritual or temporal administration. Those who were without sufficient private means or valuable benefices were supposed to receive from the papal exchequer an allowance of £800 a year, on which, however, they had to pay a heavy income tax of ten per cent. The privilege of wearing the red hat is said to have been granted by Innocent IV., in the thirteenth century, as an emblem of their readiness to shed their blood for the Catholic faith. For a century and a half before, they had been allowed to wear red shoes and red garments. In the year 1630 they were given the title of Eminence, having been previously designated Most Illustrious, and this title they shared with the Grand Master of Malta and the ecclesiastical electors of the Holy Roman (German) Empire.

Cardinals may, with the consent of the Pope, lay aside their rank and return to secular life ; and many have done so. Even those in holy orders have been permitted to divest themselves of both rank and orders, and to marry. Ferdinand Medicis¹ was authorised to quit his rank of cardinal, to become Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and Cardinals Maurice of Savoy and Rainaldo of Este to succeed to high secular place and to marry. Casimir, brother of Ladislas, King of Poland, on the death of that monarch, was permitted, though a cardinal and a member of the Society of Jesus, to return to secular life and to marry his deceased brother's widow. More than once permission has been granted to a cardinal to resign his state and marry, for the purpose of preventing the extinction of the family of which he was a member. Cardinal Ferdinand Gonzaga received such permission, and married a woman of inferior rank. Becoming

¹ For these remarkable cases, see Mr. Cartwright's book, *On Papal Condemnation*, pp. 120 et seq.

tired of his low-born wife, he obtained the Pope's authority to repudiate her and marry a daughter of Duke Cosmo Medicis. To Cardinal Vincenzo Gonzaga, a brother of Cardinal Ferdinand, it was granted to give up the Church that he might marry a lady, a relation of his, of whom he was enamoured.

Cardinals who are laymen are prohibited from voting at papal elections unless furnished with a specific dispensation from a Pope. But this dispensation has been so rarely granted that they are almost invariably compelled to take orders before being admitted to a Conclave. Still, there is an instance on record of a lay cardinal, and one who afterwards married, having taken part in an election. Also, at the death of the Pope in 1823, Cardinal Albani had not been ordained, and had frequently expressed an intention of abandoning the purple in order to marry so as not to let his family become extinct. But the opportunity of voting having occurred, he made up his mind to take deacon's orders, so that he might take his part in the Conclave. The right of voting is held to be indelible in all who bear the title of Cardinal; and has ever been alleged as a reason for withholding permission to return to secular life. Indeed, the Supreme Pontiff himself cannot take away this privilege, this being the sole limitation placed upon his authority. Even excommunication does not carry with it deprivation of the franchise inherent in the cardinalian dignity. This remarkable provision originated in mistrust of the way in which a Pope might use his plenary authority. By degrading cardinals who were opposed to him, he might disfranchise all but those prepared to vote for a successor who might be his nominee.

It is said that, though cardinals have undergone various punishments, and have even been executed, there is no instance of their having been permanently deprived of the right of voting. Several cardinals were found guilty of having conspired against the life of Leo X., and one of them was put to death in prison. Two others were sentenced to be degraded and stripped of their right of either voting or being elected; but the sentence was cancelled before the occurrence of an election. One of these two cardinals was again convicted of conspiracy under Leo's successor, and imprisoned, but he was let out to vote at the ensuing election, and this, too, although the Pope almost at the hour of his death issued a Bull ordering that he was on no condition to be released. In the last century Cardinal Cascia was found guilty of fraud and scandalous speculation, and was sentenced to a heavy fine, ten years' close confinement, deprivation of his see, and absolute degradation from the Cardinalate. The Pope, however, on reflection rescinded the sentence, and restored to the delinquent the right of voting for his

successor, with the sole proviso that the majority of two-thirds of the votes cast—the number necessary to election—should not be made up by his individual vote. In the end the Cardinal was released from prison simply to vote in Conclave, and was taken back there when he had done so.

It is not every cardinal who is in full possession of the rights and privileges generally belonging to the order. A person upon whom the dignity is conferred is not immediately entitled to all the advantages of the Cardinalate. Though invested with all the symbols of his new rank, he may not claim to utter an opinion or share in the active duties of the Sacred College until his mouth has been "unsealed" by the Pope. The custom of late has been to make the nomination in Consistory and the unsealing of the mouth parts of the same ceremony; but the law on the subject has not been altered, and is held to be still valid if put in force. The modern practice has the advantage of removing the doubts that have occasionally arisen as to the propriety of cardinals "with mouths unopened" recording their votes at a papal election. There is a further distinction between cardinals who have been "promulgated," that is, whose names have been announced in full Consistory, and those *in petto*, or merely decided upon mentally, whose names have been noted only "in the breast" of the Pontiff in secret. Persons so nominated may live and die in ignorance of the dignity to which they have been mentally appointed. It is not uncommon for the Pope who so nominates to write down on a paper, carefully sealed up and secured, the names of those destined to receive the dignity, leaving their full creation to the honour of his successor, should a vacancy of the Holy See occur before their promulgation by himself. The origin of this curious mode of advancing to an honour is to be found in the necessity which occasionally arose of concealing from all but the members of the Sacred College the names of those to be added to its ranks. But of late it has been the practice not to reveal them even to that august body, but simply to announce in Consistory the number of persons upon whom His Holiness proposes to confer the dignity. Such announcement is taken as equivalent to a substantive addition to the College of Cardinals; and it is accepted that so many vacancies as there are nominations *in petto* have been filled up. Members of religious orders, if nominated cardinals, continue to wear the habit of the order to which they belong, and do not use silk, and are thus distinguished by dress from their fellows. The last Pope, Gregory XVI., who was a Camaldolese monk, wore, as a cardinal, a garb of white.

The persons eligible to the Chair of St. Peter, and those who are

qualified to elect to it, having been enumerated, it is proper to relate what takes place when the Holy See becomes vacant, and to describe the plan upon which the election to fill the vacancy is conducted. It is alleged that nothing but death can put an end to the reign of a Pope. Legally, neither abdication nor the delegation of his functions to a regency is permitted: he must die in "harness." Time has wrought many changes in the organisation of the Papal Government, and it has approached more and more nearly to that of lay administrations in secular states. During the lifetime of the Pope, the personage next to himself in importance is the Secretary of State. But at the decease of a Pontiff the latter functionary is superseded by a more imposing personage—the Cardinal Camerlengo. This official ranks high in the table of precedence of the Roman Court. Formerly he filled the offices of Minister of Finance and Chief Secular Judicial Authority. So much has he fallen from his high estate, that until very recently the place of Cardinal de Angelis, formerly Camerlengo, was allowed to remain unfilled for some time, His Holiness summoning a Consistory to nominate a successor to him only on September 21st, 1877. The Holy See once vacant, the importance of the Camerlengo really begins. He proceeds to the chamber in which the Pope has died, and, striking the door with a gilt mallet, calls him by name. Of course to this summons no answer is returned. He then enters the room, taps the corpse on the forehead with another mallet of silver, and proclaims that the Pope is indeed dead. The death is then announced to the inhabitants of Rome by the tolling of the great bell in the Capitol; the bell carried off from Viterbo by the forces of Mediæval Rome, when they subdued the former city, at the end of the twelfth century. During the interregnum between the death of one Pope and the election of another, there almost ceases to be a Papal Government. This continued to be so down to a late period of the time that the temporal dominion existed. The sittings of the law courts were suspended; and the work of every branch of the administration was confined to mere routine. Formerly the jails were thrown open and the prisoners released, but this custom has been somewhat modified. Still, at the death of the last Pope, in 1846, prisoners guilty of only slight offences were set at liberty.

Most of the high officials held office only during the lifetime of the Pontiff. His decease therefore rendered many important posts vacant; and by an ancient custom, and in remembrance of ancient times, the civic authorities resumed the government of the city. But their rule was tempered by the power of the noble houses and by the

lawless habits of the mercenaries and armed retainers whom they kept up. The consequence was, that for a long period Rome, during a vacancy of the Holy See, was in a state of dreadful turmoil. Every noble assumed the right of garrisoning his palace, and forbidding any police, save his own, to come into his neighbourhood. Some great families were strong enough, not only to maintain their right to act thus, but also to get it recognised. As late as the year 1700, during an interregnum, a regular campaign was carried on between the retainers of a Roman prince and the city police; the cause being the entry of the latter within the precincts in which the nobles claimed to exercise authority. This was not at all an isolated case of lawless violence, and the history of Conclaves contains many stories of bloodshed and disorder owing to the relaxation of authority at such times. So common were serious riots, that a duty attaching to the office of Camerlengo, that of securing the pontifical effects and taking charge of the keys, owes its origin to the necessity that arose of putting an end to the established custom, of a riotous mob forcing the palace and rifling it of its contents.

Amongst a people like the Italians, who are fond of investing in public lotteries, it is not surprising that the opportunity of gambling during the sitting of a Conclave, by betting upon the successful candidate for the Papacy, should be fully taken advantage of. To such an extent was this carried, that Pius IV. issued a Bull to prohibit the laying of wagers on a pending election. In spite of this, the betting went merrily on, and the principal goldsmiths and bankers seem to have kept regular offices for the accommodation of "investors." The odds were regularly quoted from day to day; "favourites" were up in the market and receded; and some terrible riots sometimes occurred between the backers of rival candidates.

The cardinals assembled to elect a Pope form a "Conclave." The proceedings of this body have been regulated at various times by different Popes. A new Pope may not be elected till the tenth day after his predecessor's decease. It is hoped that time will then be given for cardinals at a distance to arrive at the place of election, for the performance of the obsequies of the deceased, and the preparation of the building in which the Conclave is to assemble. From this it will be seen that the interregnum must last at the least ten days. The elections have frequently been very protracted; and the Western Church has more than once been for years without a head. The longest interregnum on record is that which ensued on the death of Clement IV., in 1268. From the assemblage of cardinals which met at Viterbo to fill up the vacancy, the present system of Conclaves is sometimes said to be derived. For two years and nine months

assembled cardinals failed to make a proper election. The magistrates of Viterbo, by the advice, it is said, of St. Bonaventure, locked them up in the pontifical palace in which the Pope had died in a view of keeping them there until they had made their choice. One cardinal, it is related, seeing his companions daily praying that

Holy Ghost might come to their assistance, profanely suggested that the roof of the hall should be removed, or the Spirit would never be able to reach them. The hint was too good to be lost. It was communicated to the citizens, who, headed by one of their magistrates, took off the roof, hoping by exposing the electors to the inclemencies of the weather to expedite their decision.

Many injunctions have been issued with the object of shortening the time consumed in elections. The imprisoning of the cardinals in the Conclave was made obligatory. They were to inhabit a single hall in common. One window only might remain open. If no one was chosen within three days, but one dish should be served at dinner and at supper; after five days, the bill of fare was to consist only of bread, wine, and water. No cardinal was allowed to profit from any benefice falling vacant during the continuance of the Conclave. These regulations were subsequently softened; and at present it is understood that the cardinals are permitted all the comforts and amusements they may desire.

Until the death of Pius VII., in 1823, it had long been the rule to hold Conclaves in the Vatican; but from that date the elections have always taken place in the Palace of the Quirinal. That building is now occupied by the royal family of Italy, and it is hardly possible that another Pontiff will be elected within its walls. When the Conclave is held in the Vatican, the floor of the spacious hall was covered with little wooden huts of two rooms, one of which was assigned to each cardinal. These huts were marked with the letters of the alphabet, and the cardinals drew lots for choice of them; each put his arms on the one that fell to his share. The cells of all cardinals who owed their creation to the deceased Pope were hung with violet, a token of mourning; those of the others were hung with green. The cell of the cardinal on whom the choice fell was given up to the attendants on the members of the Sacred College assembled in Conclave. The cardinals were strictly confined to the first floor of the palace, and all the windows and apertures in it were closed up, except a small portion to admit light. But since the holding of Conclaves in the Quirinal these customs have fallen into disuse, a large and convenient corridor, with numerous rooms off it, being used by the electors.

The number of servants and functionaries attending upon the Eminences is large. Of these the most important are the conclavists or private secretaries, of whom two are allowed to each cardinal. On all the obligation of secrecy is imposed. Many privileges attach to the position of conclavist, amongst others a share in a handsome sum of money at the close of the election. As may be supposed their influence is often very great. An amusing story is told of one who nearly obtained his patron's election by a kind of practical joke. He went to each cardinal individually, saying that, as his master Cardinal Cueva, would never be elected, it would be merely paying him a compliment if the person addressed would record his vote for him. He actually succeeded in getting promised thirty-two votes out of a total of thirty-four; and the trick was only discovered by the accident of two of the electors comparing notes as to the way in which they proposed to give their votes.

When the obligatory nine days have expired, the cardinals attend mass and hear a sermon, and then walk in procession to the place of meeting. The public is admitted to the building until three hours after sunset on the first day. A bell is then rung three times, and the master of the ceremonies, by the command "*Extra omnes*", obliges all unauthorised persons to withdraw. The apertures are then walled up and the principal doors bolted. Each cardinal then goes through the form of proving his identity. The voting, since the Quirinal has been used, takes place in the chapel. Every elector is provided with a table and writing materials, and there are other tables apart for such as do not wish to make use of their own special ones. The voting is by ballot on closed papers, unless the members of the Sacred College are suddenly inspired with a single wish, and unanimously "acclaim" the same person, or arrange a compromise between opposing parties, and delegate the power of choice to a limited committee. The voter's name is written on the voting paper for reference and verification if necessary, and the paper is sealed with a seal which must be used at all ballots throughout the duration of the Conclave. A majority of two-thirds of the voters present is essential to a complete election. Three cardinals are chosen as scrutators to examine and count the papers. If no candidate is elected at the first meeting, the voting takes place in the morning and the afternoon of each day until a decision has been arrived at. At the afternoon voting no votes can be cast except for some one whose name had appeared on some of the papers handed in in the morning. So uncertain is the falling of the choice considered, that the popular proverb concerning Conclaves runs, *Chi entra Papa, va*

Cardinale—He who goes in as most likely to be Pope is sure to come out still a Cardinal!

The Governments of France, Austria, and Spain have a recognised right of *veto* on the election of any particular cardinal. The Spanish Crown availed itself of this right of *veto* as late as 1831. The prohibition must be made known before the required number of votes have been cast for the person aimed at; as, if he can once count the requisite two-thirds majority of voices in the Conclave, he is Pope beyond the power of *veto*. The office of objecting to certain individuals is usually entrusted by the Governments who desire to exercise their privilege to some confidential cardinal, or to the Dean of the Sacred College. The interference of foreign powers has frequently had much influence on elections. A friend replied to Cardinal Sforza, who asked his opinion as to the result of voting in Conclave, "If the French prevail, Cardinal Farnese will be Pope; if the Spaniards, Rospigliosi; if the Romans, Barberini; if the Holy Ghost, Odescalchi; but if the devil, it must be either your Eminence or myself." Sforza laughingly said, "Then it will be Rospigliosi," on whom, in fact, the choice fell. At other times, candidates have had rather different supporters; in 1724, the following rhymes explained who were the backers of each:

Il ciel vuol Orini,
Il popolo Corsini,
Le donne Ottoboni,
Il diavolo Alberoni.

As soon as the requisite majority has been gained by any one, and he has declared his readiness to accept the nomination, the Conclave is declared to be at an end. The doors of the building are thrown open, the walled-up windows cleared, and the new Pontiff receives from all the cardinals present the first act of adoration. The Cardinal Dean proclaims the New Pope to the assembled people in the form, "*Habemus Papam*, We have a Pope." He is then carried on men's shoulders, first to the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, and then to St. Peter's, to receive the second and third adorations, and bestow upon the people the Benediction. He is now fully and completely Pope. The coronation with the Tiara takes place on the first Sunday after the Conclave in St. Peter's. He first receives the homage of the clergy, and is then carried in procession up the church, when a curious ceremony takes place. It is thus described by Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*:—"As the new Pontiff advances towards the high altar, the Master of the Ceremonies, kneeling before him, sets fire to a small quantity of tow placed on the top of a gilt staff, and as it blazes and vanishes in smoke, thus addresses the Pope, '*Sancte Pater!* sic

transit gloria mundi! This ceremony is repeated thrice." Up to this time, he would seem to be regarded merely as the newly elected Bishop of Rome, and Metropolitan of the Province, as his head is adorned only with the mitre. "His vestments, when he officiates in church," says Eustace, "as well as his mitre, do not differ from those of other prelates." But the procession moves on to the balcony overlooking the *piazza* of St. Peter, and there, in presence of the assembled people, the mitre is removed, and he is crowned with the Triple Crown. How far the ceremonial in use so long will be followed hereafter, it is impossible to say; but the grandeur of the office, and the association connected with it, must go far to render any ceremonies imposing and august; and the world will watch with interest the unquestionably approaching Conclave.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

NEW WAYS OF MEASURING THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

IT is strange that the problem of determining the sun's distance, which for many ages was regarded as altogether insoluble, and which even during recent years had seemed fairly solvable in but one or two ways, should be found, on closer investigation, to admit of many methods of solution. If astronomers should only be as fortunate hereafter in dealing with the problem of determining the distances of the stars, as they have been with the question of the sun's distance, we may hope for knowledge respecting the structure of the universe such as even the Herschels despaired of our ever gaining. Yet this problem of determining star-distances does not seem more intractable, now, than the problem of measuring the sun's distance appeared only two centuries ago. If we rightly view the many methods devised for dealing with the easier task, we must admit that the more difficult—which, by the way, is in reality infinitely the more interesting—cannot be regarded as so utterly hopeless as, with our present methods and appliances, it appears to be. True, we know only the distances of two or three stars, approximately, and have means of forming a vague opinion about the distances of only a dozen others, or thereabouts; while at distances now immeasurable lie six thousand stars visible to the eye, and twenty millions within range of the telescope. Yet, in Galileo's time, men might have argued similarly against all hope of measuring the proportions of the solar system. "We have only," they might have urged, "the distance of the moon, our immediate neighbour,—beyond her, at distances so great that hers, so far as we can judge, is by comparison almost as nothing, lie the Sun, and Mercury, and Venus, and Mars; farther away yet lie Jupiter and Saturn, and possibly other planets, not visible to the naked eye, but within range of that wonderful instrument, the telescope, which our Galileo and others are using so successfully. What hope can there be, when the exact measurement of the moon's distance has so fully taxed our powers of celestial measurement, that we can ever obtain exact information respecting the distances of the sun and planets? By what method is a problem so stupendous to be attacked?" Yet, within a few years of that time,

Kepler had formed already a rough estimate of the distance of the sun; in 1639, young Horrocks pointed to a method which has since been successfully applied. Before the end of the seventeenth century Cassini and Flamsteed had approached the solution of the problem more nearly, while Halley had definitely formulated the method which bears his name. Long before the end of the eighteenth century it was certainly known that the sun's distance lies between 85 millions of miles and 98 millions (Kepler, Cassini, and Flamsteed had been unable to indicate any superior limit). And lastly, in our own time, half a score of methods, each subdivisible into several forms, have been applied to the solution of this fundamental problem of observational astronomy.

I propose now to sketch some new and very promising methods, which have been applied already with a degree of success arguing well for the prospects of future applications of the methods under more favourable conditions.

In the first place, let us very briefly consider the methods which had been before employed, in order that the proper position of the new methods may be more clearly recognised.

The plan obviously suggested at the outset for the solution of the problem was simply to deal with it as a problem of surveying. It was in such a manner that the moon's distance had been found, and the only difficulty in applying the method to the sun or to any planet consisted in the delicacy of the observations required. The earth being the only surveying-ground available to astronomers in dealing with this problem (in dealing with the problem of the stars' distances they have a very much wider field of operations), it was necessary that a base-line should be measured on this globe of ours, large enough, compared with our small selves, but utterly insignificant compared with the dimensions of the solar system. The diameter of the earth being less than 8,000 miles, the longest line which the observers could take for base scarcely exceeded 6,000 miles; since observations of the same celestial object at opposite ends of a diameter necessarily imply that the object is in the horizon of *both* the observing stations (for precisely the same reason that two cords stretched from the ends of any diameter of a ball to a distant point touch the ball at those ends). But the sun's distance being some 92 millions of miles, a base of 6,000 miles amounts to less than the 15,000th part of the distance to be measured. Conceive a surveyor endeavouring to determine the distance of a steeple or rock 15,000 feet, or nearly three miles, from him, with a base-line *one foot* in length, and you can conceive the task of astronomers who

should attempt to apply the direct surveying method to determine the sun's distance,—at least, you have one of their difficulties strikingly illustrated, though a number of others remain which the illustration does not indicate. For, after all, a base one foot in length, though far too short, is a convenient one in many respects: the observer can pass from one end to the other without trouble—he looks at the distant object under almost exactly the same conditions from each end, and so forth. A base 6,000 miles long for determining the sun's distance is too short in precisely the same degree, but it is assuredly not so convenient a base for the observer. A giant 36,000 feet high would find it as convenient as a surveyor six feet high would find a one-foot base-line; but astronomers, as a rule, are less than 36,000 feet in height. Accordingly the same observer cannot work at both ends of the base-line, and they have to send out expeditions to occupy each station. All the circumstances of temperature, atmosphere, personal observing qualities, &c., are unlike at the two ends of the base-line. The task of measuring the sun's distance directly is, in fact, at present beyond the power of observational astronomy, wonderfully though its methods have developed in accuracy.

We all know how, by observations of Venus in transit, the difficulty has been so far reduced that trustworthy results have been obtained. Such observations belong to the surveying method, only Venus's distance is made the object of measurement instead of the sun's. The sun serves simply as a sort of dial-plate, Venus's position while in transit across this celestial dial-plate being more easily measured than when she is at large upon the sky. The devices by which Halley and Delisle severally caused *time* to be the relation observed, instead of position, do not affect the general principle of the transit method. It remains dependent on the determination of position. Precisely as by the change of the *position* of the hands of a clock on the face we measure *time*, so by the transit method, as Halley and Delisle respectively suggested its use, we determine Venus's position on the sun's face, by observing the difference of the time she takes in crossing, or the difference of the time at which she begins to cross, or passes off, his face.

Besides the advantage of having a dial-face like the sun's on which thus to determine positions, the transit method deals with Venus when at her nearest, or about 25 million miles from us, instead of the sun at his greater distance of from $90\frac{1}{2}$ to $93\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles. Yet we do not get the entire advantage of this relative proximity of Venus. For the dial-face—the sun, that is—changes its

position too—in less degree than Venus changes hers, but still as largely to reduce her seeming displacement. The sun being away as 92 to 25, is less displaced as 25 to 92. Venus's displacement is thus diminished by $\frac{25}{92}$ of its full amount, leaving only $\frac{25}{92}$. Practically, then, the advantage of observing Venus, so far as is concerned, is the same as though, instead of being at a distance of only 25 million miles, her distance were greater as 92 to 25, as her effective distance when in transit some 34,300,000 miles.

All the methods of observing Venus in transit are affected in this respect. Astronomers were not content during the recent transit to use Halley's and Delisle's two time methods (which may be conveniently called the duration method and the epoch method), but endeavoured to determine the position of Venus on the sun's disc directly, both by observation and by photography. The heliometer was the instrument specially used for the former purpose; and as one of the new methods to be presently described, this is the most effective of all available instruments, a few words as to its construction will not be out of place.

The heliometer, then, is a telescope whose object-glass (the large glass at the end towards the object observed) is divided into two halves along a diameter. When these two halves are brought exactly together—that is, in the position they had before the glass was divided—of course they show any object to which they are directed precisely as they would have done before the glass was divided. But if, without separating the straight edges of the two semi-circular glasses, one be made to slide along the other, the images formed by the two no longer coincide.¹ Thus, if we are looking at the sun, we see two overlapping discs, and by continuing to turn the screw which carries the other mechanism which carries our half-circular glass past the first, the disc-images of the sun may be brought entirely clear of each other. Then we have two suns in the same field of view, seen in contact, or nearly so. Now, if we have some means of determining how far the movable half-glass has been carried past the fixed one, and bring the two discs into apparently exact contact, we have, in fact, a measure of the sun's apparent diameter. We can then estimate this by carrying back the movable glass till the

¹ The reader unfamiliar with the principles of the telescope may be told that in the ordinary telescope each part of the object-glass forms a complete image of the object examined. If, when using an opera-glass (one half of the large glass be covered, a portion of what had before been seen is concealed. But this is not the case with a telescope of the ordinary construction. All that happens when a portion of the object-glass is covered is that the *seen* appears in some degree less fully illuminated.

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coincide again, then farther back till they separate the other way, and finally are brought into contact on that side. The entire range, from contact on one side to contact on the other side, gives twice the entire angular span of the sun's diameter; and the half of this is more likely to be the true measure of the diameter, than the range from coincident images to contact either way, simply because instrumental errors are likely to be more evenly distributed over the double motion than over the movement on either side of the central position. The heliometer derived its name—which signifies sun-measurer—from this particular application of the instrument.

It is easily seen how the heliometer was made available in determining the position of Venus at any instant during transit. The observer could note what displacement of the two half-glasses was necessary to bring the black disc of Venus on one image of the sun to the edge of the other image, first touching on the inside and then on the outside—then reversing the motion, he could carry her disc to the opposite edge of the other image of the sun, first touching on the inside and then on the outside. Lord Lindsay's private expedition—one of the most munificent and also one of the most laborious contributions to astronomy ever made—was the only English expedition which employed the heliometer, none of our public observatories possessing such an instrument, and official astronomers being unwilling to ask Government to provide instruments so costly. The Germans, however, and the Russians employed the heliometer very effectively.

Next in order of proximity, for the employment of the direct surveying method, is the planet Mars when he comes into opposition (or on the same line as the earth and sun) in the order

Sun _____ Earth _____ Mars,

at a favourable part of his considerably eccentric orbit. His distance then may be as small as $34\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles; and we have in his case to make no reduction for the displacement of the background on which his place is to be determined. That background is the star sphere, his place being measured from that of stars near which his apparent path on the heavens carries him; and the stars are so remote that the displacement due to a distance of six or seven thousand miles between two observers on the earth is to all intents and purposes nothing. The entire span of the earth's orbit round the sun, though amounting to 184 millions of miles, is a mere point as seen from all save ten or twelve stars; how utterly evanescent, then, the span of the earth's globe—less than the 23,000th part of her orbital range! Thus the entire displacement of Mars due to

the distance separating his terrestrial observers comes into play. So that, in comparing the observation of Mars in a favourable opposition with that of Venus in transit, we may fairly say that, so far as surveying considerations are concerned, the two planets are equally well suited for the astronomer's purpose, Venus's less distance of millions of miles being effectively increased to $34\frac{1}{2}$ millions by the displacement of the solar background on which we see her when in transit; while Mars's distance of about $34\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles remains effectively the same when we measure his displacement from neighbouring fixed stars.

But in many respects Mars is superior to Venus for the purpose of determining the sun's distance. Venus can only be observed at her nearest when in transit, and transit lasts but a few hours. Mars may be observed night after night for a fortnight or so, during which his distance still remains near enough to the least or opposition distance. Again, Venus being observed on the sun, all the disturbing influences due to the sun's heat are at work in rendering the observation difficult. The air between us and the sun at such a time is disturbed by refractions due in no small degree to the sun's action. It is true that we have not, in the case of Mars, any means of substituting time measurements or time determinations for measures of position, as we have in Venus's case, in Halley's and Delisle's methods. But, to say the truth, the advantage of substituting these time observations has not proved so great as was expected. Venus's unfortunate deformed figure when seen on the sun's face renders the determination of the exact moments of her entry on the sun's face and departure from it by no means so trustworthy as astronomers could wish. On the whole, Mars would probably have the advantage, even without this point in his favour which has now to be indicated.

Two methods of observing Mars for determining the sun's distance are available, both of which, as they can be employed without applying one of the new methods, may conveniently be described at this point.

An observer far to the north of the earth's equator sees Mars at midnight, when the planet is in opposition, displaced somewhat to the south of his true position—that is, of the position he would have supposed to be seen from the centre of the earth. On the other hand, an observer far to the south of the equator sees Mars displaced somewhat to the north of his true position. The difference may be compared to different views of a distant steeple (projected, let us suppose, against a much more remote hill), from the uppermost and lowermost windows of a house corresponding to the northern

and southerly stations on the earth, and from a window on the middle story corresponding to a view of Mars from the earth's centre. By ascertaining the displacement of the two views of Mars obtained from a station far to the north and another station far to the south, the astronomer can infer the distance of the planet, and thence the dimensions of the solar system. The displacement is determinable by noticing Mars's position with respect to stars which chance to be close to him. For this purpose the heliometer is specially suitable, because, having first a view of Mars and some companion stars as they actually are placed, the observer can, by suitably displacing the movable half-glass, bring the star into apparent contact with the planet, first on one side of its disc, and then on the other side,—the mean of the two resulting measures giving, of course, the distance between the star and the centre of the disc.

This method requires that there shall be two observers, one at a northern station, as Greenwich, or Paris, or Washington; the other at a southern station, as Cape Town, Cordoba, or Melbourne. The base-line is practically a north and south line; for though the two stations may not lie in the same, or nearly the same, longitude, the displacement determined is in reality that due to their difference of latitude only, a correction being made for their difference of longitude.

The other method depends, not on displacement of two observers north and south, or difference of latitude, but on displacement east and west. Moreover, it does not require that there shall be two observers at stations far apart, but uses the observations made at one and the same station at different times. The earth, by turning on her axis, carries the observer from the west to the east of an imaginary line joining the earth's centre and the centre of Mars. When on the west of that line, or in the early evening, he sees Mars displaced towards the east of the planet's true position. After nine or ten hours the observer is carried as far to the east of that line, and sees Mars displaced towards the west of his true position. Of course Mars has moved in the interval. He is, in fact, in the midst of his retrograde career. But the astronomer knows perfectly well how to take that motion into account. Thus, by observing the two displacements, or the total displacement of Mars from east to west, on account of the earth's rotation, one and the same observer can, in the course of a single favourable night, determine the sun's distance. And in passing it may be remarked that this is the only general method of which so much can be said. By some of the others an astronomer can, indeed, estimate the sun's distance without leaving his

observatory,—at least, theoretically he can do so. But many years of observation would be required before he would have materials for achieving this result. On the other hand, one good pair of observations of Mars, in the evening and in the morning, from a station near the equator, would give a very fair measure of the sun's distance. The reason why the station should be near the equator will be manifest, if we consider that at the poles there would be no displacement due to rotation; at the equator the observer would be carried round a circle some twenty-five thousand miles in circumference; and the nearer his place to the equator the larger the circle in which he would be carried, and, *ceteris paribus*, the greater the evening and morning displacement of the planet.

Both these methods have been successfully applied to the problem of determining the sun's distance, and both have recently been applied afresh under circumstances affording exceptionally good prospects of success, though as yet the results are not known.

It is, however, when we leave the direct surveying method to which both the observations of Venus in transit and Mars in opposition belong (in all their varieties), that the most remarkable and, one may say, unexpected methods of determining the sun's distance present themselves. Were not my subject a wide one, I would willingly descant at length on the marvellous ingenuity with which astronomers have availed themselves of every point of vantage whence they might measure the solar system. But, as matters actually stand, I must be content to sketch these other methods very roughly, only indicating their characteristic features.

One of them is in some sense related to the method by actual survey, only it takes advantage, not of the earth's dimensions, but of the dimensions of her orbit round the common centre of gravity of herself and the moon. This orbit has a diameter of about six thousand miles; and as the earth travels round it, speeding swiftly onward all the time in her path round the sun, the effect is the same as though the sun, in his apparent circuit round the earth, were constantly circling once in a lunar month around a small subordinate orbit of precisely the same size and shape as that small orbit in which the earth circuits round the moon's centre of gravity. He appears then sometimes displaced about 3,000 miles on one side, sometimes about 3,000 miles on the other side of the place which he would have if our earth were not thus perturbed by the moon. But astronomers can note each day where he is, and thus learn by how much he seems displaced from his mean position. Knowing that his greatest displacement corresponds to so many miles exactly.

noting what it seems to be, they learn, in fact, how large a span of so many miles (about 3,000) looks at the sun's distance. Thus they learn the sun's distance precisely as a rifleman learns the distance of a line of soldiers when he has ascertained their apparent size,—for only at a certain distance can an object of known size have a certain apparent size.

The moon comes in, in another way, to determine the sun's distance for us. We know how far away she is from the earth, and how much, therefore, she approaches the sun when new, and recedes from him when full. Calling this distance, roughly, a 390th part of the sun's, her distance from him when new, her mean distance, and her distance from him when full, are as the numbers 389, 390, 391. Now, these numbers do not quite form a continued proportion, though they do so very nearly (for 389 is to 390 as 390 to $391\frac{1}{100}$). If they were in exact proportion, the sun's disturbing influence on the moon when she is at her nearest would be exactly equal to his disturbing influence on the moon when at her farthest from him; or generally the moon would be exactly as much disturbed (on the average) in that half of her path which lies nearer to the sun as in that half which lies farther from him. As matters are, there is a slight difference. Astronomers can measure this distance; and measuring it, they can ascertain what the actual numbers are for which I have roughly given the numbers 389, 390, and 391; in other words, they can ascertain in what degree the sun's distance exceeds the moon's. This is equivalent to determining the sun's distance, since the moon's is already known.

Another way of measuring the sun's distance has been "favoured" by Jupiter and his family of satellites. Few would have thought, when Römer first explained the delay which occurs in the eclipses of these moons while Jupiter is farther from us than his mean distance, that that explanation would lead up to a determination of the sun's distance. But so it happened. Römer showed that the delay is not in the recurrence of the eclipses, but in the arrival of the news of these events. From the observed time required by light to traverse the extra distance when Jupiter is nearly at his farthest from us, the time in which light crosses the distance separating us from the sun is deduced, whence, if that distance had been rightly determined, the velocity of light can be inferred. If this velocity is directly measured in any way, and found not to be what had been deduced from the adopted measure of the sun's distance, the inference is that the sun's distance had been incorrectly determined. Or, to put the matter in another way, we know exactly how many minutes and

seconds light takes in travelling to us from the sun ; if, therefore, we can find out how fast light travels, we know how far away the sun is. But who could hope to measure a velocity approaching 200,000 miles in a second? At a first view the task seems hopeless. Wheatstone, however, showed how it might be accomplished, measuring by his method the yet greater velocity of freely conducted electricity. Foucault and Fizeau severally measured the velocity of light ; and more recently Cornu has made more exact measurements. Knowing, then, how many miles light travels in a second, and in how many seconds it comes to us from the sun, we know the sun's distance.

The first of the methods which I here describe as new methods must next be considered. It is a method which Leverrier regarded as the method of the future. In fact, so highly did he esteem it, that, on its account, he may almost be said to have refused personally to sanction in any way the French expeditions for observing the transit of Venus in 1874.

The members of the sun's family perturb each other's motions in a degree corresponding with their relative mass, compared with each other and with the sun. Now, it can be shown (the proof would be unsuitable to these pages,¹ but I have given it in my treatise on the sun) that no change in our estimate of the sun's distance affects our estimate of his mean density as compared with the earth's. His substance has a mean density equal to one-fourth of the earth's, whether he be 90 millions or 95 millions of miles from us, or indeed whether he were ten millions or a million million miles from us (supposing

¹ It may be briefly sketched, perhaps, in a note. The force necessary to draw the earth inwards in such sort as to make her follow her actual course is proportional to (i) the square of her velocity directly, and (ii) her distance from the sun inversely. If we increase our estimate of the earth's distance from the sun, we, in the same degree, increase our estimate of her orbital velocity. The square of this velocity then increases as the square of the estimated distance ; and therefore, the estimated force sunwards is increased as the square of the distance on account of (i), and diminished as the distance on account of (ii), and is, therefore, on the whole, increased as the distance. That is, we now regard the sun's action as greater at this greater distance, and in the same degree that the distance is greater ; whereas, if it had been what we before supposed it, it would be less at the greater distance as the square of the distance (attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance). Being greater as the distance, instead of less as the square of the distance, it follows that our estimate of the sun's absolute force is now greater as the cube of the distance. Similarly, if we had diminished our estimate of the sun's distance, we should have diminished our estimate of his absolute power (or mass) as the cube of the distance. But our estimate of the sun's volume is also proportional to the cube of his estimated distance. Hence our estimate of his mass varies as our estimate of his volume ; or, our estimate of his mean density is constant.

for a moment our measures did not indicate his real distance more closely). We should still deduce from calculation the same unvarying estimate of his mean density. It follows that the nearer any estimate of his distance places him, and therefore the smaller it makes his estimated volume, the smaller also it makes his estimated mass, and in precisely the same degree. The same is true of the planets also. We determine Jupiter's mass, for example (at least, this is the simplest way), by noting how he swerves his moons at their respective (estimated) distances. If we diminish our estimate of their distances, we diminish at the same time our estimate of Jupiter's attractive power, and in such degree (it may be shown—see note) as precisely to correspond with our changed estimate of his size, leaving our estimate of his mean density unaltered. And the same is true for all methods of determining Jupiter's mass. Suppose, then, that, adopting a certain estimate of the scale of the solar system, we find that the resulting estimate of the masses of the planets and of the sun, *as compared with the earth's mass*, from their observed attractive influences on bodies circling around them or passing near them, accords with their estimated perturbing action as compared with the earth's,—then we should infer that our estimate of the sun's distance or of the scale of the solar system was correct. But suppose it appeared, on the contrary, that the earth took a larger or a smaller part in perturbing the planetary system than, according to our estimate of her relative mass, she should do,—then we should infer that the masses of the other members of the system had been overrated or underrated; or, in other words, that the scale of the solar system had been overrated or underrated respectively. Thus we should be able to introduce a correction into our estimate of the sun's distance. Such is the principle of the method by which Leverrier showed that in the astronomy of the future the scale of the solar system may be very exactly determined. It is hardly necessary to say, perhaps, that the problem is a most delicate one. The earth plays, in truth, but a small part in perturbing the planetary system, and her influence can only be distinguished satisfactorily (at present, at any rate) in the case of the nearer members of the solar family. Yet the method is one which, unlike others, will have an accumulative accuracy, the discrepancies which are to test the result growing larger as time proceeds. The method has already been to some extent successful. It was, in fact, by observing that the motions of Mercury are not such as can be satisfactorily explained by the perturbations of the earth and Venus according to the estimate of relative masses deducible from the lately discarded value of the sun's distance, that Leverrier first set astro-

nomers on the track of the error affecting that value. He was certainly justified in entertaining a strong hope that hereafter this method will be exceedingly effective.

We come next to a method which promises to be more quickly if not more effectively available.

Venus and Mars approach the orbit of our earth more closely than any other planets, Venus being our nearest neighbour on the one side, and Mars on the other. Looking beyond Venus, we find only Mercury (and the mythical Vulcan), and Mercury can give no useful information respecting the sun's distance. He could scarcely do so even if we could measure his position among the stars when he is at his nearest, as we can that of Mars; but as he can only then be fairly seen when he transits the sun's face, and as the sun is nearly as much displaced as Mercury by change in the observer's station, the difference between the two displacements is utterly insufficient for accurate measurement. But, when we look beyond the orbit of Mars, we find certain bodies which are well worth considering in connection with the problem of determining the sun's distance. I refer to the asteroids, the ring of small planets travelling between the paths of Mars and Jupiter, but nearer (on the whole¹) to the path of Mars than to that of Jupiter.

The asteroids present several important advantages over even Mars and Venus.

Of course, none of the asteroids approach so near to the earth as Mars at his nearest. His least distance from the sun being about 127 million miles, and the earth's mean distance about 92 millions, with a range of about a million and half on either side, owing to the eccentricity of her orbit, it follows that he *may* be as near as some 35 million miles (rather less in reality) from the earth when the sun, earth, and Mars are nearly in a straight line and in that order. The least distance of any asteroid from the sun amounts to about 167 million miles, so that their least distance from the earth cannot at any time be less than about 73,500,000 miles, even if the earth's greatest distance from the sun corresponded with the least distance of one of these closely approaching asteroids. This, by the way, is not very far

¹ Only very recently an asteroid, Hilda (153rd in order of detection), has been discovered which travels very much nearer to the path of Jupiter than to that of Mars,—a solitary instance in that respect. Its distance (the earth's distance being represented by unity) is 3.95, Jupiter's being 5.20, and Mars's 1.52; its period falls short of 8 years by only two months, the average period of the asteroidal family being only about 4½ years. Five others, Cybele, Freia, Sylvia, Camilla, and Hermione, travel rather nearer to Jupiter than to Mars; but the remaining 166 travel nearer to Mars, and most of them much nearer.

from being the case with the asteroid Ariadne, which comes within about 169 million miles of the sun at her nearest, her place of nearest approach being almost exactly in the same direction from the sun as the earth's place of greatest recession, reached about the end of June. So that, whenever it so chances that Ariadne comes into opposition, or that the sun, earth, and Ariadne are thus placed—

Sun _____ Earth _____ Ariadne,

Ariadne will be but about 75,500,000 miles from the earth. Probably no asteroid will ever be discovered which approaches the earth much more nearly than this; and this approach, be it noticed, is not one which can occur in the case of Ariadne except at very long intervals.

But though we may consider 80 millions of miles as a fair average distance at which a few of the most closely approaching asteroids may be observed, and though this distance seems very great by comparison with Mars's occasional opposition distance of 35 million miles, yet there are two conditions in which asteroids have the advantage over Mars. First, they are many, and several among them can be observed under favourable circumstances; and in the multitude of observations there is safety. In the second place, which is the great and characteristic good quality of this method of determining the sun's distance, they do not present a disc, like the planet Mars, but a small starlike point. When we consider the qualities of the heliometric method of measuring the apparent distance between celestial objects, the advantage of points of light over discs will be obvious. If we are measuring the apparent distance between Mars and a star, we must, by shifting the movable object-glass, bring the star's image into apparent contact with the disc-image of Mars, first on one side and then on the other, taking the mean for the distance between the centres. Whereas, when we determine the distance between a star and an asteroid, we have to bring two star-like points (one a star, the other the asteroid) into apparent coincidence. We can do this in two ways, making the result so much the more accurate. For consider what we have in the field of view when the two halves of the object-glass coincide. There is the asteroid, and close by there is the star whose distance we seek to determine in order to ascertain the position of the asteroid on the celestial sphere. When the movable half is shifted, the two images of star and asteroid separate; and by an adjustment they can be made to separate along the line connecting them. Suppose, then, we first make the movable image of the asteroid travel away from the fixed image (meaning by movable and fixed images, respectively, those given by the movable and fixed halves of the object-glass), towards the fixed image of the star,—

the two points, like images, being brought into coincidence,—we have the measure of the distance between star and asteroid. Now, reverse the movement, carrying back the movable images of the asteroid and star till they coincide again with their fixed images. This movement gives us a second measure of the distance, which, however, may be regarded as only a reversed repetition of the preceding. But now, carrying on the reverse motion, the moving images of star and asteroid separate from their respective fixed images, the moving image of the star drawing near to the fixed image of the asteroid and eventually coinciding with it. Here we have a third measure of the distance, which is independent of the two former. Reversing the motion, and carrying the moving images to coincidence with the fixed images, we have a fourth measure, which is simply the third reversed. These four measures will give a far more satisfactory determination of the true apparent distance between the star and the asteroid than can, under any circumstances, be obtained in the case of Mars and a star. Of course a much more exact determination is required to give satisfactory measures of the asteroid's real distance from the earth in miles, for a much smaller error would vitiate the estimate of the asteroid's distance than would vitiate to the same degree the estimate of Mars's distance, the apparent displacements of the asteroid as seen either from northern and southern stations, or from stations east and west of the meridian, being very much less than in the case of Mars, owing to his greater proximity. But, on the whole, there are reasons for believing that the advantage derived from the nearness of Mars is almost entirely counterbalanced by the advantage derived from the nearness of the asteroid's image. And the number of asteroids, with the consequent power of repeating such measurements many times for each occasion on which Mars has been thus observed, seem to make the asteroids—so long regarded as very unimportant members of the solar system—the bodies from which, after all, we shall gain our best estimate of the sun's distance; that is, of the scale of the solar system.

Since the above pages were written, the results deduced from the observations made by the British expeditions for observing the transit of December 9, 1874, have been announced by the Astronomer Royal. It should be premised that they are not the results deducible from the entire series of British observations, for many of them can only be used effectively in combination with observations made by other nations. For instance, the British observations of the duration

of the transit as seen from Southern stations are only useful when compared with observations of the duration of the transit as seen from Northern stations, and no British observations of this kind were taken at Northern stations, or could be taken at any of the British Northern stations except one, where chief reliance was placed on photographic methods. The only British results as yet "worked up" are those which are of themselves sufficient, theoretically, to indicate the sun's distance, viz., those which indicated the epochs of the commencement of transit as seen from Northern and Southern stations, and those which indicated the epochs of the end of transit as seen from such stations. The Northern and Southern epochs of commencement compared together suffice of themselves to indicate the sun's distance; so also do the epochs of the end of transit suffice of themselves for that purpose. Such observations belong to the Delislean method, which was the subject of so much controversy during two or three years before the transit took place. Originally it had been supposed that only observations by that method were available, and the British plans were formed upon that assumption. When it was shown that this assumption was altogether erroneous, there was scarcely time to modify the British plans so that of themselves they might provide for the other or Halleyan method. But the Southern stations which were suitable for that method were strengthened; and as other nations, especially America and Russia, occupied large numbers of Northern stations, the Halleyan method was, in point of fact, effectually provided for,—a fortunate circumstance, as will presently be seen.

The British operations, then, thus far dealt with, were based on Delisle's method; and as they were carried out with great zeal and completeness, we may consider that the result affords an excellent test of the qualities of this method, and may supply a satisfactory answer to the questions which were under discussion in 1872-74. Sir George Airy, indeed, considers that the zeal and completeness with which the British operations were carried out suffice to set the result obtained from them above all others. But this opinion is based rather on personal than on strictly scientific grounds; and it appears to me that the questions to be primarily decided are whether the results are in satisfactory agreement (i) *inter se* and (ii) with the general tenour of former researches. In other words, while the Astronomer Royal considers that the method and the manner of its application must be considered so satisfactory that the results are to be accepted unquestioningly, it appears to me that the results must be carefully questioned (as it were) to see whether the method,

and the observations by it, are satisfactory. In the first place, the result obtained from Northern and Southern observations of the commencement ought to agree closely with the result obtained from Northern and Southern observations of the end of transit. Unfortunately, they differ rather widely. The sun's distance by the former observations comes out about one million miles greater than the distance determined by the latter observations. This should be, one would suppose, decisive. But it is not all. The mean of the entire series of observations by Delisle's method comes out nearly one million miles greater than the mean deduced by Professor Newcomb from many entire series of observations by six different methods, all of which may fairly be regarded as equal in value to Delisle's, while these are regarded by most astronomers as unquestionably superior to it. Newcomb considers the probable limits of error in his evaluation from so many combined series of observations to be about 100,000 miles. Sir G. Airy will allow no wider limits of error for the result of the one series his observers have obtained than 200,000 miles. Thus the greatest value admitted by Newcomb falls short of the least value admitted by Sir G. Airy by nearly 700,000 miles. The obvious significance of this result should be, one would suppose, that Delisle's method is not quite so effective as Sir G. Airy supposed; and the wide discordance between the several results, of which the result thus deduced is the mean, should prove this, one would imagine, beyond all possibility of question. The Astronomer Royal thinks differently, however. In his opinion, the wide difference between his result and the mean of all the most valued results by other astronomers, indicates the superiority of Delisle's method, not its inadequacy to the purpose for which it has been employed. Time will very shortly decide which of these views is correct; but, for my own part, I do not hesitate to express my own conviction that the sun's distance lies very near the limits indicated by Newcomb, and, therefore, is several hundred thousand miles less than the minimum distance allowed by the recently announced results.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

PRIMITIVE MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

LUCRETIUS, in his retrospect of prehistoric times, imagines primeval man as unpossessed of any moral law, and is at pains to explain how, as men were once ignorant of the property of either fire to warm or of skins to cover them, so once there was a time when no moral restraints affected the relations between man and man.¹ Across the Atlantic we find the same strain of thought in the myths, common in many different stages of progress, of those culture heroes who had come long ago to teach men the arts and virtues of life, and had left their names to be worshipped by a grateful posterity. The Peruvian legend, that moral law was unknown until the Sun sent two of his children to raise humanity from their animal condition, coincides with the modern hypothesis that the morality of the cave-men resembled very much that of the cave-bear; so that it becomes a subject worthy of inquiry, whether any human communities ever have lived, or are actually living, with no more idea of moral right and wrong than is necessary for the social harmony of a wolf-pack or a wasps' nest, whether, in short, what to the Roman was a matter of speculation, or to the American of legend, can fairly become for us one of science.

The Shoshones of North America, some of whom are said to have built absolutely no dwellings, but to have lived in caves and among the rocks, or burrowed like reptiles in the ground, or the Cochinis, who resorted at night for shelter to caverns and holes in the ground, may be taken as the best representatives of the ancient cave-dwellers, and the nearest known approach to communities living in the state pre-supposed by the legends of most latitudes.² Californians generally are said to have had 'no morals, nor any religion worth calling such;' yet even the Shoshones knew, like so many other American tribes, how to ratify either a treaty or a bargain by the ceremony of smoking, and used shell-money as an instrument of barter. But some moral notions must enter into the rudest kind of barter, and barter was known to the ancient cave-dwellers of Périgord, just as it is to the lowest con-

¹ Nec commune bonum poterant spectare nec ullis
Moribus inter se scierant nec legibus uti. V. 956. So Virgil. *Æn.* viii. 317.

² Bancroft, *Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*, i. 426, 560.

temporary savage tribes. Rock crystal and Atlantic shells, found among the remains of men, tigers, and bears, in the caves of Périgord, could, it is argued, only have got thither by barter, so that the earliest human beings we have record of must have possessed at least as much morality as is necessary for commerce.¹

As regards existing savages, evidence as to their moral ideas can only be sought in incidental allusion to their customs, penalties, beliefs, or myths, never in chapters expressly devoted to the delineation of their moral character. Not only do such delineations by different writers conflict hopelessly with one another, but inconsistencies abound in the accounts of the same writer, as, for instance, when Cranz describes Greenlanders as mild and peaceable, and a few pages further on as "naturally of a murderous disposition." The value of Cranz's evidence is marred by the fact that he writes expressly to rebut the Deistic idea of a natural morality existing by the light of reason and independent of Revelation; and the evidence of other writers, whenever a long residence among savages entitles them to speak with any authority at all, is spoilt by their several temptations to bias. Whether the temptation be to enliven a book of travel, to inculcate the need and enhance the merit of missionary labours, or to illustrate the uniformity of moral perceptions and the universality of certain moral laws,—in any case we are exposed to the error of mistaking for habitual what is really peculiar, and of misunderstanding the indications of facts which are as often anomalous as they are illustrative.

The way, also, in which the love of theory may give rise to unjustifiable credulity or even to absolute misstatement may be exemplified from the common story of the Bushman who spoke with absolute unconcern of having murdered his brother, or of the other Bushman who gave as an instance of his idea of a good action, stealing some one else's wife; and of a bad one, losing in the same way his own. According to the original authority, the Bushmen who were questioned, to test their intelligence, on a few moral points, and especially on what they considered good actions and what bad, belonged to a kraal of extremely poor, half-starved Bushmen, seemingly "the outcast of the Bushmen race;" the interpreter, through whom Burchell made his inquiries, said he could not make them understand what he said, and to the specific question about good and bad actions *they made no reply*, the missionary adding, as comment, that "their not understanding it must have been either pretended stupidity, or a wilful misrepresentation by the interpreter." This same interpreter is suspected by Burchell, in the very same page, of such misrepresentation, or of actual

¹ Peschel, *Races of Man*, 39, 209.

invention in respect of the story of the murder, a story which, if true, adds the missionary, would have justified him in saying, Here are men who know not right from wrong. Yet both these stories have been quoted to exemplify the state of moral destitution of the lower races.¹

The fear of incurring the ill-will of his fellow-beings, or of those invisible spirits, disposed more or less hostilely towards him and everywhere surrounding him, must have sufficed, even for prehistoric man, to have marked out certain acts as less advisable than others, and so far as wrong. The instinct to repel or revenge personal injuries, and the instinct to appease the unknown forces of nature, neither of which, be it assumed, acted less energetically in the past than the present, must have always contributed to rank certain sets of actions as better to be avoided. Personal or tribal well-being has probably always supplied a sufficiently defined moral standard, sufficiently defended by real or fanciful sanctions. So suggests theory; and in point of fact, a savage tribe is as difficult to find as it is to imagine, without a sense of a difference in the quality of actions, arising from a difference in their likely consequences to themselves.

The fear of revenge from a man's survivors or from his ghost would at any time tend to make homicide a prominent act of guilt. The vendetta, sometimes carried out as much against a homicidal tiger or tree as against a man, would scarcely ever be not dreaded by a human murderer; and the associations are obvious and few between homicide as merely an act to be avenged and a crime to be avoided. Even in instances where bloodshed seems to have left but an external stain, affecting the hands, not the heart of the murderer, and calling simply for purification by washing, the presence of a feeling of difference may be detected between the killing of a man and the killing of a bear. But the dread of vengeance from a murdered man's ghost, which is said to have acted as a check on murder among the Sioux Indians, or the dread of such vengeance from the tutelary gods of the deceased, which is said to have acted as a check on cannibalism in Samoa, points to the existence of prudential restraints which are likely not to have been limited in their operation to a tribe in America, nor to an island in the Pacific.

But besides spiritual terrors, secular punishment has a well-defined place among savages, to check the extreme indulgence of hatred or passion. It is doubtful whether any savage tribe is so indifferent to the criminality of murder as to be destitute of customary penal laws

¹ Burchell, *Travels in Southern Africa*, i. 456-62. Compare Waitz, *Anthropologie der Naturvölker*, i. 376. Also Wuttke, *Geschichte des Heidenthums*, 164. *Ein Brudermord wurde von ihnen als etwas ganz Harmloses erzählt.*

to prevent or punish it. These customs vary from the payment of a slight compensation, payable either to the dead man's family, or to the tribal chief, down to actual capital punishment. Among the Northern Californians, a few strings of shell-money compounded for the murder of a man, and half a man's price was paid for a woman. Banishment from the tribe being sometimes the penalty, death never. Among the Kutchin tribes, human life was valued at 40 beaver skins. Even the Veddahs insist upon compensation to survivors. The Targu Lapps, with whom homicide was a brave rather than a shameful act, punished nevertheless a murderer with blows, and compelled him to support the dead man's relations.³ In some cases, a slight penance was the only law against homicide. A Yuma Indian, for instance, who killed a tribesman, had perforce to fast for a month on vegetables and water, bathing frequently during the day; whilst a Pima who killed an Apache had to fast for 16 days, living in the woods, careful meanwhile to keep his eyes from the sight of a blazing fire and his tongue from conversation.⁴

The custom, moreover, of extending to a whole family the guilt of an individual is an additional protection to human life among savages. In the same way as, till lately, English law revenged itself on the suicide who had escaped its jurisdiction, by punishing the criminal's relations, savage custom satisfies indignation by taking any member of a family as a substitute for a fugitive criminal. The Thlinket Indians, if they could not kill the actual murderer, killed one of his tribe or family instead.⁵ "An Indian," says Kane, "in taking revenge for the death of a relative, does not, in all cases, seek the actual offender; as, should the party be one of his own tribe, any relative will do, however distant."⁶ Catlin tells the story, how, when a great Sioux warrior, the Little Bear, had been shot by the Dog, the avengers of the former caught and slew the Dog's brother, whom everyone esteemed highly, because they failed to overtake the Dog.⁷ If a Californian criminal escaped to a sacred refuge, he was regarded as a coward, in that he diverted to a relation a punishment he deserved himself.⁸ In Samoa, not only the murderer, but all his belongings would fly to another village as a city of refuge, for in Samoan law a plaintiff might seek redress from "the brother, son, or other relative of the guilty party."⁹ In the Fiji Islands, a warrior

³ Bancroft, *Native Races*, i. 348.

² Bancroft, i. 130.

⁴ Klemm, *Culturgeschichte*, iii. 69.

⁵ Bancroft, i. 520, 553.

⁶ Dall, *Alaska and its Resources*, 416.

⁷ Kane, *Wanderings of an Artist*, 115.

⁸ Catlin, *North American Indians*, ii. 192.

⁹ Bancroft, iii. 167.

¹⁰ Turner, *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, 285.

once left his musket in such a position that it went off and killed two persons. The owner of the musket was condemned to death, but, as he fled away, his father was taken; and the strangulation of the latter perfectly satisfied the ends of justice.¹

The Samoans, as far back as it was possible to trace, had had customary laws for the prevention of theft, adultery, assault, and murder, and the penalties for such crimes appeared rather to have grown milder than severer with time. Not only this, but they had penal customs for such wrong acts as rude conduct to strangers, pulling down of fences, spoiling fruit trees, or calling a chief by opprobrious epithets. It is open to doubt whether other savage tribes had not equally good safeguards for preventing at least those greater social offences, whose immorality furnishes the first principle of even civilised ethics.

In Fiji the criminality of actions is said to have varied with the social rank of the offender, murder by a chief being accounted less heinous than a petty larceny by a man of low rank. Theft, adultery, witchcraft, violation of a *tabu*, arson, treason, and disrespect to a chief were among the few crimes regarded as serious. With regard to murder, we are told (and the passage is a favourite one for illustrating the extreme variability of moral sentiment), that to a Fijian, shedding of blood was "no crime, but a glory," and that to be an acknowledged murderer was "the object of his restless ambition." In a similar strain we read that, in New Zealand, intentional murder was either very meritorious or of no consequence; the latter, if the victim were a slave, the former, if he belonged to another tribe. The malicious destruction of a man of the same tribe was, however, rare, the *lex talionis* alone applying to or checking it.² It is probable that this reservation in favour of native New Zealand should be made for all cases where murder is spoken of as a trivial matter. Whenever murder is spoken of as no crime, reference seems generally made to murder outside the tribe, so that from the circumstances of savage life it resolves itself into an act of ordinary hostility; or if the reference is to murder within the tribe, it is to murder sanctioned by necessity, custom, or superstition. The Carrier Indians, who did not think murders worth confessing among other crimes of their lives, yet regarded the murder of a fellow-tribesman as something quite senseless, and the man who committed such a deed had to absent himself till he could pay the relatives, since at home he was only safe if a chief lent him the refuge of his tent or of one of his garments.³ "A

¹ Williams, *Fiji*. ² *Old New Zealand*. By a Pakeha Maori, 105.

³ Harmon's *Journal*, 299, 300.

murder," says Sproat, *if not perpetrated on one of his own tribe, or on a particular friend, is no more to an Indian than the killing of a dog.*" The sutteeism and parenticide, which missionaries describe as murders, are, from the savage point of view, rather acts of men being intimately connected with their ideas of future existence, which it is neither fair nor scientific to apply the phraseology and associations of Christian morality.

Different tribes have evolved different institutions for the prevention of wrongs, which supplement to a large extent the absence of fixed legal remedies.

In Greenland, there was the singing combat, in which any aggrieved, dancing to the beat of a drum and accompanied by partisans, recited at a public meeting a satirical poem, telling ludicrous stories of his adversary, and having to listen afterwards to similar abuse of himself, till, after a long succession of charges and retorts, the assembled spectators gave the victory to one of the combatants. These combats, says Cranz, served to remind debtors of the duty of repayment, to brand falsehood and detraction with infamy, to punish fraud and injustice, and above all to overwhelm adultery with contempt. The fear of incurring public disgrace at these combats, with the fear of retaliation for injury, the only motive to virtue which the writer allows to the natives of Greenland.

In Samoa, thieves could be scared from plantations by cocoanut leaflets so plaited as to convey an imprecation; and a man who had an artificial sea-pike suspended from a tree would fear that, if he accomplished his theft, the next time he went fishing a real sea-pike would dart up and wound him mortally. Images of a similar nature, conveying imprecations of disease, death, lightning, or a plague of locusts, seem also to have been effective restraints upon thievish propensities. And it is likely that a similar meaning attached in Africa to certain branches of trees which, stuck into the ground in a particular manner, with bits of broken pottery, were enough to prevent the most determined robber from crossing a threshold.¹ Similar *tabu* marks were seen on some rocks at Tahiti, placed there to prevent people from picking up or getting shells from the queen's preserves;² and it is possible that the origin of all *tabu* customs may have lain in the supposed efficacy of symbolical imprecation.

In New Zealand, the institution of *muru*, or the legalized enforcement of damages by plunder, extended the idea of sinfulness even

¹ Turner, *Polynesia*, 294-5.

² Pinkerton, xvi. 595, from Froyart's *Zoango*.

³ FitzRoy, *Voyages of Adventure and Beagle*, ii. 574.

involuntary wrongs or accidental sufferings. Involuntary homicide is said to have involved more serious consequences than murder of malice prepense. And if a man's child fell into the fire, or his canoe was upset and himself nearly drowned, he was not only cudgelled and robbed, but he would have deemed it a personal slight not to have been so treated.¹ To escape from drowning was indeed a common sin in savage life, for was it not to escape the just wrath of the Water Spirit, and perhaps to turn it upon some one else? In Kamschatka, so heinous was the sin of cheating the Water Spirit of his prey, by escape from drowning, that no one would receive such a sinner into his house, speak to him, nor give him food: he became, in short, socially dead. Evidently related with this idea is the custom reported by Livingstone of an African tribe who expelled anyone bitten by a zebra or an alligator, or even so much as splashed by the tail of the latter, from their community.²

Again, however much Catlin's assertion, that self-denial, torture, and immolation were constant modes among North American Indians for appealing to the Great Spirit for countenance and forgiveness, may overstate the truth, it is remarkable that not only penance by fasting and self-torture, but the practice of confession should occur in the lower culture as a mode of moral purification. It was common not only [in Mexico and Peru, but among widely [remote savage tribes, being closely connected with the belief in the power of sin to cause, and of priestcraft to cure, dangerous sickness. The Carrier Indians of North America thought that the only chance of recovery from sickness lay in a disclosure before a priest of every secret crime committed in life, and that instant death would result from the concealment of a single fact.³ The Samoan islanders, believing that all disease was due to the wrath of some deity, would inquire of the village priest the cause of sickness, and he would sometimes in such cases command the family to assemble and confess. At this ceremony each member of the family would confess his crimes, and any judgments he might have invoked in anger on the family or the invalid himself. At this confessional long concealed crimes were often disclosed.⁴ In Yucatan confession, introduced by Cukulcan, the mythical author of their culture, was much resorted to, "as death and disease were thought to be direct punishments for sins committed." The natives of Cerquin, in Honduras, confessed, not only in sickness, but in immediate danger of any kind, or to procure divine blessings

¹ *Old New Zealand*, 96-100.

² Livingstone's *Missionary Travels in South Africa*, 255.

³ Harmon's *Journal*, 300. ⁴ Turner's *Polynésia*, 224.

on any important occasion. So far did they carry it, that, if a travelling party met a jaguar or puma, each would commend himself to the gods, and confess loudly his sins, imploring pardon, and if the beast still advanced, they would cry out, "We have committed as many more sins, do not kill us."¹

But over and above the wrong acts from which restraints lie in the revenge of individuals or in punishment by the community, there is a large class of acts, defended rather by spiritual than secular sanctions, deriving their sinfulness from pure misconceptions of things, and constituting for savages by far the larger part of their field for right and wrong. The consciousness of having trodden in the footstep of a bear would be as painful to a Kamschadal as the consciousness of having stolen, the possible consequences of the former being infinitely more dreadful. Such acts as the experience of primitive times has thus generalised into acts provocative of unpleasant expressions of dissatisfaction from the spiritual world, and so far as sinful, become in the folk-lore of later date acts merely unlucky or ominous. The feeling to this day prevalent in parts of England and Germany, that if you transplant parsley you may cause its guardian spirit to punish you or your relations with death, fairly illustrates how the wrongful acts of bygone times may even in civilised countries continue to be guarded by the very same sanction that gave them potency in the days of savagery.

Of such regulations in restraint of the natural liberty of savage tribes, let it suffice to give some instances of sinful acts which derive all their associations of wrong from rude notions concerning the nature of storms, of ancestors, of names, and of animals. It will be seen that in some cases such superstitions act as real checks to real wickedness.

As English sailors will refrain from whistling at sea lest they should provoke a storm, so the Kamschadals account many actions sinful on account of their storm-breeding qualities. For this reason, they will never cut snow from off their shoes with a knife out of doors, nor go barefooted outside their huts in winter, nor sharpen an axe or a knife on a journey. The Fuejians, brought away by Captain FitzRoy, felt sure that anything wrong said or done caused bad weather, especially the sin of shooting young ducks. They declared their belief in an omniscient Big Black Man, who has his living among the woods and mountains, and influenced the weather according to men's conduct; in illustration of which, they told a story of a murderer, who ascribed to the anger of this being :

¹ Bancroft, iii. 486.

storm of wind and snow which followed his crime.¹ In Vancouver's Island there is a mountain, the sin of mentioning which in passing may cause a storm to overturn the offender's canoe.²

Prominent among the moral checks of savage life is the fear of the anger of the dead. Among savages the supposed wishes of their departed friends, or deified forefathers, operate as real commands, girt with all the sanction of superstitious terror, and clothing the most fanciful customs with all the obligatory feelings of morality. A New Zealand chief, for instance, would expect his dead ancestors to visit him with disease or other calamity if he let food touch any part of his body, or if he entered a dwelling where food hung from the ceiling.³ How deeply the feeling that disease and death were due to the displeasure of the dead, who might return to earth, and reside in some part of a living person's body, may be illustrated by the Samoan custom of taking valuable presents as a last expression of regard to the dying, obviously by way of bribing them to forego their incorporeal privilege of post-mortem revenge.⁴ On the Gold Coast also friends made presents to the dead of gold, brandy, or cloth, to be buried with them; just as in ancient Mexico all classes of the population would beg of their dead king to accept their offerings of food, robes, or slaves, which they vied in giving him, or as the Mayas would place precious gifts or ornaments near or upon the corpse of a deceased lord of a province.

Proper behaviour with regard to names is one of the most important points of savage decorum. The confusion, amounting almost to identification, between a person and his name is one of the most signal proofs of the power of language over thought. As Catlin's or Kane's Indian pictures were thought to detract from the originals something of their existence, giving the painter such power over them that whilst living their bodies would sympathise with every injury done to their pictures and when dead would not rest in their graves, so the feeling among savages is strong that the knowledge of a person's name gives to another a fatal control over his destiny. An Indian once asked Kane, "whether his wish to know his name proceeded from a desire to steal it;"⁵ whilst, with the Abipones, it was positively sinful for anyone to pronounce his own name. Hence it is that the highest compliment a savage can pay a person is to exchange names with him, a custom which Cook found prevalent at

¹ FitzRoy, *Voyager*, ii. 180.

² Sproat, *Scenes and Studies of Savage Life*, 265.

³ Shortland, *Southern Districts of New Zealand*, 30.

⁴ Turner, *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, 225, 236. ⁵ Kane, 205.

Tahiti and in the Society Islands, and which was also common in North America.¹ Warriors sometimes take the name of a slain enemy from the same motive apparently which, in some instances, was an inducement to eat their flesh, namely, to appropriate their courage. The Lapps change a child's baptismal name, if it falls ill, rebaptizing it at every illness, as if they thought to deceive the spirit that vexed by the simple stratagem of an *alias*;² and the Californian Shoshonees changing their names after such feats as scalping an enemy, stealing his horses, or killing a grizzly bear, had, perhaps, some similar idea of avoiding retaliation. Among the Chinook Indians near Seattle often changed their names, because they feared the spirits of the dead might be drawn back to earth if they often heard familiar names used.

With these ideas about names, it is easy to understand how an especial reverence would become attached to the names of kings and dead persons, whose power to punish a slight use of their appellations might well be deemed exceptional. Thus, on accessions to royalty in the Society Islands, all words resembling the king's name were changed, and any person bold enough to continue the use of the superseded terms was put to death with all his relations.³ From a similar state of thought the Abipones invented new words for all things whose previous names recalled a dead person's memory, whilst mentioning his name was "a nefarious proceeding."⁴ The degrees of superstition attached to the mention of a dead person, arising from a belief in the power of spoken names to call back their owners, vary in different nations from its being a positive crime, punishable by fine, to a mere rudeness, to be checked in the young. Among the Northern Californians it was one of the most strenuous laws that whoever mentioned a dead person's name should be liable to a heavy fine, payable to the relatives.⁵ The tribe of Ainos held it a great rudeness to speak of the dead by their names;⁶ whilst there appears to have been hardly a single native tribe that did not regard it as wrong.

Several causes may have led to animal worship. The tendency to call men by qualities or peculiarities in them fancifully recalling the name of some animal, and the tendency to apotheosize distinguished ancestors, thus named after the tiger or the bear, may have led to a confusion of thought between the animal and the man, till the divine attributes, once attached to the individual, became transferred to the

¹ Bancroft, i. 245, 285, 438.

² Klemm, *Culturgeschichte*, iii. 78.

³ Cook's *Voyages*, iii. 158.

⁴ Dobritzhofer, *Abipones*, ii. 203, 274.

⁵ Bancroft, ii. 357.

⁶ Dall, *Alaska*, 524. For instances of the feeling in North America, see Bancroft, i. 205, 288, 544, 745; iii. 521, 522.

species of animal that survived him in constant existence. Or the same fancy, which sees inspiration in an idiot from his very lack of common reason, may have attributed peculiar wisdom and looked with peculiar awe on the animal world, by very reason of its speechlessness. Then, again, the idea that the bodies of animals may be the depositories of departed human souls may have led to the worship of certain animals: some Californians for this reason refraining from the flesh of large game, because it is animated by the souls of past generations, so that the term "eater of venison" is one of reproach among them. Or the prohibitions of shamans may have produced the result in some cases: the Thlinket Indians being found, for this reason, abstinent from whale's flesh or blubber, whilst both are commonly eaten by surrounding tribes. But, whatever the original causes, tribes are found all over the world beset with a feeling of sinfulness with regard to the injuring, eating, or in any way offending different species of animals; of which, as no extreme instance, may be mentioned the Fijian custom of presenting a string of new nuts, gathered expressly, to a land crab, "to prevent the deity leaving with an impression that he was neglected and visiting his remiss worshippers with drought, dearth, or death."

Beyond, however, customs or ideas in prevention of acts prejudicial to their real or supposed welfare, savage communities appear to have little idea of any quality in actions rendering them good or bad independently of consequences. Their prayers, their beliefs, and their mythology alike go to prove this. That they will pray for such temporal blessings as health, food, rain, or victory, but not for such moral gains as the conquest of passion or a truthful disposition, to some extent justifies the inference that moral advancement forms no part of their code of things desirable. Their good and evil spirit or spirits are simply differentiated as the causes respectively of things agreeable or disagreeable, as taking sides for or against struggling humanity, so that tribes which pray and sacrifice to the source of evil, to the neglect of that of good, cannot be said not to conform to reason. Their mythology, again, owes its very monotony mainly to the lack of moral interest to relieve and sustain it. As Mr. Grote, arguing from the mythology to the moral feeling of legendary Greece, observes, that such a sentiment as a feeling of moral obligation between man and man was "neither operative in the real world nor present to the imaginations of the poets," so it may be said not less emphatically of extant savage mythology. The Polynesian idea of a god, it has been well said, is mere *power* without any reference to goodness. The divine denizens of Avaiki (the Hades of the Hervey Islands), as they marry, quarrel, build, and live just like mortals, so they murder, drink,

thieve, and lie quite in accordance with terrestrial precedents.¹ The unethical nature, however, of savage prayer or mythology is obviously not incompatible with the practical recognition of moral distinctions; in the same Hervey Islands the greatest possible sin was to kill a fellow-countrymen by stealth, instead of in battle.²

Ideas, again, relating to a future state and the dependence of future welfare on the mode of life spent on earth, though they would seem to afford some insight into the moral sentiments of those holding them, in default of definition of the good or bad conduct so rewarded or punished, do not really prove much. To take some instances, which have the least appearance of Christian admixture and offer several shades of variety. The Good Spirit of the Mandans dwelt in a purgatory of cold and frost, where he punished those who had offended him before he would admit them to that warmer and happier place, where the Bad Spirit dwelt and sought to seduce the happy occupants.³ Wicked Choctaws were stoned off the slippery pine log which lay across the stream to Paradise; wicked Apaches served to animate terrestrial rattlesnakes. For the Charocs of California were two roads, one strewn with flowers and leading the good to the bright western land, the other bristling with thorns and briers, and leading the wicked to a place full of serpents.⁴ The souls of Chipewyans drifted in a stone canoe to an enchanted isle in a large lake; if the good actions of their life predominated, they were wafted safely ashore, but if the bad, the canoe sank beneath their weight and left the wretches to float for ever, in sight of their lost and nearly won felicity. Wicked Okanagans, again, a Columbian tribe (and by the wicked are here specified murderers and thieves), went to a place where an evil spirit, in human form, with equine ears and tail, belaboured them with a stick.⁵ Such of the Fijian dead as succeeded in reaching Mbulu were happy or not, according as they had lived so as to please the gods; and subject to special punishment were persons who had not their ears bored, women who were not tattooed, and men who had not slain an enemy.⁶

But, with the exception of the Okanagans (whose Evil Spirit looks suspiciously European), there is nothing to show that the good or bad, rewarded or punished, as above described, were really anything more than those who on earth had fought and hunted with courage or cowardice. Writers citing such beliefs do not always

¹ Gill's *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, 154. ² The same, 38.

³ Catlin, *North American Indians*, i. 157. ⁴ Bancroft, iii. 524.

⁵ Bancroft, iii. 519; and other instances in the same, chapter xii.

⁶ Williams, *Fiji*, 247.

make allowance for the difference between the savage and the civilised moral standard. The code to be observed, says Schoolcraft, in order for the soul to pass safely the stream which leads to the land of bliss, "appears to be, as drawn from their funeral addresses, fidelity and success as a hunter in providing for his family, and bravery as a warrior in defending the rights and honour of his tribe. There is no moral code regulating the duties and reciprocal intercourse between man and man."¹ And if the good American Indians above mentioned were distinguished by any other moral attribute than mere bravery, we have to account for the fact that, while Mexican civilisation consigned all who died natural deaths, good and bad alike, to the dull repose of Mictlan, reserving for the higher pleasures of futurity those who met their deaths in war or water, or from lightning, disease, or childbirth, tribes whose culture stood to that of Mexico as equidistant as that of Polynesia from that of Europe, should have attained to the moral belief of the effects of earthly conduct reaching beyond the grave.

The foregoing brief review of some of the real evidence on the subject would seem to indicate the conclusion that, in matter of morals, savages are neither so low as they have been painted by most writers, nor so blameless as they have been portrayed by some. Their faults, such as their vindictiveness, their ingratitude, or their mendacity, might be predicated as easily of communities the most advanced in the world; nor, in the face of the great neglect of precision of language in all narratives of travel, can any evidence of the utter ignorance of right and wrong among any tribe lay claim to the smallest scientific value. Of the African Yorubas one writer asserts that they are not only covetous and cruel, but "wholly deficient in what the civilised man calls conscience." Of the same people another says, that they have several words in their language to express honour, and "more proverbs against ingratitude than perhaps any other people."²

Perhaps no description of savage character is fairer than Mariner's of the Tonjan Islanders. "Their notions," he says, "in respect to honour and justice are tolerably well-defined, steady, and universal; but in point of practice, both the chiefs and the people, taking them generally, are irregular and fickle, being in some respects extremely honourable and just, and in others the contrary, as a variety of causes may operate."³ But the justice of such remarks is lost in their vagueness, and their impartial generality would render them of world-wide rather than local application.

¹ Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, v. 403, 404. ² Bowen, *Central Africa*, 285.

³ Mariner, *Tonjan Islands*, ii. 154.

If, therefore, in consideration of the unsatisfactory nature of the direct evidence, we resort to the indirect for the materials of our judgment, we shall perhaps not err widely from the truth if we say that average savage morality coincides very much with that of any contemporary remote village of the civilised world, where the fear of retaliation and disgrace is the chief preventive of great wickedness, and the natural play of the social affections the main safeguard of good order. Wherever travellers have explored, or missionaries taught, they have been able to detect customary laws regulating the relations of civil life, the orderly transference of property by exchange or inheritance, no less than the fixed succession to titles and dignities. They have found not only punishments for the prevention, but judicial ordeals for the detection, of crimes; nor is it possible to believe that such penal laws can exist without ideas of wrongness attaching to the deeds they prohibit. But, besides the secular absolution involved in legal penalties, they have found not unfrequently a kind of spiritual purification by means of confession, penances, and fasting; and the practice of such confession alone proves that feelings of remorse are not foreign to savage races, difficult as it must always be to discriminate between actual remorse for wickedness and the mere dread of contingent punishment. The greater social crimes, murder, theft, and adultery, are sufficiently prevented by the fear of revenge or of tribal punishment; and statements concerning indifference to the immorality of such actions either do not rest on good evidence, or apply to extra-tribal, that is, to hostile relations. It seems, therefore, that fundamentally the two extremities of civilisation are ethically united; each having for its standard of morality the idea of its own welfare, and deriving a sense of moral obligation from a more or less vague dread of consequences. The fundamental identity of human emotions, of the operations of the feelings of love, fear, hope, and shame, appear to have produced, in different stages of culture, very similar moral feelings; nor is it conceivable that such feelings, howsoever much weaker, were ever radically different in the most remote antiquity.

J. A. FARRER.

SIR PETER TEAZLE.

ON, on May 24, 1802, Mr. Thomas King, the comedian, in the seventy-third year of his age, appeared for the last time as Sir Peter Teazle, and took leave of the stage, his brother presented him with a handsome silver cup inscribed with names and with the appropriate lines from Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth*: "If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt be the best king of good fellows." Mrs. Jordan, the star of the night, had led the veteran from the stage to a private green-room. Mr. Dowton, who had played Sir Oliver, the name of the Drury Lane company and the profession, presented the cup to Mr. King, inviting him to a cheerful draught and begging him to accept it as a token of affectionate regard, in memory of his merits as an actor and of his kindly conduct to the many years he had gratified the public before the curtain and endeared himself to the players behind it. The old man refused to express his thanks in appropriate language—he was contented by the kindness of his friends and comrades.

Swansea swansea nights of the players are usually trying and touching.

For no less than fifty-four years Mr. King had filled an important position upon the London stage. It was hard for him to resign of his own accord a career that had brought him great success and had conferred so much pleasure upon so many. He was a veteran of his profession. Generations had passed through the theatre, leaving him still an admired occupant of its boards. The children who had been children when he first appeared were now fathers; while those, alas! who were old when, a stripling of twenty, he commenced his engagement at Drury Lane, had long since passed into the grave. But King had been loth to depart. It was only that his circumstances were not of very flourishing sort, owing in great part to his own extravagance, his foolish compliance with the gambling fashions of his time—but his art was dear to him. He found nothing better than the exercise of his gifts and acquirements before an appreciative audience. The time had really come for him, *never, to make his final exit from the scene.* He had lately

been a good deal distressed by failure of memory ; he could scarcely learn new parts. " He needed," we are told, " a very painful tensity of care to keep even his old studies in tolerable condition." Ten years before he left the stage, in 1792, the satirical poem, "The Children of Thespis," had reminded him cruelly and coarsely enough of his age and his decline. He is told that he had "incompetent grown," that he is "but the mere ghost" of what he was :—

For envious of worth, see ! to sever the thread,
Foul Atropos plays round his reverend head.
And 'tis plain both his mind and his faculties moulder
When the task of each day proves the man—a day older.

And further—

His characters fade as his spirits decay,
And his Brass is at best—an attempt to be gay.

Yet it was of his Brass, a character in the "Confederacy" of Sir John Vanbrugh, that Churchill had written, in 1761, in the "Rosciad":—

'Mongst Drury's sons he comes and shines in Brass.

However, Boaden, who was present in the pit, relates that King, appearing for the last time as Sir Peter Teazle, played "extremely well, and in the language was quite perfect." He had, it seems, a habit of repeating, inaudibly, every speech addressed him by the other characters, "so that he never remitted his attention to the business for a moment ; his lips were always employed, and he was probably master of the language of every scene he was engaged in. It is admitted, however, that his face, which was at all times very strongly marked, and was "flexible to many changes of expression, bore "rather too evident signs of the ravages of time." Cumberland supplied the actor with a poetic address containing the lines :—

Patrons, farewell :
Though you still kindly my defects would spare,
Constant indulgence who would wish to bear?
Who that retains the scenes of brighter days
Can sue for pardon while he pants for praise?
On well-earned fame the mind with pride reflects,
But pity sinks the man whom it protects.

The fate that none can fly from I invite,
And do my own dramatic death this night.

That chance has come to me that comes to all—
My drama's done. I let the curtain fall.

The verses are not the happiest example of Cumberland's muse. But Cumberland was himself at this time a septuagenarian.

Charles Kemble, who had played Charles Surface, now, "with graceful attention of Orlando to the old Adam of 'As You Like It'" attended Sir Peter Teazle while he spoke his parting address, in order to prompt him if, in his agitation, Mr. King might be at a loss for Cumberland's words. Boaden, somewhat morbidly curious to see how the great comedian struggled with his feelings," watched him closely. "His eye showed but little, but his lip trembled and his voice faltered"—naturally enough. The audience were much affected as they listened intently to the voice they were never to hear again upon the stage. The address concluded, Mr. King withdrew, amid the tears and plaudits of a most splendid and crowded house."

He survived some two years only, and lies interred in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the burial-place of the actors Estcourt, Macklin, Wilks, Macklin, and others, and of the dramatists Wycherley and Susannah Centlivre. Portraits of King, by John Wilson, the landscape painter, and as Touchstone, by Zoffany, are possessed by the Garrick Club.

Hazlitt writes: "His acting left a taste on the palate, sharp and sweet, like a quince. With an old, hard, rough, wrinkled face, like a sour apple, puckered up into a thousand wrinkles; with shrewd hints and tart replies; with nods and becks and wreathed smiles; he was the real, amorous, wheedling, or stately, choleric, peremptory old gentleman in *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Anthony Absolute*; and the true, that is, the pretended clown in *Touchstone*, with wit sprouting from his head like a pair of ass's ears, and folly perched on his cap like the horned owl." King left a widow. He had married, about 1766, a Miss Baker, a dancer engaged at Drury Lane. Her means were but scanty in her old age. She became the tenant of a garret in Tottenham Court Road, and was supported chiefly by the contributions of her friends. We are told, however, that she bore her reverse of fortune with exemplary patience and submission.

In regard to the parentage and youth of King accounts vary. The biographer relates that he was born in August 1730 in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, descended by the father's side from a respectable family in Hampshire and by the mother's side "from the Blisses of Gloucestershire." Another writer insists that he was born in Westminster, the son of a decent tradesman. He was educated either at Westminster School or at a minor establishment that prepared pupils for Westminster School. He was articled to an attorney, but he quitted the law for the stage. With Shuter, the comedian, he joined a troop of strolling players, and, at the age of seventeen, made his first appearance in a barn at Tunbridge. For a twelvemonth King

led an itinerant life, studying and performing tragedy, comedy, pastoral, and pantomime, with great industry and small profit. "I remember," he was wont to relate in after life, "that when I had but a short time on the stage I performed one night King Richard, two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a hornpipe, spoke prologue, and was afterwards harlequin in a sharing company, after all this fatigue my share came to three pence and three farthings of candle!" A biographer adds that he had, further, journeyed from Beaconsfield to London and back again in order that he might obtain certain "properties" essential, as he considered, to his appearance as King Richard.

An introduction to Yates, the comedian—then about to open a booth for theatrical exhibitions at Windsor—secured young King's engagement. This was the commencement of his good fortune as an actor. His merits were favourably reported to Garrick, who repaired to Windsor, heard the young man rehearse, and forthwith engaged him for two seasons. He made his first appearance at Drury Lane on the 19th October 1748, performing Allworth in *New Way to pay Old Debts*. The character was well suited to his youthful appearance, and he obtained considerable applause. He appeared subsequently as George Barnwell, as Ferdinand in *"Tempest,"* as Claudio in *"Much Ado about Nothing,"* as Young Fashion in *"The Relapse,"* as Dolabella in *"All for Love,"* and as the Fine Gentleman in the farce of *"Lethe"*; but he was also required to undertake such minor characters as the Herald in *"King Lear,"* Salanio in the *"Merchant of Venice,"* and Rosse in *"Macbeth."* Altogether he seems to have been somewhat dissatisfied with his occupation in the theatre; he desired more complex parts than it was convenient to Mr. Garrick to entrust him with. When his engagement terminated, he repaired to Dublin, where he remained nine years enjoying the most cordial favour of his audiences. He made his first appearance at Mr. Sheridan's theatre in Capel Street as Ranger in the comedy of the *"Suspicious Husband."* "Though a very young man," writes the historian of the Irish stage, "Mr. Thomas King was allowed to possess an extraordinary share of merit, and deemed a valuable acquisition. He was highly approved of by the town, and remained several years in Ireland, improving every day in his profession and the esteem of the public. His many virtues in private, joined to his abilities on the stage, deservedly gained him the esteem and friendship of those who were so fortunate as to be intimate with him."

King now seems to have eschewed tragedy altogether. Originally

cast for the lovers and even the "walking gentlemen" of the drama, he was gradually assigned more and more of what the actors call the "character parts," and particularly distinguished himself as the saucy serving-men and the quaintly choleric elderly gentlemen of old-fashioned English comedy. He was very versatile; his experiences as a stroller were of rare service to him. Among his more famous impersonations during his stay in Ireland may be counted his Mercutio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, his Osric and Autolycus, his Scrub, Abel Dragger, Marplot, Tattle, Duretête in the "Inconstant," and Lovegold in the "Miser." He obtained great applause also by appearing as a speaking harlequin. He is described as possessing a most easy and genteel figure, with a pleasing countenance, greatly expressive features, "spirited and significant eyes," distinct voice, and ingenious and appropriate action. His face and manner were said to be remarkable for "a pert vivacity, with a sly knowledge of the world," peculiarly his own. When the part he played so required, he could deliver his speeches with extraordinary rapidity, yet with such distinct articulation that not a syllable was lost. He was considered to be particularly happy as the speaker of a prologue or epilogue. "There was a happy distinction in his ease, manner, familiarity, and acting these dramatic addresses that rendered these entertainments of the first class, and of this the audiences were so sensible that they would never suffer the farce of 'Bon Ton' to be presented without the Prologue."

From 1759 dates his long engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, which may be said to have terminated only with his professional career. For a season, however, he was absent, and his services were transferred to Covent Garden. He had become nominally stage manager under Sheridan, but the position was one of considerable discomfort. In an address to the public, published in 1788, he explains his conduct in withdrawing from an office which simply constituted him the scapegoat of the lessee. Sheridan either could not or would not manage the theatre himself; nor would he formally delegate authority to another. King had enjoyed but the shadow of power while generally credited with complete responsibility. He complained with reason of the undefined nature of his duties, which involved him in endless discussions and difficulties with authors, actors, and the public. "Should anyone ask me what was my post at Drury Lane, and if I was not manager, who was? I should be forced to answer, like my friend Atall in the comedy, to the first, *I don't know*; and to the last, *I can't tell*. I can only once more positively assert that I was *not manager*; for I had not the power by any

agreement, nor had I indeed the wish, to approve or reject any new dramatic work ; the liberty of engaging, encouraging, or discharging any one performer ; nor sufficient authority to command the cleaning a coat or adding, by way of decoration, a yard of copper lace—both of which, it must be allowed, were often much wanted." The appointment King vacated was presently filled by Kemble. In the following season King returned to the theatre, as an actor only, without share or pretence of a share in the management. Kemble had now to endure the sufferings King had experienced as the stage manager of the incorrigible Sheridan. After some seasons, Kemble followed King's example, and retired in his turn from the cares of so thankless an office.

King's repertory was most extensive, but many of the characters he impersonated pertain to plays that have long since been forgotten. Comedies are rarely so long-lived as tragedies ; a pathetic fable may endure for all time, but the comic story is often of very effervescent quality, is dependent upon such varying, fleeting matters as fashion, tastes, and manners. Among King's Shakespearian parts, in addition to those already mentioned, may be counted Petruchio, Stephano, Touchstone, Parolles, Speed, Malvolio, Osric, Cloten, the clown in the "Winter's Tale," Pistol, Roderigo, Falstaff, and the First Gravedigger. On certain benefit nights he appeared now as Shylock, now as Richard the Third, now as Iago ; upon a particular occasion he undertook the three characters of Shift, Smirk, and Mother Cole in the "Miser." He was the original representative of Sir Peter Teazle, of Puff, of Doctor Cantwell in "The Hypocrite," and Lord Ogleby in the "Clandestine Marriage." On the death of his old fellow-stroller, Shuter, who played Sir Anthony Absolute during the first season of "The Rivals," the part was promptly taken possession of by King.

Upon his admirable performance of Lord Ogleby King's fame as an actor has been said more especially to rest. The comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage," written by Garrick and Colman, was first performed on the 20th February, 1766. The great success of the work led to a controversy as to which of the authors was responsible for the larger share of it. If there had been failure, each would probably have striven to show that he had been the smaller contributor. In truth, they seem to have divided the work pretty equally between them. The character of Lord Ogleby had been designed for Garrick, who had played, with success, a very similar part, called Lord Chalkstone, in the farce of "Lethe." But Garrick was now much disinclined to attempt new characters, and, in spite of Colman's *entreaty* that he would play Lord Ogleby, and so secure the success

of their comedy, he handed the part to King. As Tate Wilkinson relates, King again and again declined the character, although Garrick carefully read it over to him, and laid stress upon its points and general effectiveness. Finally, King took the part home with him to study, and began repeating passages of it in a tremulous voice, imitative of the tones of a certain Andrew Brice, an eccentric old printer of Exeter. "He tried repeatedly, and found that he had hit upon the very man as a natural and true picture to represent Lord Ogleby." He privately rehearsed a scene in this manner with Garrick, who exclaimed, "My dear King, if you can but sustain that fictitious manner and voice throughout it will be one of the greatest performances that ever adorned a British theatre." Wilkinson proceeds: "Mr. Garrick's prophecy was verified, as Mr. King's manner of producing that character before the public was then and is to this day one of the most capital and highly-finished pieces of acting to which any audience ever was treated, and will never be forgotten while a trait of Mr. King can be remembered." From another account it may be gathered that Garrick's approval of King's Lord Ogleby was not altogether cordial; there seems, indeed, to have lurked something of professional jealousy in the observation he made, long after his retirement from the stage, to his friend Cradock: "I know that you all take it as granted that no one can equal King in Lord Ogleby, and he certainly has great merit in the part; but it is not *my* Lord Ogleby, and it is the only character in which I should now wish to appear."

Some few days after he had bidden farewell to the stage, Garrick sent to King, as a memento of him, a theatrical sword, with a friendly note: "Accept a small token of our long and constant attachment to each other. I flatter myself that the sword, as it is a theatrical one, will not cut love between us; and that it will not be less valuable to you from having dangled by my side some part of the last winter. May health, success, and reputation still continue to attend you. *Farewell, remember me!*" King replies, lamenting the loss of a worthy patron and most affectionate friend, and the severe stroke inflicted, by Mr. Garrick's retirement, upon every performer in the theatre, and every admirer of the drama; he adds, "Please to accept my warmest thanks for the token sent me, which I look on with pleasing pain—happy, however, in the reflection that my endeavours have not passed unnoticed by you to whom they were devoted, though conscious they have been very unequal to the favours repeatedly bestowed on, dear Sir, your constant admirer, ardent well-wisher, and much obliged humble servant, THOMAS KING." A post-

script follows : "Accumulated blessings attend you and your family." Garrick endorses the letter : "Tom King's answer to my note, & my foil."

It must be admitted, however, that the long and close attachment subsisting between manager and actor was now and then interrupted by the exchange of rather acrimonious communications. Garrick was fond of exhibiting his skill as a writer of sharp letters and engaged in angry correspondence with every member of his company in turn. He was morbidly sensitive of anything said or done to his disparagement, was easily offended, could not overlook offence, was prone, indeed, to take it at every opportunity. Moreover, he was surrounded by sycophants, mischief-makers, tale-bearers, and tattlers. It seems that, in 1769, somebody, probably Mr. Hopkins, the prompter, had whispered to him that Mr. King had spoken lightly of his farce of "The Invasion." A note is forthwith despatched to Mr. King : "Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. King : though I am seldom surprised at what may happen in a theatre, yet he should be obliged to Mr. King if he would let him know, by a note, what he was pleased to say about him and the farce of 'The Invasion.'" Mr. King's answer to the prompter, but to himself. Mr. King replies in a similar spirit : "I declare on my honour I do not recollect that name was mentioned, nor do I remember that there was any particular said about the farce I shall only say, that I am out of my power, either on this or any other occasion, whenever the name could be mentioned, to treat it otherwise than with a warm respect little short of enthusiasm ; and I defy the world, reproached as it is with rascals, to produce one base enough to contradict me." The postscript adds : "You were some time ago anxious lest your letter should fall into improper hands. I take the liberty to enclose it for your perusal, and beg you will indulge me by burning it. A note found after my decease would go near to convince some friends whose good opinion I covet, that I had most basely forfeited the favour of a man whose friendly attachment to me was for many years time my greatest, nay almost my only, boast." The note, however, was not destroyed ; it may be found preserved or entombed in the ponderous volumes containing the Garrick correspondence.

About three years later it is Mr. King's turn to complain to Mr. Garrick. "Why am I not to be paid as well as any other actor who has demanded King. "No actor is better received, yourself excepted. . . . I, without a murmur, begin at the opening of the theatre, and never repine at playing, if called on, six nights."

week, till every doorkeeper is served, and the theatre shut up ; while those who are better, much better, allow me to say shamefully better paid, never enter the lists till the theatre has been opened some time, are periodically sick or impertinent about the month of April, and in the very heat of the season are never expected to play two nights running. Some evasion is also found out by them when called on to play on a night immediately subsequent to your performing, their Majesties coming to the theatre, or, in short, anything that attracts the public so as to strengthen one night and weaken another." Garrick in reply demands, "Have you not, Mr. King, been conscious of some breaches of friendship to me, and are you not producing these allegations as excuses for your own behaviour? Have you not, instead of an openmanly declaration of your thoughts to your friend, whispered about in hints and ambiguities your uneasiness? all which by circulation have partly crept into the newspapers ; and though you have disclaimed being privy to their circulation, yet you have certainly been the first cause of it ; while to me even so lately as a fortnight ago, you came to my house at Hampton, showed no signs of displeasure, but rode with me to town, with all the cheerfulness of ease and in the warmest spirit of confidence. Was your friend to be the last to hear of your complaints or to suspect them? My complaints against you, not only as my friend but as a gentleman, are these : that you should keep a secret from me you have told to many ; that you were the cause of having our names mentioned in the daily papers." The fact seems to have been that King, dissatisfied with his position at Drury Lane, was disposed to listen to the advantageous offers he had received from the rival theatre. In addition to the question of salary, he feels aggrieved as to the manner of advertising him in the playbills ; to make room for the lines devoted to another performer, he finds his name and the name of the character he represented " thrust so close under the title of the play that it required some attention to find them." As to his salary, he writes : "Were money my sole object, I should be glad, as Lord Foppington says, to take it in any way, 'stap my vitals' ; but my wish was and is to be paid as much as any comedian on the stage, yourself excepted. If I cannot bring this about in my present agreement, I never can expect to do it ; for should you return, and I want to make a fresh one, and enlarge my demand, the reply would naturally be, 'Why, Mr. Garrick, who was a competent judge of, and, as you have allowed, rather partial to, your abilities, would have given it to you if he had thought you had deserved it.' I do not believe the persons with whom I should then be in treaty would give me more for my plea of being then so many years older."

The salary question settled in King's favour, some difficulty seems to have arisen touching the revival at Drury Lane of Shakespeare's Jubilee, a pageant in which the company, representing Shakespearian characters, walked in procession round the stage. This exhibition was not very favourably viewed by the actors, and some held aloof from it altogether. King maintained that the rule should be "all or none"—he was willing to appear with the others—otherwise it became a question of professional dignity, and he declined accepting any share in the matter. "I cannot think of appearing in any procession where any member of the company thinks it a disgrace to make one." King, it may be noted, had taken part in the original Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1769, appearing in a fashionable suit of blue and silver as a macaroni or buck, and indulging in much comic and satiric abuse of Shakespeare, with a string of smart hits against the festival, the town, and Mr. Garrick, the high steward of the festival. This portion of the performance, apparently, was misunderstood by the audience, and considered by many as an impertinent interruption on the part of Mr. King. But the episode had been duly pre-arranged by Mr. Garrick, and King had but spoken what had been set down for him to speak.

It was the fashion to say that Sir Peter Teazle had quitted the stage with King; and no doubt the actor had completely identified himself with the character. But there have been excellent Sir Peters since King. And, indeed, as a rule, whenever an actor is said to take away with him a famous part, there will usually be found someone to bring it back again to the stage—supposing it to be worth bringing back. That King afforded complete satisfaction to the playgoers of his time cannot be questioned, and the critics were unanimous in applauding the manner in which the comedy was represented by all concerned. Garrick was delighted; he had attended the rehearsals, and had expressed the greatest anxiety for the success of the play. He has left on record certain remarks as to the length of time the characters stood still upon the stage after the fall of the screen. He notes that they should be astonished, a little petrified—"yet it may be carried to too great a length." It has been said, however, that Sheridan himself was never quite satisfied. Upon King's retirement the part of Sir Peter was entrusted to Wroughton, and subsequently to Mathews, with whose delineation Sheridan found considerable fault. He requested permission to read the part over to the actor, who found himself much embarrassed by this attention of his manager. Sheridan's reading of the character differed so much from every other conception of it that Mathews found it impossible to adopt any of his

suggestions, and followed, therefore, the manner of the original Sir Peter. "The pointing to the scene with the thumb, the leer, and the movements of the elbows, were precisely the same as practised by King." Sheridan, who had taken the part from Wroughton to give it to Mathews, now took it from Mathews and gave it back to Wroughton, and was still dissatisfied.

King's passion for gambling, acquired, it would appear, in the later part of his life, involved him in pecuniary difficulty. He had been elected a member of Miles's clubhouse, and seems to have been plundered by his fashionable friends. A blackleg of quality, who was alleged to have been guilty of foul play in possessing himself of a large share of the actor's fortune, in dread of exposure and ignominious expulsion, removed his name from the books of all the clubs with which he had been connected. "This man," relates Mr. Taylor, "who was of good family, after his conduct towards King, was discarded by society, and used to wander alone through the streets, an object of contempt to all who had before known and respected him."

King, in his days of prosperity, had kept his carriage, tenanted a house in Great Queen Street and a villa at Hampton, in the neighbourhood of Garrick's country seat. He had enjoyed the honour of entertaining at Hampton Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Kemble, during the Christmas holidays. "He was then easy in his circumstances, having a large salary, and, usually, a productive annual benefit." His society was generally courted; he was pronounced a very entertaining companion, abounding in wit and humour and whimsical anecdote. He was, in 1771, part proprietor and sole manager of the Bristol Theatre, and at a later date he owned three-fourths of Sadler's Wells, which, we are told, he so extended and improved that it became a place of fashionable resort. His losses at play, however, compelled him to sever his connection with these properties. He was possessed of some literary skill, and is credited with the authorship of two farces, "Love at First Sight," produced at Drury Lane in 1763, and "Wit's Last Stake," an adaptation from the French of Regnard, performed several nights in succession in 1769. His friend, Mr. Taylor, writes of him: "If he had devoted himself as much to the muse as he did to the gaming-table, he might have added lustre to his character, have profited by his literary effusions, have ended his life in affluence, and his faithful and affectionate wife would have inherited the comfort of an elegant independence in some degree to console her for the loss of her husband." 'As his fortune declined, he seems to have quitted Hampton for Islington. At the period of

his death he was the tenant of lodgings in Store Street, Bedford Square.

In his "Dramatic Miscellanies," Tom Davies, desiring to pay to "a worthy man and excellent actor" the just tribute due to his character, writes of Tom King: "As an honest servant to the proprietors, engaged in a variety of parts, no man ever exerted his abilities to the greater satisfaction of the public, or consulted the interest of his employers with more cordiality and assiduity. As a manager, entrusted to superintend, bring forward, and revive dramatic pieces, his judgment was solid and his attention unwearied. When he thought proper to quit his post of theatrical director, those of his own profession regretted the loss of a friend and companion whose humanity and candour they had experienced, and on whose impartiality and justice they knew they could firmly depend. Booth's character of the great actor Smith may be applied with justice to Mr. King: 'By his impartial management of the stage, and the affability of his temper, he merited the respect and esteem of all within the theatre, the applause of those without, and the goodwill and love of all mankind.'"

DUTTON COOK.

EPIGRAMS.

Dost thou think I care for a satyre or an epigram?

No whit I believe, but some others may.—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

INNUMERABLE wits have tried to define wit, but it remains undefined. The epigram—itself a piece of wit—is in much the same case. It has been said to be “a short poem treating only of one thing, and ending with some lively, ingenious, and natural thought.” Many of the Greek epigrams consist of a line of prose, so that it need not be a poem. Some one has said there is nothing under the sun that may not become the subject of an epigram. There have been epigrams on twins, and twins are not one thing, so an epigram need not be a poem, and it need not be on one thing. The melancholy tone pervading the majority of Greek epigrams has struck the attention of most scholars, and is noticed by the Rev. Robert Bland in the preface to his “Collection,” so that it need not be lively. That it should be ingenious conveys no definite idea at all; and if anybody can tell what is meant by a “natural thought,” we shall feel grateful to him. Every single word, then, in the above definition is shown to be unessential to the epigram, and it is simply impossible to define a thing by enumerating its unessentials. It is evidently much easier for a witty man to utter wit than to define it. Nobody, Plato included, has ever succeeded in defining the word “man,” though Raleigh, in his “History of the World,” may be said to have fired his huge folio as a shot at that particular thing as at a target. It went as much too wide as Plato’s fell too short. Witty men are continually making epigrams all their life through without knowing it. His bull was epigrammatical when the Irishman described a scholar as being a schoolboy retired. Once you know what a thing is, waste no time in definition of it.

Omne epigramma sit instar apis: sit aculeus illi:
Sint sua mella; sit et corporis exigui.

In three things epigrams are like a bee,
In stinging, in honey, and a body wee.¹

¹ Mr. Riley, in “Bohn’s Dictionary of Classical Quotations,” ascribes this epigram to Martial, but it appears not to be his.

Be the authorship whose it may, it conveys a fair notion of the style of epigram that Martial attempted and is successful in. The French, who claim to be the first epigrammatists in Europe, adopt this scantling, and in their hands it is so frequently charged with malice and a witty bitterness, that one is tempted to say that in passing the Alps Martial's bee enlarged its sting, dropped its honey, and became a wasp. "Le tendre Racine" is their favourite epithet for their chief dramatist, and it has been remarked that his few epigrams exhibit an acerbity that surpasses the general run of even the French school of epigram. Take this by him :

ON THE GERMANICUS OF PRADON.

Que je plains le destin du grand Germanicus !
 Quel fut le prix de ses rares vertus !
 Persécuté par le cruel Tibère,
 Empoisonné par le traître Pison,
 Il ne lui restait plus pour dernière misère
 Que d'être chanté par Pradon.¹

Encyclo. Poétique, p. 49.

There are two ill-rhymed lines in Racine's "hexastich"—which, in such a master of French, is rather astonishing, seeing that the French rule runs, "On ne pardonne *une* faute même à l'épigramme," whilst the cutting satire of the close makes one indeed ask of the "tendre Racine," "If this be tenderness, what on earth would our severity be?"

Rapin, in his remarks on "Eloquence" (ii. p. 166, 1684), extols the natural turn of thought exhibited in the Greek epigram, and contrasts it favourably with the false taste shown by the Latins, whilst he notes that Martial, who is certainly the most celebrated of all epigrammatists in the world, began to write at the period when the decadence of pure Latinity had set in. His aim was to surprise by the piquancy of a witty word, trusting entirely for success to the sharp point with which he brought his brief poem to a close. Rapin's countrymen have followed Martial, to the exclusion of the Greek manner altogether; and probably every Frenchman, except the most highly cultivated, such as a Sainte-Beuve or a Baudelaire, would account it a thing quite indisputable that no nation could compare

¹ Pity the fate of poor Germanicus !
 To have his so rare virtues handled thus :
 The bad Tiberius persecutes the man,
 While Pison's poison truncates his short span :
 But to be sung by Pradon seems to me
 The crowning act of a life's misery.

with his in the composition of this particular species of poetry. Rapin, however, does not seem to have considered that there were very many successful French epigrams. He says :

C'est une espèce de vers où l'on réussit peu, car c'est un coup de bonheur que d'y réussir : une épigramme vaut peu de chose quand elle n'est pas admirable. Et il est si rare d'en faire d'admirables que c'est assez d'en avoir fait une en sa vie.

Another Frenchman said "it was as difficult a performance as an epic poem."

Many will pronounce these estimates to be excessive, for very few see that there is any great difficulty in writing an epigram that shall appear both perfect and witty; and how can one expect such persons to appreciate the difficulty of writing one, seeing that when it is written to their hand they can scarcely perceive it to be at once witty and perfect? I remember a gentleman once wrote to another, on the spur of certain circumstances, six pithy lines exactly fitted to the occasion. Not a line but was full of play; every word told, and the last line brought all together in a perfectly witty close. All the effect it had upon the mind of the receiver was to bring back from him some thirty lines, rhyming, it is true, but so lumbering and pointless that all you could smile at was the manifest unconsciousness of the writer that he was not returning to his friend lines of precisely equivalent value to those received. Sydney Smith said that to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman would require a surgical operation, but there are some of his own countrymen that must apparently be put to soak in brine for three weeks, as you corn beef, before the most pungent Attic salt can make the least impression on their compact tissues.

To show the different appreciation of the value of epigrams by different minds and at different epochs, Lord Chesterfield has recorded his contempt for the whole body of epigrammatists. This is all the more curious as his lordship's turn of mind was exceedingly French, and very well fitted indeed to excel in writing epigrams in the French vein. We have an anecdote related of Malherbe, which shows that he entertained as great a dislike to the simplicity of the Greek epigram as Lord Chesterfield thought he did to all epigrams whatsoever. When dining at a nobleman's house, he was helped to *soupe maigre*, and whispered to a friend sitting next to him, who was a great admirer of the chastity of the Greek taste, "Voilà le potage à la grecque s'il en fut jamais." This, amongst French critics, passed into a proverb descriptive of any composition that seemed to them rapid or deficient in point. Dr. Johnson, perhaps out of a studied opposition to Lord Chesterfield, loved epigrams, and at one time

intended to have written a paper on the subject, and to have made a selection of epigrams. In fact, the good old Doctor did actually fill up the intervals of pain in his last illness in translating Greek epigrams into Latin. That he could be witty enough on occasion is abundantly shown by many an improvised stanza, of which the following is a good example:

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Here is a play on the double sense of the verb "to cry," which rises up in judgment against the utterer of the knock-down axiom—"A man, sir, who would make a pun would pick a pocket." Yet would it have been interesting to know what that typical Englishman of the eighteenth century thought meritorious in the way of epigram, as it would have brought out some traits of character which even the elaborate Boswell has overlooked; but, as he left it unattempted, we need speculate no further, though we know that in his sesquipedalian and portentous way he pronounced Dr. Doddridge's epigram on the words *Dum vivimus, vivamus*, to be the finest in the English language:

"Live while you live," the epicure will say,
"And seize the pleasures of the passing day."
"Live while you live," the hoary preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my mind let both united be:
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee.

This is really excellent, and has the full flavour of the eighteenth century upon it. We can fancy the applause which would attend its recital, whilst the church bells were still crooning for the second service on a Sunday afternoon, at the lips, say, of Hannah More, in the house of Zachary Macaulay. It is short, neat, pretty, witty, mildly devout, and strongly moral. Things such as this have the merit of sun-pictures, and stand to the critically observant as permanent portraiture of the local mind of an epoch. Doddridge, by the perfect utterance of a class-sentiment, has succeeded in conveying in six lines the cosy lambent metaphysics and devoutly respectable quietism under shelter of which the sturdy British citizen of that day walked for the most part bolstered by faith, and unperturbed, the terrible journey from B. to B.—from birth to burial—that so probes and crucifies the men of larger heart who have to traverse it. Samuel Johnson, the colossus of *bourgeoisie*, instinctively fixed attention upon it as the finest thing in our tongue, which was the tongue of

Milton and Junius, of Shakespeare and Chatham. Is it not marvellous how characteristic small things make themselves! A hat blown off at a juncture may change the course of an empire, and so of the universe; and no philosopher can predicate what the Fates may do on the contingent tying of somebody's shoestring.

A Frenchman, no small critic too, thought fit to limit the length of an epigram to a distich: this is indeed an ingenious piece of preceptual madness, seeing that Martial, who stands to the French as model, has many of more than 30 lines, and one of 42—that upon the “Villa Faustini.” The Dutch poets, scorning to be taught by their enemies, have extended the epigram to a couple of pages, and this for stolid Lutherans, in huge trunk-hose, umbrella-hats, and copiously given to De Kuyper, or his equivalent, may be the precise length required to convey recognition of a happy idea into the cerebrum of your stout Hollander. You cannot expect that people who live in

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
(*Samuel Butler's Remains*, ii. 294),

should be able to appreciate dry wit at all, or get it with brevity into their heads. Voltaire's rendering of the Greek epigram, “On a Statue of Venus,” would puzzle them even to understand:—

Oui, je me montrais toute nue
Au dieu Mars, au bel Adonis,
À Vulcain même, et j'en rougis;
Mais Praxitèle, où m'a-t-il vue ?¹

Voltaire appears to have penned this and a few others out of pique, because the French language was reproached with a deficiency in respect of brevity.—(“Dict. Philosoph.” *mot* “*Épigramme*.”)

That “On Leander” has been done into Latin by Martial, and, after him, into almost every language under the sun. Voltaire's version is as follows:—

Léandre, conduit par l'amour,
En nageant disait aux orages,
“Laissez-moi gagner les rivages;
Ne me noyez qu'à mon retour.”²

Epigram must have been one of Voltaire's earliest efforts, for he

<p>¹ I showed my form to godlike Mars, 'tis true, And naked quite to sweet Adonis' view, To Vulcan, blushing; but, Praxiteles, To you I never gave a view with these.</p>	<p>² Leander swimming, led by love, Prayed thus to the storm-gods above, “Let me but touch yon beach once more, Then drown me coming from its shore.”</p>
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is said to have written that on "The Bell-ringers" at the age of ten :—

Persécuteurs du genre humain,
Qui sonnez sans miséricorde,
Que n'avez-vous au cou la corde
Que vous tenez dans votre main ?¹

One of the finest epigrams that can be found in literature, ancient or modern, is attributed by Dodd (in "The Epigrammatists," p. 349) to Voltaire ; it runs thus :—

Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître,
Qui l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.

George Granville (Lord Lansdowne) translated it very indifferently thus :—

Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and master see ;
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

This is very clumsy beside the French ; it was intended as an inscription for a statue of Cupid, and not to represent words spoken in person by the God of Love. It would run better thus :—

Be who thou wilt, thy master see ;
That is, or was, or is to be.

The epigram has been attributed to Marshal Saxe, but whoever wrote it, it is purely Greek in conception and in execution, and it seems in the simplicity of its monosyllabic structure, and its trilateral words, to be renderable into every language under the sun, even the Chinese. I hardly believe it to be Voltaire's. It is quite in the character of that scrap of Alexis, preserved by Athenæus, and translated by Cumberland, where he describes Love as unrivalled in power—"The first great deity"—and asks, Where is he born of mortals

But shall at some time bend the knee to Love ?

"Le trop énergique Piron" wrote a great many pithy, ferine, and mordacious epigrams, and when his caustic raillery had excluded him from the chair in the Academy his bitterness knew no bounds ; he could never forgive the slight, so he recorded his wrath in these words :—

Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien.²

¹ Ye crew accursed, bell-ringing band,
Would that around your throat abhorred
A rope could yield that miséricord
That is denied us by your hand.

² Here Piron lies, a nothing say,
Nothing, not even an R.A.

But our Royal Academy of Painters is too narrow an institution to represent the

It is rather curious to see how epigrams have been borrowed from one language into another. Ben Jonson, for instance, wrote an epigram, or rather an epitaph, on Salathiel Parry, the play-acting chorister-boy of the Chapel Royal:—

Years he numbered scarce thirteen,
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled Zodiacs had been
The stage's jewel,
And did act (what now we mourn)
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He played so truly.

This evidently gave an idea to an anonymous French epigrammatist ("Nouveau Recueil des *Épig.*" ii. 101) on the death of Molière:—

Ci-gît sans nulle pompe vaine
Le singe de la vie humaine,
Qui n'aura jamais son égal ;
De la mort comme de la vie
Voulant être le singe en une comédie,
Pour trop bien réussir il lui réussit mal :
Car la mort en étant ravie
Trouva si belle la copie
Qu'elle en fit un original.

But perhaps for one that the French have borrowed from us we have taken a thousand from them. The famous quatrain of Swift's, which most readers suppose to be original, is from the French of Scévole de Sainte-Marthe ; it is the following, and it certainly reads like a thorough-going piece of English,—and we may perceive in this the advantage of having a poet to translate a poet :—

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool ;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

De Sainte-Marthe [1536-1650] ("Encyclo. Poét." p. 76) writes—

Je confesse bien, comme vous,
Que tous les poètes sont fous ;
Mais, puisque poète vous n'êtes,
Tous les fous ne sont pas poètes.

French Academy at all adequately ; and the Royal Society is too wide and too octogenarian in habit to serve the purpose either ; still, if preferred, as being the more like of the two, you might render it—

Here Piron lies, a nothing ! Yes !
Not even yet an F.R.S.

Prior has given the same thing in a weaker version:—

Yes, every poet is a fool,
By demonstration Ned can show it;
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

Swift comes out of this trial of wit the best versifier of the whole, for the Frenchman rhymes *n'êtes* with *poètes*,—the rhyme is identical, and therefore not truly a rhyme at all; but his third line advances so much better towards the final point than Swift's does, that in fairness he must be confessed to excel both in priority and superiority.

It is not always that our borrowers make us lose the interest. Take for instance the following from Coquard ("Encyclo. Poët." p. 237):—

MISÈRE DE JOB.

Contre Job autrefois le démon révolté
Lui ravit ses enfants, ses biens et sa santé;
Mais pour mieux l'éprouver et déchirer son âme,
Savez-vous ce qu'il fit? Il lui laissa sa femme.

This seems to be as hard upon marriage as you can well make it; almost as bitter as Marshal Saxe on the Seven Sacraments of the Romish Church ("Booth's Epig." p. 195); he maintains there are only six:—

For surely of the seven 'tis clear
Marriage and penance are but one.

But Coleridge has contrived to better the epigram in every way, though, unfortunately, he has not indicated the source whence he derived the original idea. I am not quite sure, however, that Coquard does not get the idea from Owen. There is something so chaotic in all books on epigrams, whether French, English, Latin, or other, that you can trace nothing, and follow up nothing; otherwise, to make a collection of all the good epigrams in literature, and to classify them through all their ramifications, setting all the imitations in juxtaposition with the originals, would form a most interesting, curious, and, I think, useful work. To watch an original piece of wit, born into the world by some true genius, and to see it pass through its various metempsychoses, being re-born, as it were, to a new life with each fresh translation into a new tongue, would be almost as curious as to watch a soul through all its successive incorporations in the Brahminical transmigrations. I take it, too, that it would prove no mean auxiliary to philology itself, for it would, as by a species of comparative mental anatomy hitherto unattempted, teach us how each nation incorporates and clothes in its own

fashion a new idea presented to it. There is, to a certain extent, no doubt a national mental idiosyncrasy, just as there is a national type, structural and physiognomical, of the body. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" by this we might see that one touch of dissimilarity keeps all nations separate. It is not the river or the chain of hills, nor lakes, nor seas, that dissociate the races of mankind; the particles of their thought gyrate differently—attraction and repulsion are busy here unconsciously—and if a straw can show the tide's drift, classified epigrams, for all that "they are a feeble folk," nay, because they are so, might indicate the national polarisation. However, let us now revert to Coleridge's rendering of Coquard into English:—

JOB'S LUCK.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows,—
And the sly devil did not take his spouse.
But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows:
Shortsighted devil! not to take his spouse.

Here the wit of the first stanza is redoubled in the second, and by a species of Italian subtlety reveals the metaphysician underlying the wit. The thing is perfect except the rhyme of the first couplet, and Coleridge is in style almost always faultless. As perfect success in phrasing is *the* characteristic of a great poet, so Coleridge has been most felicitously called "the poet's poet"—though Mackintosh said it first of Spenser—he is supreme in style, and in this not even De Quincey equals him.

Bland thinks that Madame de Staël is justified in saying that English literature is yet a stranger to what she terms "*le langage serré*," that is to say, terse, definite, and graceful expression. This she affirms to be quite unknown to our prose. The treatment of the question would demand an entire paper. Rousseau has remarked that "what good taste has once approved, is for ever good." A great writer is born with a style of his own; as he outgrows his minority, he comes naturally to it as to a grand inheritance; he must not therefore fashion it to suit the taste prevailing in his own day, though this fallacy is constantly insisted on. He forfeits the future if he temporises with the present. On this theme Bland himself

glides into a sentence very excellent when he remarks that "the author who aspires to after ages should take leave of the age in which he lives." One of the felicities of Jean-Jacques is "que les langues du Midi étaient filles de la joie, et les langues du Nord du besoin." Out of all this it comes that the French can produce almost a myriad of striking epigrams after the pattern of Martial, but very few of the Greek type. Each side has its ardent advocates. H. Nelson Coleridge, in the "Quarterly Review" of January, 1865, is rapturous for the Greek and bitter on the stinging epigram; whilst Malherbe, above, or Racan, of whom the same story is sometimes told, and the whole French nation at their back, are *acharnés* for the opposite. Rapin reports that a noble Venetian, Andreas Mangerius by name, a person of great taste, had formed so rooted an antipathy to point as annually to sacrifice a copy of Martial to the manes of Catullus. It appears to me, however, that it would show higher discretion to abstain altogether from partisanship, to rejoice pleasantly in the *bon mot* that a witty Frenchman hits off so happily, embellishing it as he does with the fittest measure and completest rhyme, and yet to remain fully alive to the select and pensive style of which the great masters of antiquity have left us such abundant and such choice examples. For after all disputation and judgment—followed with execution, if you will, by the carnifex—it rests a fact that Martial and a brain-lit cloud of Frenchmen are witty and of great price, whilst the Greeks cling to grace as naturally as willows to an English river side.

Having tried to show that a *bon mot* is little else than an epigram in the process of making, though it may never find a maker, it is well, before passing from the French to other epigrams, to relate now for the first time in print a witty and very characteristic saying of Cardinal Wiseman's, when the Church of Rome made its famous reprisal on the English Parliament upon the passing of the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." His Eminence was coming to London by railway from Hastings, having only one friend in the carriage with him nearly all the way up,—that friend a handsome Spaniard. The Cardinal, elate with the *éclat* of his fulminating "Pastoral," was in the highest possible spirits, and in the most jubilant humour, and surpassing himself even in the *bonhomie* and conviviality that usually characterised his conversation. As the train came slowly in over the roofs of London to deliver tickets, our portly prelate suddenly assumed an air of much consequence, and composing his countenance to a staid severity, that nothing but the malicious twinkle of his laughing eye belied, said in a deep and solemn tone: "Here comes Papal Aggression." Friends and foes would probably alike regret that this

so characteristic and rare specimen of humour in theology should perish for lack of a prothonotary. It is witty and epigrammatic, but better than that, it has humour. Wit may win many heads, and yet make enemies faster than it gains reputation ; but humour wins hearts, enters as a new and unknown guest, and quits them not, but is a life-long friend. The Cardinal spoke well.

The Germans, as may be imagined, are not usually excellent in epigram. In the "Outlandish Proverbs" selected by Mr. G. H., and published in 1640, No. 36 asserts that "a German's wit is in his fingers." Lessing, if he may be judged of fairly from the little book published in 1825, "Fables and Epigrams, from the German of Lessing," was not able to find a great many, and but few of those few have any merit, unless they happen to be translations. A fair one—and this Dodd calls "admirable"—is that "On the Horse of Frederick William on the Bridge at Berlin"—

On me you gaze surprised, as though
You doubted if I breathe or no ;
Expectant half to see me stir :
Enough—I only wait the spur.

This is not half so good as what Roubillac said of the statue in Westminster Abbey: "Hush ! it vill speak presently"—(Smith's "Nollekens.") The idea was no doubt suggested by some one or other of the many Greek epigrams on the Cow of Myron, which Gibbon says is celebrated by the false wit of 36 Greek epigrams. Here the sneer of Gibbon coincides with what we may call the *fine-gentleman theory* of his day, which came into vogue by the foolish remark of Lord Chesterfield, to which passing allusion was made above. What Johannes Secundus, Anacreon, Fawkes, Ausonius, Paschasius, Wright, Lessing as above, and many more, have thought worthy of either imitation or translation may very well outweigh the negligent and haphazard censure of a Gibbon and a Chesterfield.

Whilst somewhat disparaging the general quality of German epigrams, one by Wernicke (Dodd, p. 511) ought not to be passed over, for it is worthy of all commendation. It is translated in Hone's "Table Book," 1831, ii. 479, and runs as follows :—

ON MATERNAL LOVE.

Ere yet her child has drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins—it glows till death—
Lives before life—with death dies not—but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.

If the following version might be permitted to pass for a suffi-

ciently close rendering of the original, I should greatly prefer it as a poem :—

The mother loves before the child is born ;
She loves in night of death, as erst ere dawn ;
A mother's love through all our life beseems
The very substance of immortal dreams.

The thought thrown out by Wernicke is quite in the spirit of the Greek epigram at its culminating epoch.

To exhibit the very odd shapes the epigram on Myron's Cow takes, let this of Lessing's show :—

ON A BATTLE PIECE.

How fine the illusion ! Bremartus breathed shorter
When he saw it, fell prostrate, and roared out for quarter.

Here is the same appreciation of a work of art set forth in hyperbole. Bowles has been sadly taken to task by Byron and many others for his feebly poetical "sonnets," which may be said to resemble the wine of Procter's poesy, only with yet another glass of water added, Procter's own being, as to strength, nearly as pure as if drawn direct from the purest font in Castaly. But whatever we may think of Bowles's sonnets, we must allow that the following epigram attains with perfect success all that it aims at. It is "On a Scene in France by De Louthembourg," and is headed—

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1807.

Artist, I own thy genius ; but the touch
May be too restless, and the glare too much :
And sure none ever saw a landscape shine,
Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
But felt a fervid dew upon his phiz,
And panting cried, O Lord, how hot it is !

Coleridge translated one of Lessing's epigrams, but as it runs to a dozen lines, it is too long to be inserted here. It was probably suggested by one in the "Menagiana," as shown by Dodd (p. 435), but that is of small consequence, as it comes to us through Lessing and Coleridge in much improved form. Menage was as learned as a Frenchman, and, unlike a Frenchman, spoilt almost everything that he touched.

Scaliger thought that an epigram excelled when consisting of many smaller epigrams. If that were so, Pope's "Essay on Man" would constitute the wittiest epigram that ever was penned. But when he illustrates the doctrine with a punning example, of his own making, on a gouty patient, Lessing very properly says that this

epigram, which is to contain four, scarcely amounts to one, and concludes his remarks upon it with this choice sentence :—

Its rapid solution is swelled out by each additional line like a swollen out bladder, which at last explodes, and produces wind alone.

Certainly the elegance of the commentator and the wit of the epigrammatist are both quite upon a par, and both are strictly German. We quit them with the softly-whispered prayer, Long may they continue so—"Heureux celui qui parle bien ou qui sait bien se taire"—("Le Noble," p. 388.)

The epitaph and the epigram are very much alike. Plato in his "Laws" (v. 529, Bohn's Edition), defining the law for an epitaph, does so in words that would almost equally suit the epigram:

And make not the upright tombstones greater than what may contain the praises of the deceased in not more than four heroic verses.

In both epigram and epitaph the Italians are very successful, whether writing in their own language or in Latin. That was very bitter of Sannazarius, the celebrated Neapolitan, who wrote Latin as well as Catullus, on Pope Leo X.—(Dodd, 105):

Sacra sub extremâ, si forte requiritis, horâ
Cur Leo non poterat sumere; vendiderat.

Why Leo died unshrived none need be told,
For he long since the sacred things had sold.

John Evelyn translated his epigram "On Venice." I do not quote it, because it is not well done, and I cannot on the instant refer to Sannazarius himself. Evelyn only runs it out to six lines, so I suppose the Italian put it in four. What is the most remarkable about it is the price paid for it. The Venetian Senate is reported to have sent him the sum of £300 for these few verses. Louis du Bois, who edited the *Vaux de Vire* of Basselin in 1821, gives at page 28 a yet more noticeable instance of the remuneration of a poet for a well-timed song. He relates that when Collé wrote his "Chanson sur la prise de Fort-Mahon par Richelieu, le 20 juin 1756," he received for 36 short lines a pension of 600 francs. As he lived 27 years, he would have had at death 16,300 francs, that is to say, he ought to have received that sum at death if his pension were more regularly paid to him than were generally the pensions accorded to people in the glorious reign of the *grand monarque*. Contrast this with the price paid by Simmons to Milton for "Paradise Lost"—two sums of £10 during his lifetime, and a further sum of £8 to his daughter after his decease. The money price of poetry is in inverse ratio perhaps to the merit. But as this episode on the marketable-

ness of high brainwork may grow too long, let us terminate it with a gentle benediction, "God bless the publishers and a discerning public!"

There is an odd epitaph by Stroza on John Picus of Mirandola in St. Mark's at Florence:

Johannes jacet hic Mirandola; cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

Dodd says, "This celebrated epitaph can only be translated into prose," but I see no law in usage nor in the statute-book forbidding to turn it thus into verse:

Here lies Mirandola. What would you more, friend, please?
Ask Tagus, Ganges, or perhaps th' Antipodes.

The epitaph by John Peter Bellori on Nicholas Poussin is very pleasing—(Dodd, p. 161):

Forbear to weep where Poussin's ashes lie;
Who taught to live himself can never die!
Though silent here, from whence no language breaks,
Yet in his works he lives, and eloquently speaks.

We are told this is translated by C. The rhyme of the closing couplet is not admirable. The idea, however, which is Bellori's, some critics would condemn as a *conceit*. I think Nelson Coleridge would, unless he found it in a Greek epigram; but in truth, if such things are not forced too far, and if they are managed with taste, they are very beautiful. A reader who wishes enjoyment will do well to divest himself of all theory, and to lend a willing ear to every true chord struck on the harp of a poet. Few will do this, and consequently much bad poetry gets a good name amongst us, and good poets, who never write by theory, die out unknown, and the echo of reputation only reaches to their name some 50 years after the sacristan has written it down in the burial entry.

If such things be bad, nearly all Petrarch's sonnets must be rejected, for they abound in *concetti* of the sort, and they are beautiful, though old Montaigne had a fling at them from his high-perched dovecot-tower in quaint Périgord. Have not witty Frenchmen revenged themselves by making a *pâté* on the very principle condemned by Monseigneur, which has attained a world-wide celebrity, and been called—*risum teneatis*—"de Périgord"?

Bellori's epigram is one of a myriad set going by Praxiteles' statue of Niobe, on which a Greek author unknown, as quoted by Jacobs (iv. 181), wrote the following:—

To stone the Gods had changed her—but in vain;
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

The wits of England, in the last generation, perpetrated no fewer than 200 epigrams on Chantrey's woodcocks, a brace of which he shot and then cut in marble, and thereby, according to these gentlemen, rendered them immortal. The woodcocks, could they have been asked, might have thought the death sanguinary, and the immortality hard as well as doubtful.

Epigrams, to a certain extent, take a tincture from nationalities and their place of birth. As Fuller oddly asserts that the *paper* of his day resembled the nation where it was made,—“the Venetian being neat, subtle, and courtlike; the French, light, slight, and slender; and the Dutch, thick, corpulent, and gross, sucking up the ink with the sponginess thereof,” this supposition must have been uppermost in the mind when the following epigram was penned—

ON THE EPIGRAMS OF NATIONS.

Germans love beer, their throat than wit is wetter,
The Frenchmen fence, and with sharp point must speak,
Th' English are good, and your Italians better,
But best at epigram 's the ancient Greek.

Cumberland, in his “Observer,” has shown how much Ben Jonson stole from the Greek anthology, even to that so celebrated gem, “Drink to me only with thine eyes.” But then Shakespeare stole from everybody, though he would have us to believe that he found “sermons in stones and good in everything.” It is instructive, amidst the modern preachment about originality, to find that the greatest thief of all is also the greatest poet. Honesty reckons for as little in literature as it does in the world. And the poet stands no less indebted to Mercury than to Apollo. The community of letters is not so much a republic as a communistic society where all belongs to everybody. A thought once uttered belongs to any one who knows how to re-employ it well, and your critic, eternally crying “Stop thief” to every man so doing, arrests invention and checks the young thought that would have been immediately generated by the old one. Emerson says, capitally, that “a ship is a quotation from all forests.” Fancy labelling each plank after the country it was grown in!

To insist much on originality is to show an abundant lack of it. The doctrine is like the vine, and strikes root deepest in barren ground. The subtlest thinker will be the readiest to say, that it is a great bar to improvement if a new writer is to be warned off every beautiful thought because somebody else had used something like it before him. If thoughts of beauty were touched and retouched by every successive hand that felt the impulse, I believe that the cultivated languages of the world would be infinitely richer in phrases of splendid, subtle

and pathetic utterance than now they are. Burns, for instance, never wrote anything so fine as the scraps of the old songs to which he fitted fresh words, and Beethoven envied the melodies of the Scotch songs, as deep, pure music, that could not be reached at pleasure by even the highest genius backed by the highest science. The reason is that these notes and these words, as they come to stand out at last, were not written by anyone; they were touched here a little and there a little by the magical craft of each genius that ever sang them, while the soul was hot within him or her, and whilst the wave rhythm of the harp was pulsing on the air and ear. Neither Burns nor Basselin could imitate it. It has taken all the lucky instants of more than 900 years to make it, with no fool to spoil it by shouting, in the midst, "Haro! that's mine!"

Now, to drop from this, more to the matter in hand and touching epigrams. It would be excellent if good poets would make it a business to render epigrams from all foreign languages into their own, availing themselves of every prior translation, and taking without compunction every good phrase they find, and embodying it in the new version. If they can put a word better, put it. The ignorant may think this easy or not worth the doing, but let them learn that none who is other than a true poet born can attain any success at all in it. I yield to none in respect for Cowper's English, but if he translate from the Anthology, from Owen, the bright Welshman, or Vinny Bourne, the Westminster usher, and you can better a single word, a phrase, or the run of a sentence, let no respect for the bard of Olney hold you back. The divine English tongue puts Shakespeare himself down, and he who can find one right word does better, by placing it in position due, than he who falls on his knee before the authority of a name, even though the name be towering and monumental as that of the praise-bespattered swan of fluent Avon.

This paper on Epigrams has grown under the hand, and the difficulty has been much greater to make it as short as it is, than it would have been to make it ten times longer. In giving hints as to what the Greeks achieved, with specimens of what the French have done, some renderings from the Mediæval Latinists, and a few Italian examples and German, I am left with no room at all for epigrams of English growth—and they swarm. We are at the end of our paper, and have but begun our theme.

Those who wish to manufacture epigrams need only take a collection of *bons mots*, and turn them, for an epigram is but a *bon mot* packed in a distich; and an epitaph is, or ought to be, a mortuary epigram. Let us close with a couple; the one "On Ronsard" is by

Pythæus, in Latin. I think the rendering is better than the original, which may be found in Hakewill's "Apology," iii. p. 293 :—

Greatest of poets ! that old time or new,
Or coming time to France shall ever bring ;
The rites we chant are less than Ronsard's due,
Fit words, great ghost ! 'twould need thyself to sing.

The Latin epitaph "On Petrarch," at Arquà, in Italy, is given in the note below. Here, also, the translation has, in the close, some advantage over the original. (Hakewill, iii. p. 292) :—

Stretched beneath this frigid stone
Lie Francis Petrarch's flesh and bone.
Virgin Mother ! guard the goal :
Son of Virgin ! save his soul ;
Lead him—bard of bards—on high,
Through Heaven's thronging company,—
Men like Petrarch never die.¹

Here the curtain drops, and the epitaph of so great an Italian master-singer appropriately closes in our little pageant. Very beautiful indeed are the words of Arsène Houssaye (p. 167) : "Les plus grandes renommées finissent par une épitaphe." Man's life begins with a sharp cry, and rounds it to an epitaphial tear.

CHARLES A. WARD.

¹ Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarchæ,
Suscipi, Virgo parens, animam, Sate virgine, parce,
Fessaque jam terriscœli requiescat in arce.

TABLE TALK.

A COUPLE of centuries can scarcely be reckoned a long *leap* life for a public monument. Very little more than that is, however, has been accorded Temple Bar, which, shaken from within and prematurely decrepid, has now ceased to exist. It is fitting that its disappearance should be chronicled in the *Gentleman's Magazine* since, in spite of the obloquy of late cast upon it by those who saw it nothing but an obstruction to traffic, it was neither without dignity nor historical interest. According to trustworthy testimony, including that of the *Gentleman's* (November 1767), it was erected in 1667. It is, accordingly, older than St. Paul's, a fact I commend to the notice of those who dispute its right to consideration. I will puzzle these contemnners of poor old Temple Bar by asking them what age may be supposed to confer distinction. If what has been heard of man, that he lives longest who sees most, is true of stone also, Temple Bar might advance a claim to absolute antiquity, since the strongest torrent of life the world has seen has rolled for two centuries through its arches. Like St. Paul's, too, Temple Bar stands upon the site of an earlier erection, which owed its destruction to the effects of the fire of London. Through the earlier building Queen Elizabeth passed in state to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The scene on this occasion is described by Stow in his "Annales." Sir Christopher Wren's structure witnessed the passage of Queen Anne on a like errand on the occasion of the victories of the Duke of Marlborough. It is, of course, in connection with the exhibition of the heads of the conspirators in the Rye House Plot, the Jacobite Rebellion, and other kindred movements that Temple Bar is best remembered. In spite of the shock that had been administered to its foundation by the excavations for the Law Courts, the old Bar was not removed without extreme difficulty. It might indeed have said with Adam in "As You Like It,"

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty.

Architecturally it was well proportioned, though wanting, of course, in elevation. A spot facing the river, on the Thames Embankment, has been talked of for it, and seems as likely as any other. It is to be hoped, however, that some new statues will be obtained in place of the thoroughly contemptible works of Bushnell which formerly disgraced the edifice. These were mere mason's work. Some slight widening of the Strand at the point at which Temple Bar stood is, it is satisfactory to know, in contemplation. If the entire south side of the Strand could be carried back, it would have the double advantage of affording a view of the new Law Courts, which the foot passenger under existing conditions will never be able to obtain, and of preventing the removal of the two churches in the Strand which now oppose a most formidable obstruction to traffic. That these churches will have to go is, I fear, inevitable. Commerce will then have things its own way, and the Strand, having lost all that is characteristic in its physiognomy, will be as convenient and as handsome as Tottenham Court Road.

A LONDON M.D., who is a vegetarian, has been writing to the papers to say that he knows many persons who keep themselves strong and well upon sixpence a day. "I have myself," he says, "lived and maintained my full weight and power to work on threepence a day, and have no doubt at all that I could live very well on a penny a day." If he can do this in the winter, when there are no lettuces, how very small must his expenditure be in the summer! The philosopher who kept his horse upon a straw a day, and would no doubt have made a most "rampagious and spirited" animal of him if he hadn't suddenly dropped down dead, fades into insignificance beside this member of the Faculty. There is, indeed, a certain American recipe for living on a penny a day—but with a flaw in it. "Buy a large apple," it says, "and in the morning, when you eat it, drink a quart of water; then it will swell. In the afternoon" (here is the flaw) "dine with a friend." Either the doctor dines with a friend (in which case he must eat for three people), or he must be a mad doctor.

WHILE Pope Pius the Ninth has lingered on from day to day as though death could find no portion of the dilapidated frame on which to fix a grasp firm enough to remove him, his great antagonist has slipped quickly and quietly out of being. No living monarch has known a career so diversified as Victor Emmanuel, and none has played more cleverly or with more success such cards

as were dealt him by Fortune. Absolutely marvellous appears the manner in which he has steered his course through the troubled waters around him. With Austria, at the outset of his career, dominant over the major portion of what at the time of his death constituted his kingdom, with France covetous of his territory, with the Pope banning him in consistory, and the "Reds" plotting against him in camera, he has built up a kingdom and died in his bed. This is not the place in which to dwell upon his career. It is curious that his death should have followed so closely upon that of his tried soldier Della Marmora, and still more curious that it should have taken place on the same day on which, five years ago, his friend and ally Louis Napoleon also "shuffled off this mortal coil." Not the least gratifying adjunct to a royal name is the title the Italians bestowed upon him of "*Il Rè Galantuomo*." His motto through life appears to have been that of Hotspur, with whom, as seen in Shakespeare, he seems to have had much in common. "Out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower safety."

THE doings of the famous "Long Firm" have been quite thrown into the shade by those recently brought to light of a very Short one, namely, Messrs. Helmsley and Tunstall, of Harwich, general dealers. The senior partner is aged 16, the junior 14, and their transactions, though very various, seem only to have been carried on for a few months. The chief portion of their stock-in-trade was kept between the joists and the roof of the next house—a novel and inexpensive system of warehousing which, however, was only a slight example of their extraordinary business talents. As bookkeepers they would have been a credit to any establishment, and into this branch of commerce they threw a touch of romance, such as, unhappily, is but too rare in mercantile transactions. On the title page of their ledger, or day-book, was inscribed, by a pleasant touch of fancy, the following title, which indicated their occupation "United Order of Outlaws;" while every page had such a veracious account of their proceedings as would have satisfied the strictest accountant. For instance, "What and how I have stolen money," was followed by a long list of coins acquired in that particular way of business; and what is very curious, and seems to indicate either a sense of humour, or a habit of acquisition which did not shrink from gratifying itself, even in the smallest matter, from any morbid notions of sentiment, the first item entered was, "One penny stolen from mother." Then follows, "What I have stolen out of shops," "What I have stolen from persons and places," &c. &c., the whole containing

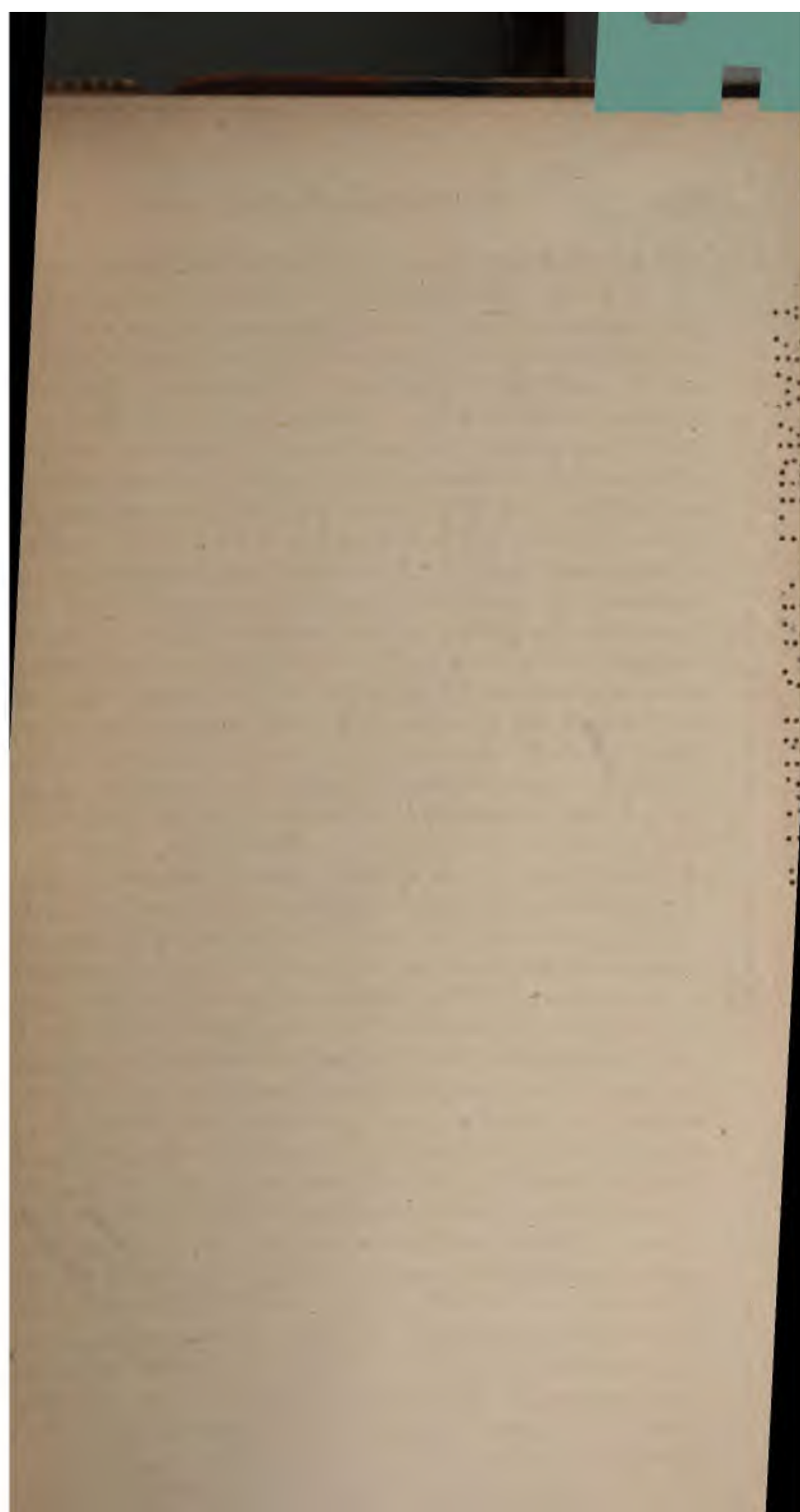
the most practical statements with a *naïveté* and (almost) an innocence that would have done credit to the records of an amateur Charity Organisation Society. Nor was the future neglected by the two partners. In another day-book, or what one may venture to call, perhaps, a To-morrow book, there were memoranda, "What I have to steal," "What I have to take from tills," &c. &c., and also one very singular item, "What I have to write for," under which are the names of the required articles, including "medicines," "cosmetics," a "volume of poetry," and "*a cure for the nerves*." In the first ledger there is also "What Tunstall has got by housebreaking," which would seem to indicate that the junior partner took that branch of business entirely upon his own shoulders. They dealt in wet goods as well as dry, for among the stock found on their (neighbour's) premises was a barrel of ale "stolen from an hotel door." Messrs. Helmsley and Tunstall are at present in difficulties, their property being, as it were, in sequestration at the hands of the police; but I do hope that so strange an example of youthful assiduity, acquisitiveness, and habits of business, joined to a turn for romance (which will be something new to him), will not escape the biographical attentions of Mr. Smiles. If these young persons are not "self-made men," they certainly bade fair to become so, while, as it is, they are conspicuous examples of Self-Help.

THE flutter that has been caused among Transmontane archæologists by the reputed discovery of the old Apulian city of Sipontum, will soon extend to this country, should the news prove true. It may well indeed console the lovers of ancient art for the delay in those explorations of the bed of the Tiber which were to follow the achievement of Italian unity. According to the statements which reach England, a temple of Diana and a colonnade about sixty-five feet long have been revealed. Sipontum, which is mentioned by Strabo and Silius Italicus, and frequently by Livy, stood in what is now called the Gulf of Manfredonia on the Adriatic, immediately below the promontory of Gargantum. Its abandonment was due to a depression of the soil, resulting from volcanic action. The buildings now discovered are said to be not less than twenty feet below the level of the surrounding plain, a portion of the existing town of Manfredonia being built upon the older city. Such remains as can be removed have been carried to Naples, and diligent explorations have, it is said, been ordered by the Italian Government. If what is now stated is correct, a new field is opened out to the English traveller. Mr. Cook will doubtless keep his eyes open.

I HAVE heard much surprise expressed at the appearance of the following recent advertisement in a weekly newspaper:—"Large house and garden in the country; rent free to respectable family who will entertain the proprietor for about a month yearly." People seem to think that this is a magnificent offer; but, as a matter of fact, it is only a very sensible one. How many folks do I know to whom their "large house in the country" is an intolerable nuisance as well as of course, as being very expensive. If they are not sporting for pleasure they only use it for a few weeks, and rather as a matter of duty than pleasure. They must show themselves in "the neighbourhood" and "keep the old house up," but the days (after the first week) are very long which they spend there. What, then, can be nicer and more economical than to get "a respectable family" to occupy it for the purpose of keeping the rooms warmed, and the beds aired, and to entertain them when they have the fancy to visit it? My only fear is that the respectable family will generally be found disinclined to put up with their "proprietor" for so much as a month. As a matter of curiosity I should like to know how many answers the advertiser in question has received, and especially how he gets on with the tenant selection.

IT is no doubt a fine stroke of humour that the Hindoos are now meditating in sending out their missionaries to Australia; they can hardly think that "the miserable and degraded state of the Christian fellow-subjects" in that region (caused by drink) should have called forth this enterprise, but for the spur of satire—the desire "to do as they had been done by" as to proselytising; and yet the idea is not original. Years ago, in London, a society purporting to be composed of members of the Lower Orders was started under the most intellectual auspices "for the improvement of the Upper Classes." "Visiting the poor" is often very much like the same bare ceremony among the rich; their fashionable patronesses leave, not indeed a card, but a tract, "First Steps in Sin; or, The Half-pint of Porter." This visiting, under the guidance of the "Upper Class Improvement Society," was thus returned. Mrs. Starch, of Washing House Court, was supplied with a tract on the other side of the question—"Too Late; or, The Small Hours"—to leave on the Hon. Mrs. Fineairs, of Vanity Square, "with kindest wishes for her social amendment." The society collapsed for want of funds, and their idea, not being copyright, has been obviously adopted by the Hindoos.

SYLVANUS URBAN.





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ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XII.

BURTON BRAKE.

"NOT going to ride!" exclaimed Miss Bruce, who was presiding over half-a-dozen guests at the breakfast table, as Lord Fitzowen appeared in his usual morning dress, with one arm still disabled and in a sling. "I thought your shoulder was better; this *is* a disappointment. Consider, Lord Fitz; your new friend, Mrs. Roy, won't see you in a red coat."

"Don't hit a fellow when he's down, Miss Bruce," answered his lordship, walking to a well-covered side-table. "I'm hardly man enough to ride my brown horse with both hands; he would have it all his own way if I tried to steer him with one. No; if you'll have me, I'm going to drive with *you*."

"I understand!" replied Hester. "Yes, you shall come with us if you feel equal to taking care of two ladies. It's very touching, I must say, when I think of all you are giving up. Burton Brake's the only good place on that side of our country."

"I would give up anything for the pleasure of driving with *you*, Miss Bruce."

"And Mrs. Roy, Lord Fitz. Your memory is very short; you seem to have forgotten Mrs. Roy."

"John Roy's new wife!" exclaimed one of the red-coats, stretching a scarlet arm out for toast. "Is *she* going with you, Miss Bruce? They tell me she is as handsome as paint; but nobody knows where she came from. Wasn't she an actress, or a shopwoman, or something?"

"Ask Lord Fitzowen," said Hester.

"Actress! shopwoman! Nothing of the kind," replied that nobleman, provoked to feel, for the first time since he left Eton, as if he was going to blush. "She is as ladylike a person as ever you saw. Amiable, accomplished, well-mannered, and—and—that's all I know about her."

It seemed a lame conclusion, provoking general laughter, during which the carriage was announced, and as a couple of hacks had been trampling the gravel before the windows for the last ten minutes, it was voted time to be off.

So early a start did not seem necessary from Royston Grange, which was some miles nearer the place of meeting. Its master could therefore enjoy two rather unusual luxuries on a hunting morning, a leisurely toilet and an unhurried breakfast. In his red coat, white leathers, top boots, and bright spurs, all well cleaned and well put on, John Roy looked no unfavourable specimen of the English gentleman, and we may be sure Nelly thought so too. She had not yet seen him often enough in this striking attire, for the admiration, mixed with wonder, which it produced to have palled on her unaccustomed eyes, though she was less impressed than a certain damsel totally unused to the society of sportsmen who married a friend of my own many years ago.

If this lady ever heard of fox-hunting, she had no idea that any special dress was required for that amusement. Hitherto she had only seen a scarlet coat on the back of a British soldier or a royal footman. Language is powerless to convey her feeling of terror and dismay when in the third week of their honeymoon, on the first Monday in November, her husband came down to breakfast gorgeously from head to foot in full hunting costume.

She felt she was bound for life to a madman; an illusion that the experience of many succeeding Novembers failed entirely to dispel.

"I like you so much in your red coat," said Nelly, with her frank bright smile, as Mr. Roy, moving more stiffly than usual, took his place at the breakfast table. "Only, I wish, I *do* wish hunting was not so dangerous!" Every man in his heart would be thought "prodigal of his person," but he was too honest not to admit, though he went straight enough when the hounds ran, that with good horses, well ridden, he reduced the risk of crossing a country to a minimum.

"Wait till you've been out and seen us ride, Nelly," he answered pleasantly, "you'll never think it dangerous again."

Last night's ill-humour had vanished; coming clouds were as yet below the horizon. He felt in high spirits, anticipating no little

enjoyment from the day's sport. If he was pleased, *she* was happy, and while she pinned a hot-house flower in his button-hole and gave him a parting kiss, she felt as if the old days had come back once more. The old days! How old were they, after all? She could count the intervening time by weeks, and yet there seemed a break, a gap, a gulf between then and now.

As his distance from the meet was but three miles, Mr. Roy rode from the door on the hunter he intended to keep out all day. Nelly watched man and horse till they disappeared with a swelling heart. How she admired her husband, how she loved him! Surely she had everything she wanted in the world—what was this vague misgiving, this shadowy foreboding of evil, that haunted her at every turn?

There was no time for such speculations. Already an open carriage might be seen bowling along the avenue, and Mrs. Roy, with innate good-breeding, flew upstairs to put on her things, that she might not keep Hester waiting at the door.

It was no unpleasant surprise to find Lord Fitzowen, buttoned up in an ulster coat, occupying the front seat of the barouche. With her usual frankness, Nelly told him so, and wondered why Miss Bruce should look more amused, and his lordship more pleased, than the occasion seemed to warrant.

But she had never been out hunting before, even on wheels, and all other feelings were soon lost in the novelty and excitement of the situation.

"It was like taking a child about," said Hester, describing their drive the same afternoon to Sir Hector at tea. "I mean to be fonder of Mrs. Roy than anybody in the county. She *is* a dear thing, papa, so fresh, so honest, and so charmingly unsophisticated! When we overtook the hounds in the Fosse Road, she actually clapped her hands with delight. We couldn't help laughing, and she *did* look perfectly beautiful when she blushed. I am sure Lord Fitz thought so too!"

Miss Bruce was right: his lordship enjoyed his day's hunting even more than his companions, though it must be confessed that some of Mrs. Roy's questions on the noble science puzzled him exceedingly.

Like most ladies, she seemed interested in riding rather than hunting, in horses rather than hounds. It was no easy matter to satisfy her shrewd and inquiring mind as to the powers of a good hunter, and what fences should or should *not* be attempted in the hurry of the chase. Did not Mr. Roy's bodily safety depend on the solution of such problems?

Pointing to some strong ash rails nearly five feet high, with a wide ditch on the landing side into the road, along which they were driving—"Could your horse leap *that*, Lord Fitzowen," she asked; "or would it be impossible? I hope it would!"

He felt constrained to admit, however forbidding this obstacle might appear, there were many good hunters that, properly ridden, could clear it without a mistake.

"Then, if you came to it, you would go over, of course?" she continued, looking anxiously in his face.

Hester's mirthful eyes were on him, and he was obliged to tell the truth.

"I would rather go round by Warden Towers," said he. "I would rather lose the best run that ever was seen. I would rather never go out hunting again!"

"But why, if it's not impossible?"

"Why? Mrs. Roy. Why? Well, I suppose, because I am afraid."

She looked immensely relieved, and seemed able now to turn her attention with unalloyed enjoyment to the business of the hour.

This commenced from the moment they arrived at the place of meeting. Such of the county gentlemen as had not yet been introduced, reined in their horses and made their bows, as gracefully as bridles and hatstrings would permit. Miss Bruce was a general favourite, but her companion seemed, to-day, the centre of attraction; and many glances of unqualified admiration, from sportsmen of all ages and sizes, were launched at the open carriage where sat "Roy's new wife."

She looked about for her husband in vain. He came by a shorter way than the party in the carriage, and, as he rode slowly, arrived only when the hounds moved off for the covert. He quickened his pace then, and stole quietly down to a certain corner, which experience taught him was the likeliest place for a good start.

Burton Brake, a straggling covert of brushwood and black-thorn, on the side of a hill, lay immediately under a wide tract of downs. It was a favourite resort of foxes; and, for some unexplained reason, they usually went away from it at the low side, to make a distant point across the Vale. This was a flat, strongly-fenced district, consisting chiefly of grass, without a canal, or a river, or a railroad, or even an impracticable brook. Its farm-houses were few and far between; its enclosures were large, and wire was unknown. In good scenting weather it afforded almost the certainty of a run, and, if he had a choice, a man did not bring his *worst* horse to Burton Brake!

"He's away!" exclaimed Miss Bruce, as the quick notes of a horn came wafted up the hill on the light easterly breeze.

"Who?" asked Nelly, shaking with excitement.

"The fox, my dear, of course. Look! I can see the leading hounds. There, to the left of the tall ash. Three or four specks of white in that large green field. They're all coming though, and the huntsman, and a black coat, and four, five, six, red! Now they're at the fence. Capital! One down, I'm afraid; and he's let his horse go! Oh! I wish I was on Safeguard! They're going to have the best run that ever was seen!"

Fortunately for Nelly's peace of mind, the fallen sportsman wore a dark coat, and, therefore, could not be her husband. She fancied, indeed, that she made him out amongst the half-dozen riders who were nearest the hounds.

Somehow, it seemed less dangerous than she had supposed, and infinitely better fun. Her companions, too, were as eager for the sport as if they had never been out hunting before. Already they were consulting as to the best line for a carriage to travel in the direction of the chase.

"Into the Fosse again, Peter," said Lord Fitzowen to the coachman. "Then to the right, and keep on the high ground. If they turn to the downs, we shall command them all the time."

"No, no, Lord Fitz," protested Hester. "He went away like a good fox, and with this wind he'll make his point for Brierley Bottoms. We had a nice gallop over the same line three weeks ago. There—I can see them bending to the left. Into Marigold Lane, Peter! down to Burton-Hayes, and if we don't come up with them at the Purlieus, make for Brierley Steeple as fast as you can!"

So Peter started his horses at a smart trot that soon became a canter; using such despatch, indeed, in Marigold Lane, notwithstanding its ruts and inequalities, as to overtake divers second-horsemen, a colt-breaker, a boy on a pony, and several more laggards of the chase.

"Do you think we shall ever see them again?" asked Nelly, straining her eyes to scan the extreme distance, eight or nine miles off. "I should like to know what becomes of the fox, only I hope they won't kill it, poor thing!"

"I hope they *will*!" replied Miss Bruce. "Why, my dear Mrs. Roy, that's the one thing that makes a good run perfect. Look out! Lord Fitz. If they're coming to the Purlieus, you ought to see something of them at the next turn."

"By Jove! There they are! Miss Bruce, you're a witch. No.

You're a capital judge of hunting. They're checked, I do believe. They're all standing still in the lane. Bravo! They've hit it off again. Look! Mrs. Roy. Do you see the sheep running? That's the line of the fox. The hounds are right! He's crossed the brook. Now we shall have some fun!"

"It's practicable enough," said Hester. "I jumped it on Gondolier last season."

"They don't seem to think so! Hurrah! Three fellows are going to have it—four! five! Well done! There are two over, and one, I think, in for all day!"

Even at so long a distance Nelly's loving eyes had recognised her husband. He was safely landed on the right side, yet she turned pale to realise the risk he had run.

"One of those is Mr. Roy," she observed softly. "How beautifully he rides!"

"I didn't know he was out," commented Lord Fitzowen. "I never saw him at the Meet. You're quite right, Mrs. Roy, he *can* ride when he likes. He's going like a bird to-day!"

He *was* going well. A skilful horseman, experienced in the sport, riding a practised hunter that answered every turn of his hand, every pressure of his limbs, he found no difficulty in keeping close to the pack. Fence after fence, and field after field, were disposed of with the ease and confidence attained by a combination of good nerves, good riding, good condition, and good blood.

He went in and out of the lane not twenty yards from his wife, but so intent was he on the hounds, and the management of his horse, that he saw neither the carriage nor its occupants.

Nelly watched him with her heart in her eyes. The others, under pressure of that mysterious law which compels everybody, out hunting, to get somewhere else in a tremendous hurry, were giving Peter many contrary directions, that caused him, however, to put his horses into a gallop, and make for a turnpike road with the utmost despatch.

Over its harder surface, those who hunted on wheels were able to hold their own with the riders. They overtook, indeed, more than one defeated sportsman, disappointed that his horse could not gallop on for ever, or so far behind, that he had pulled up in disgust; but, in either case, plunged in the lowest depths of misery, just as the first flight were raised to the seventh heaven of enjoyment.

"There's Brierley Steeple!" exclaimed Hester, pointing to the distant spire, with a taper gloved hand. "It's down-hill all the way to the village, and a capital road. I'll never pilot anybody again, if we don't come up with them now!"

But though Miss Bruce was right, and her knowledge of fox-hunting did not mislead her when she named Brierley Bottoms as the probable conclusion of the chase, it had come to a triumphant termination long before she could arrive at that rough and broken ravine. The fox had been eaten, the huntsman praised, the chosen few had exchanged enthusiastic compliments and congratulations. When the carriage stopped amongst them, they were already lighting their cigars, and preparing to go home.

CHAPTER XIII.

SWEET SYMPATHY.

AFTER a storm comes a calm; after keen excitement, a reaction, partly welcome for its repose, partly saddening for its depression. He who has been so fortunate as to go from end to end of a run with fox-hounds, to his own satisfaction, feels, strange to say, as if he had performed a good action. The past, which is perhaps capable of affording more definite pleasure than either the present or the future, seems truly delightful, till his blood cools down. Then he comes back into the world of reality, somewhat chilled and dispirited, as everybody, after childhood, must be, on first waking up from a dream.

John Roy caught sight of the carriage containing Nelly and her friends, as he put his horse into a trot on the firm surface of the high road—pleased to find that, after standing about for a quarter of an hour, the good animal, notwithstanding its exertions, was neither stiff nor lame. He was disposed to be praised, and, so to speak, patted on the back for his prowess, considering with reason that he had acquitted himself more than creditably in a manly exercise. It was as if cold water had been poured down his back to observe Lord Fitzowen gesticulating on the front seat of the barouche, opposite his wife. He had not once thought of Fitz all the morning, nor, truth to tell, of Nelly, for more than fifty minutes. A wife's image is the last that occurs to a man while hounds are running hard—the juxtaposition of these two reminded him of them in the most unwelcome manner. He felt cross and put out—all the more that he was unable to explain why—and did not care if one of the offenders, or both, should be made aware of his ill-humour.

Hester, in a high state of excitement, was the first to accost him.

"What a good gallop, Mr. Roy! How I've been envying you!

We went very well, considering we were in a carriage, and kept you in sight all the time ! ”

Of course the ruder he meant to be to his wife, the more polite he showed Miss Bruce.

“ You ought to have been on Safeguard or Gondolier,” said he with a most amiable smile. “ It would have suited you exactly. Five-and-forty minutes, only one check, lots of jumping, and with above half-a-dozen fellows with the hounds.”

Nelly tried in vain to catch his eye.

“ We saw you,” she exclaimed eagerly. “ I was so frightened when you came to the river—the brook, I mean—Lord Fitzowen would not let me call it a river. How brave of you to leap it ! I shut my eyes for fear you should be drowned, and when I opened them, there you were, safe over—the dear horse ! I’m not afraid of horses. I should like to stroke his nose ! ”

Pained, disappointed, she looked imploringly in her husband’s face, while he left her unnoticed, to continue his conversation with Miss Bruce.

“ We never touched the Purlieus. He was too hot to go in, so he left Burton Hayes half-a-mile to the right, so that it was almost straight, and grass every yard. From Burton Brake to Brierley can be less than nine miles on the map—we must have come fully eight as the crow flies. It has been a real good thing. As far as I can make out, it’s the same line you went three weeks ago, before the frost. No doubt it was the same fox, but he’ll never show you again, Miss Bruce, any more.”

“ I’m sorry they’ve killed it ! ” exclaimed Nelly, addressing herself to Lord Fitzowen, as nobody else seemed inclined to listen. “ The poor fox ! Think how happy he was this morning before we came. Curled up, fast asleep, among the bushes, like one’s own dog on the hearth-rug. It *does* seem hard. Why must the pleasure of one creature be the pain of another ? Why is there so much misery in the world ? ”

Such questions involved a train of deeper thought than Lord Fitzowen was in the habit of following out, and he answered vaguely—

“ Yes, of course. It’s a great pity, and all that. Still, you know, Mrs. Roy, when you go to find a fox, you must let the hounds hunt him, you know, and kill him if they can. It’s wonderful how often they can’t ! ”

She was trying to catch her husband’s eye. What was there wrong ? Why wouldn’t he speak to her ? She made one last despairing attempt.

"Mr. Roy," she said timidly, "couldn't—couldn't the servant take your horse, and you ride home in the carriage with us?"

He turned hot all over, feeling also that "he did well to be angry" now. These solecisms were intolerable! To offer him a seat in another lady's carriage was bad enough, but to propose he should *ride* in it! The woman would drive him mad!

Drawing his horse out of reach, for she was trying to pat its neck, he disposed of her ill-timed suggestion with the coldest of looks and in the unkindest of tones.

"I need not thank you for an invitation," said he, "that is not yours to give, and as I am rather wet, I prefer *riding* my horse to the *drive* you are good enough to offer me in a carriage that is not your own!" Then he took off his hat to Miss Bruce and disappeared.

Nelly was cut to the heart. Her eyes filled with tears. She had some difficulty in preventing their falling on her hands, and she was truly grateful to Lord Fitzowen when he diverted Hester's attention with an announcement that one of the horses was going lame. By the time the carriage could be stopped, and a pair of legs and feet carefully examined, to account for an infirmity that did not exist, Mrs. Roy had recovered her composure, and Fitz had earned an eternal claim to her gratitude and goodwill.

People are never so susceptible of kindness as when wounded by their nearest and dearest; nor is any gleam of sunshine so pale and watery, but that we welcome it on a wet day.

Nelly seemed sadly out of spirits during the rest of the drive. Miss Bruce, with a woman's quickness of perception, did not fail to detect something wrong. Lord Fitzowen accounted for feminine uneasiness of mind and body on a theory of his own. It originated, he believed, in a disorder peculiar to the sex, called "nerves," of which the seat, causes, and remedy were as yet undiscovered by science, and with which all the resources of medicine were powerless to contend.

But when they had dropped Nelly at her own door, declining the refreshment of tea, which she nearly omitted to offer, his anxiety prompted him to ask Hester whether she thought Mrs. Roy was as strong as she looked. "People ought not to tire so easily, Miss Bruce," he observed gravely. "No lady can be well who is completely exhausted after a few hours' drive in an open carriage. Why, she hardly spoke a word all the way back; and did you observe how pale she was? Depend upon it she's got nerves; nothing else punishes them like that. It's a most distressing malady, worse than measles, and they don't get over it for weeks."

"Very likely," answered Hester. "You seem to know all about it. I never had them myself, and I hope I never shall. Now you are to go on with the carriage, Lord Fitz, and tell Papa I shall be home in half-an-hour. No, I rather like the walk, and I'm not afraid of crossing our own park by myself at any hour of the day or night. Besides, I shall be back long before dark."

"Mayn't I come with you?"

"Certainly not; you turn my dear old ladies into ridicule, and I won't have it."

"But if I promise to be on my best behaviour?"

"Your best behaviour is anybody else's worst! I can't trust you directly my back is turned. You're capable of making faces at them, or any other enormity, if you're not watched every moment. No, Lord Fitz, do as I bid you, and mind you tell Papa I shall not be late."

So Miss Bruce got out of the carriage, to the great delight of such villagers of Nether-Warden as chanced to be at their doors or in the street, and passing through a spacious walled garden, disappeared on the threshold of an old red-brick house, that professed to have been built in the reign of George II., and looked as if it had never been repaired nor altered since.

Lord Fitzowen proceeded homewards in the carriage; but he, too, preferred to alight and walk the last half-mile of his journey, finding himself, for the first time in his life, so perplexed in mind as to feel disposed for solitary reflection.

This young nobleman's course had been hitherto shaped over smooth water and before a fair breeze. He had scarcely yet had any nut to crack harder than a letter to a lawyer, or felt any deeper interest than the lameness of a horse. The world had been a pleasant place enough; several people seemed to be put in it on purpose to serve, and a few to amuse him. There might be a certain sameness and want of excitement about life, but if the roses offered little fragrance, the thorns were by no means sharp, and altogether it did very well. What had come to him now, that thus had altered the whole trim and bearings of his character, opening his eyes, as it were, to the knowledge of good and evil, scattering his Epicurean philosophy to the winds? Things to which he had attached a high value seemed all at once of no importance, and illusions that he used to consider the wildest and emptiest of dreams, sprang into glowing life and reality, as at the touch of a magic wand. "Is it my mind," he thought, "that is affected, or—or is it my heart? Let me light a cigar, and look at the case fairly as it stands. Have I not everything a man can reasonably require to make him happy? Good

health, good digestion, good manners, without vanity, a good appearance, and good horses, if they were only sound? What more can a fellow want, in such a position as mine, and amongst the people with whom I live? Is this strange sense of longing, half sweet, half bitter, and wholly inexplicable, only a craving for some new excitement, or is it an effort of the spirit, the soul, the *divine particula aura*, the higher part of one's nature, to assert its individuality, and free itself from the material surroundings with which we encumber it too much? It is not enough for the happiness of a thinking being to eat, drink, and smoke, ride a run, shoot a covert, play a cricket-match, and talk about it afterwards, from day to day, and year to year, till some fine morning the clock stops, the doctor can't wind it up, the umpire gives one 'out,' and so '*Bon soir, la compagnie!*' Why do I feel at this moment as if the finish would be less unwelcome, while yet life seems sweeter than usual? I know why, but I cannot bear to confess it even to myself. I never thought I should come to this! That I, of all people, should be haunted by tags and ends of verses, should be able to understand what a fellow means when he says—

A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A softer sapphire melts upon the sea.

I shall be writing poetry myself next. Already I can make 'ass' rhyme to 'grass,' and 'me' to 'sea.'

"A sensible man would slip his cables, would cut and run, while there was a chance of escape. I am *not* a sensible man; I doubt very much if I *want* to be saved from my own destruction. I think I'd rather not. My visit comes to an end to-morrow, but Sir Hector is sure to ask me to stay another week. I *shall* stay another week, I know, and I shall see Mrs. Roy again—perhaps once, certainly not more than twice. Never mind, once is better than nothing. It's no use trying to deceive one's self. I love the very ground that woman walks on—but in all honour, and respect, and regard. I shall never let her find it out, though women are very quick to see things. At any rate, I shall never tell her so. It would be an insult—an outrage. But I am sure she is not happy. He does not half appreciate her. There *can* be no harm in my thinking of her, watching over her, serving her, and worshipping her in secret, as a true knight worshipped his mistress in the olden time!"

Arriving at this wise conclusion and the hall-door in the same moment, our modern Sir Galahad threw away his cigar, and stalked into the house, perfectly satisfied with his own special pleading, and the integrity of his relations towards Mrs. Roy.

CHAPTER XIV.

SO FAR AWAY.

Two gaunt women, so like each other that Lord Fitzowen christened them Gog and Magog, rose simultaneously when Hester entered the room. It was pleasant to see the smile of affection brightened those grim faces while they kissed her forehead, and offered their own brown, leathery cheeks to be saluted in return.

The Miss Brails, or rather the Misses Brail, as they preferred to be called, were two spinsters, long resident in Nether-Warden, whom Miss Bruce had made an easy conquest from the first time she came to live at the Towers. Unlike most old ladies, they owned no pets, never having possessed anything of the kind indeed but a bullfinch that moulted and died ten days after purchase. Their neighbour, therefore, seemed to infuse an element of affection, merriment and gladness into their lives, of which, having little experience, they valued the novelty no less than the intrinsic delight. Said Gog to Magog, "We couldn't love that dear girl better if she was a daughter of our own." Answered Magog, unequal to realise the supposed relationship, "Not half so well, my dear. Hester seems like a daughter and a niece and a sister all in one."

Miss Bruce returned their attachment with a warmth and cordiality that puzzled even Sir Hector, who knew his child's character better than anybody.

"I don't wonder at the old ladies," said he to Lord Fitzowen one day after dinner—"that's not surprising. Everybody likes Hester. One might as well say one did not like this '64 claret; but what she can see in *them*, that beats me, I own. And I used to think I understood women as well as most people."

A great many men think the same: always the more persistently the less they know of the gentler and subtler sex.

Perhaps only Hester could have told him why she loved Gog and Magog so dearly. It is my opinion, however, that she admitted her reasons, even to herself, with great reservation, and would have died a hundred deaths rather than confide them to another.

"No. I've not come to tea," explained the visitor, as one hostess felt for her keys, and the other bustled into the passage with the words "Hot buttered toast" on her lips. "It's hours too early. Besides, I must go back and make his for Papa. I can't stay a moment. I only rushed in, on my way home, to see that you were both alive. I haven't been here for two whole days."

"Take off your hat and warm your feet," said Gog, while Magog wheeled an arm-chair to the hearthrug. "It does our very hearts good to see you," continued both spinsters in a breath. "Don't stay a moment more than you ought, but as long as ever you can."

After they had settled her comfortably before the fire, there was a pause in the conversation, borne somewhat impatiently by the young lady, who broke it at last with the single monosyllable—

"Well?"

Gog and Magog looked in each other's faces, and began simultaneously, "Good news, my dear. The best of news. You tell her, sister. No—I will. Dear, dear! it seems like a dream."

"Not both at once," protested Hester, trying bravely to smile, though her face was very pale, and her heart beat fast.

"We've seen a letter," said Gog.

"A *ship*-letter, my dear," interrupted Magog.

"A letter is a letter," observed Miss Bruce, "whether it comes by land or sea. Is the expedition on its way home, and—and—Are they all safe?"

She was a brave girl; but do what she would, her voice trembled, and her very lips turned white.

"We have scarcely thought about *all* of them," answered Magog, blowing her nose because tears were in her eyes. "It's enough for us that Coll. has been preserved."

"We are selfish creatures," added Gog. "But we have only one nephew left on earth, and he can't be the same thing to other people that he is to us."

Miss Bruce seemed to doubt the position, but this was no time to dispute it, and she could only exclaim, "Then he has got back alive. Thank God!"

"Thank God!" repeated the spinsters reverently, and all three women kept silence for the space of nearly thirty seconds!

"When—when is he coming to see you?" faltered Hester, whose feminine imagination had already overleapt weeks and months, leagues of blue water, duty on board ship, Admiralty leave, and all other practical obstacles at a bound.

"Oh, my dear, we mustn't think of such a treat yet," answered Magog. "He writes from Spitzbergen—you know that's some place in the Arctic regions, but it's nothing to do with the North Pole. You understand, my sister found it on the map, and it looks a long way off even there. But it is always a stage on the homeward journey; and as I told her this morning, it does not seem so presumptuous to hope we shall see him back now."

"In a month or six weeks at farthest," said Gog, whose late geographical researches gave her opinion considerable weight. "They have put in to refit, as he calls it, for it seems they couldn't get good butcher's meat nor vegetables, nor anything wholesome to eat up there. I fancy it's a wild, dismal kind of place; but Col never complains, put him where you will—never did from a boy. There's his letter, my dear young lady. You can read it for yourself. Doesn't he write a fine clear, bold hand for a sailor? I began to teach him before he could speak plain. What a to-do he made with his pen! His mother said she never saw so many blots on one page in her life before. Ah! she was glad enough to get that dirty piece of paper you have in your hand: but I dare say she never thought who set him his first copy, and in my opinion she ought to have sent it on to my sister and me without losing a post."

Hester did not answer. She was far away among flocks and icebergs and eternal snow, with the writer of those flimsy, close-written pages, that had reached her from regions which to us who sit at home at ease are as another world. The very paper seemed redolent of tar, tobacco, salt water, perilous adventure, and the discipline of a man-of-war, as she held it near her face, partly to conceal her agitation, partly to decipher the clear, fine characters, faded somewhat in their transmission through so many climates, over so wide an expanse of sea. She made it all out, nevertheless, though her own brimming eyes failed her more than once ere she came to an end of the following sketch from a sailor's life in search of the North Pole:—

"H.M.S. AURORA, off Spitzbergen.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I wrote you at some length nearly a year ago. You will be expecting another letter soon, but when you get this the Expedition will be well on its way home. I shall hope to see you and all my kind friends in old England once again before next spring. We shall come back with flying colours. If we have failed in our great object (and, between you and me, I don't think the plank will ever be sawn that shall float our flag under the North Pole), still we have made many important discoveries, and smoothed the way for all who wish to follow in our wake, and fetch the extreme point at which we were turned back. If they can make more northing, let 'em! I for one will give them three cheers.

"Our skipper has proved himself a trump. I always told you he would, and I should be afraid to say whether officers or men have done their duty most thoroughly and ungrudgingly. I never heard a wry word nor a complaint, and that is something to say, mother,

when you are boxed up with your mates, and nothing but your mates, for eleven months at a spell. Jolly cold, too, I can tell you, more than half your time. Our ship's surgeon is as good a chap as ever broke a biscuit. I showed him to you at Portsmouth, when you came on board the *Scorpion*, and I remember you thought him *very young*. He looks older now, and so do I; but ours has been a roughish job, and if he hadn't been wiser than he looked, some of us must have been disrated that time when the lime-juice gave out. We've had no sickness since, and, thank God, we hope to land the whole ship's company, man for man, with a clean bill of health, able and willing as when they came on board. But it was close shaving with some of us, now and again; for it's not easy, you know, in these high latitudes to make fair weather of it all your time. A pleasure-trip is one thing, and a voyage of discovery another. I had rather a squeak for it myself, and I thought my mate—as fine a young fellow as ever stepped—must have left his bones, for he had very little else to leave, many a league within the Arctic Circle. It's a long story, what we call a *yarn* at sea, but you would like to know, and I will tell you all about it.

"After we had taken up a warm berth, and made the ship snug for the winter amongst the ice, we were told off in exploring parties, well found in dogs, sledges, and rations, to cruise about here, there, and everywhere, by compass, you understand, but always creeping, inch by inch, towards the north. When it came to my turn of duty I had the command of one of these—six in number, all told—three fore-top-men, a gunner's mate, the ship's carpenter, and myself. I need not tell you how many days we were absent, nor how little way we made in proportion to the labour and the hardship, and at last the bodily suffering we had to undergo. Our blue-jackets don't sing out before they're hurt, nor yet for some little time after, I fancy; and mine were as smart a lot of men as you could pick from the whole ship's company. But flesh and blood can't make it out in such stress of weather as we had to face, when the stores get low, and at last we were forced to separate. I sent three of the men back to the ship, carrying with them the fourth, who was disabled, on the only sledge left. The other had been burned for firewood, and the dogs—don't turn sick, mother—killed and eaten, long ago. I pushed on one more day's march with the carpenter, however, to take the bearings of a long, low spit of land that wasn't down in any of our charts, and I thought, God forgive me! what a fine thing it would be for this unknown promontory to be called ever after by my own name, Cape Collingwood, we'll say, or, perhaps, Cape Brail! Well, if this was vanity I took my punishment for it smart and soon. We never made it out

after all. There were great fissures in the ice to be weathered, and for every cable's length ahead we were bound to walk, or I shall say to roll and tumble, like a brace of black fish, for a league. The third day it came on to blow a whirlwind,—of snow, mind you. We lost our bearings; we lost our own backward track; we knew that of our mates must have been covered long ago. There was nothing for it but to steer by compass, in hope of making the ship before our strength gave out completely from fatigue and starvation.

"Till I overhauled the ship's log afterwards, I could not have told you how many days we were out, drifting over the ice, without a morsel of food. We lost count of them, for as we got weaker in our bodies we turned queer in our heads. Giddy and snow-blind, one of us would fall now and again, unable to see where he set his feet, and it was a job for his mate to put him back on his pins. Had both been down at once, we should never have got up any more.

"At last the carpenter turned silly altogether. He plodded on soberly enough, but wandered in his talk, jawing incessantly of the garden at home, and the bee-hives. What should make a man think of bee-hives at the North Pole?—and running water—he heard it behind him, he declared, and must go back to see for himself. Then I had to pinion his arms and force him to keep with me. It wasn't much of a struggle, we were as weak as two cats; still we kept walking on, like men in a dream.

"It seemed lonely enough, but we didn't ask for company; at least, not for the company that dropped in on us when we were at our lowest and worst. I've heard of a man being followed step for step by a ghost. I don't know how he liked it, but I think no ghost could have followed quieter, softer, with a more stealthy even noiseless foot than the creature that was waiting on us, sometimes forty, sometimes twenty, sometimes not more than ten paces in our wake. There is no animal so patient, so wary, so sagacious, and so persevering as the white Arctic bear, when he has made up his mind for a meal.

"I couldn't hear him, he stepped so smooth and silent, pace for pace with ourselves; but somehow, before I turned and saw him, I *felt* he was there!

"The brute knew well enough we must soon sink from fatigue. He could finish us off then without risk or trouble, so was quite content to wait, and eat us up at his leisure.

"I don't think the carpenter knew anything about this ugly consort. He kept rambling on with his bee-hives and his running water. When he spoke loud, the bear would fall back a little; when his

voice sank, it came on with longer strides. At last I fancied I could hear its breathing, and the fall of its flat, soft paws on the snow.

"My mate stumbled and came down. We were both so weak that with all my exertions I could not get him up again. Faint and breathless I rested for a minute by his side. The bear reared itself on end, as if to see what it could make of us, and, finding both motionless, came on steadier than before.

"I had a single-barrelled gun, loaded with slugs. I kept them for the chance of a seal. It would have been sheer madness to use such a charge except at close quarters, and I lay quiet like a dead man behind my mate's body, with my finger on the trigger.

"How I cursed the creature's cunning, and the time it kept me in suspense, while it stopped and snuffed and walked in circles round us, as if it had some suspicion of the trick. My mate was very drowsy, and I knew well that if once he went to sleep it would all be over. Forty winks in such a cold as that means never unbuttoning your eye-lids again!

"But the beast was hungry—famished. I could see threads of slaver waving over its breast and paws. After a minute or two it could resist no longer, and stole softly on to us, stirring the carpenter with its nose, as if to make sure he was really dead.

"Then I pulled. The muzzle of my gun was close under its shoulder, and the charge passed through its heart like a bullet. I jumped up among the smoke, and used all the strength I had left to haul my mate out of reach, lest it should strike him in the death-flurry; but the creature made a decent end enough, going off quiet and easy, like a Christian.

"‘Turn and turn about,’ says I; ‘you meant to eat *us*; but I think we shall more likely eat you!’ Don’t call me a cannibal, mother; I was forced to drink some of the blood warm, to put strength in me, before I could turn to and recover my mate. He was nearly gone. Five minutes more would have done his business; but he came to, and he pulled through, even at this moment I could hardly tell you how or why.

"We camped out by the carcase, and fed on it till our strength came back. I don’t know how long. We had been seventeen days out, when we returned to the ship. I was proud of what the skipper said to me, and the men gave us three cheers as we came up the side.

"This is a long story, mother, but I’ve plenty like it in store for you when we meet. I will say no more now, for I have come to the

end of my paper, and it won't be many weeks before you will welcome back, like a bad shilling, your affectionate son, COLLINGWOOD BRAIL.

"P.S. Please send this on, for my good aunts to read. If it saves trouble, they need not mind showing it to anybody they please."

She would have liked to go over it all again, particularly the postscript, which, some strange intuition taught her, contained an exceedingly roundabout message for herself; but a woman's first impulse in such cases is to conceal the truth, and she returned the precious sheets with the utmost calmness she could assume.

"I was sure you would be pleased to hear," said Magog, pocketing the document. "You have always interested yourself in him for our sake, and, indeed, if you knew Coll. better, I believe you would like him for his own."

Many things might be less improbable, for which reason, perhaps, Miss Bruce did not think it worth while to pursue the subject, but bade the old ladies a hasty farewell, kissing each of them with even greater cordiality than before.

As Gog observed to her sister, when the door closed on their charming visitor, "That girl grows handsomer every day. Did you see what a beautiful colour she had just now, as she went out?"

"It's unwholesome for people to sit over the fire," answered practical Magog; "I only hope she may not take cold on her way home."

Sir Hector, too, thought his daughter seemed in unusual spirits when she gave him his tea. The day's doings, the drive out, the drive back, above all the run from Burton Brake, were detailed with more than her customary gaiety and playfulness. Lord Fitzowen, sitting alone with his host after dinner, found his own account completely forestalled. Even the abruptness with which Mr. Roy "snubbed his poor wife" seemed to have been duly reported, and if Fitz grew somewhat prolix over this unpleasant episode, it was more for his own satisfaction than for the information of his friend.

Before they adjourned to the drawing-room, however, Sir Hector changed the conversation by warmly pressing his guest to defer the departure fixed for next day, and remain at least a week longer at Warden Towers, an invitation Lord Fitzowen accepted gratefully. "It would be rude to decline," he thought, "when they make such a point of it, and, after all, I should be just as great a fool about her anywhere else as here!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE RIFT.

JOHN ROY, like most men who can command a choice of apartments, had selected the most uncomfortable room in the house for his own. Here he smoked, sulked, wrote his letters, and brooded over his wife's "want of manner" in complete privacy, for even Nelly had been made to understand that, unless by special invitation, her presence was unwelcome in this retreat. It saddened her to reflect for how many hours in the day her husband preferred to be alone. She was beginning to wonder whether he had done wisely in marrying her; to feel, with much bitter heart-searching and humiliation, that she was a clog round his neck; and, indeed, though he ought to have been ashamed to confess it, John Roy told himself the same story over and over again. He compared her with the women he used to meet in London society during his early life, and was so bad a judge as to rate her their inferior because her nature was different from theirs. Yet he would have felt indignant to be told he was the sort of man who could prefer a camellia to a garden-rose.

Though one tried hard to conceal it from herself, and the other from the world, both were conscious of a breach between them that widened day by day, rendering the husband irritable, captious, and aggressive, the wife nervous, silent, and depressed.

He could not but observe her fading colour and weary, heavy eyes, that seemed afraid to meet his own. When people came to call, she would brighten up; which provoked him exceedingly, although this improvement in her spirits was partly the result of a wish to please him by taking her share in general conversation, partly the natural protest of youth and health against despondency. With none of her visitors did she seem so much at ease as with Lord Fitzowen, and Mr. Roy had already asked himself why, more than once. "Hang him! he's never out of the house!" was the form into which he put his reflections, seeing that ere the run from Burton Brake was a week old his lordship had already called twice.

So John Roy sat after breakfast in his own den, revolving these unpleasant thoughts behind the *Field or Country Gentleman's Newspaper*, making believe to read its innumerable columns with their miscellaneous contents. "Come in!" he exclaimed impatiently, as a hesitating knock announced an interruption. He thought it was Nelly, and felt so vexed with her that he determined to let her see that he would rather be alone.

It was *not* his wife, but Mrs. Mopus, who shut the door carefully, set her back to it, and stood there, pale, panting, with one hand pressed against her side.

He was prepared to be angry, yet he showed no irritation towards his housekeeper as he laid down the newspaper and asked quietly "What he could do for her?"

"Can I speak a word with you, sir?" said Mrs. Mopus, advancing to the middle of the room and looking about, as if for a soft place to faint away. "I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir. You'll forgive me, Mr. Roy. It's not of my own free will I come here to-day."

"Then why are you standing there?" was the natural rejoinder, but certain catchings of the breath, which his experience of women had taught him to mistrust, prevented its utterance, and he was content to observe, courteously—

"Compose yourself, Mrs. Mopus; you have generally a good reason for everything you do."

To beg of a lady that she will "compose herself" seldom produces the desired effect until after many repetitions and much soothing, by implication, no less than in set terms. Mrs. Mopus thought well to gasp, roll her eyes, and wrap both hands in her black silk apron till a shower of tears came to her relief, and she found voice to explain between the sobs—

"Oh! sir, you won't judge hardly of me for my attachment to you and yours. Indeed, Mr. Roy, when I think of harm that's likely to overtake you, I'm that upset I can hardly look in your face and warn of you in time, if indeed it's not too late already; but they do say forewarned is forearmed, and though you was to turn me out of doors this moment, without a character or a month's notice, you should never be left in ignorance by *me*. No, not if I was to die for it the next minute. There!"

"I have assured you very often, Mopus, that I am convinced of your regard," he answered kindly. "But if you and I are to understand each other, I must beg you to speak out and tell me what is the matter."

"Mr. Roy, do you never think of the times when you was unmarried? A free, well-spoken, handsome young gentleman as any lady might be happy to call her own, if she was the highest in the land?"

"Well, what of that? I made my choice and married once for all—good or bad, it's too late to repent now."

"Good or bad, sir. You never said a truer word. When I think of them as would have been proud to take your name, and her as has

it this day, but doesn't seem to value it not one halfpenny, it makes me that mad,—that—well—that it sets me on to come into this room, though I *am* only a servant, and speak with you, fair and equal, Mr. Roy, like a friend."

"You *are* a friend, Mopus. I am ready to hear all you have to communicate."

"Mr. Roy, you'll excuse me: the lady that you have made my mistress and your wife didn't ought to be neither the one nor the other."

"Take care what you say, Mrs. Mopus. Is this only an expression of opinion, or is it an accusation to which you can bring proof?"

His voice shook, and he was fain to turn his head, that she might not see how his countenance changed. A hundred conflicting feelings were at work in his heart. Could this woman show him a way to the freedom he had of late desired too earnestly? and if so, would he consent to pay the price? To give up Nelly did not seem so difficult, but that she should cease to care for him was another matter altogether. The bare suspicion struck him with a sense of keen and numbing pain. Release might be bought too dear. What if the blow were so roughly dealt that in striking away the fetter it should break the bone?

Mrs. Mopus eyed him narrowly. She had studied his temper all those years to little purpose if she could not play on it now, like an instrument of music, to wake whatever chord she pleased.

"Mr. Roy," she said, coming a step nearer, "I wish to give up my situation."

"Why, Mrs. Mopus?" he asked, with some discomposure, surprised, no doubt, by the unexpected nature of her attack.

"Because, sir, it is not my place as a servant to speak so free as I could wish. When you have discharged me, Mr. Roy, I cease to be a servant, and my words will come easier, as I said before, from the lips of a humble friend."

"Nonsense! I am not going to lose you for any such foolish fancies. You don't want to leave, my good woman, and I don't want to part with you; I am tired of assuring you that I feel you have my interest at heart. If you know anything that affects my welfare, it is your duty to inform me frankly and without reserve."

"You'll promise not to be angry with *me*, sir. I wouldn't offend you for more than I can say."

"I promise."

"And you'll never disclose who it was as told you, nor mention

my name, nor let anybody know that you and me has been talking secrets together on such a matter as this?"

He nodded impatiently.

Mrs. Mopus seemed well accustomed to plotting. She peered cautiously into the passage to make sure nobody was listening, shut the door softly, and came close to her master's chair.

"It's about your lady, sir," she whispered. "Have I your good leave, Mr. Roy, to speak my mind?"

"Go on!"

"She's not a lady as ought to be at the head of your house, sir. I pass over her interference with the upper servants and the tradespeople, her prying about in the kitchen, the scullery, the offices, even to the soft-water pump in the back yard. I am willing to believe it's the faults of her bringing-up; that's neither here nor there. But she doesn't respect *you*, Mr. Roy; she doesn't think as much of you as she ought. She has a free way with the gentlemen, that isn't becoming in *your* lady, and with one in particular—I don't name no names, but I've seen it from the time he came here first. I've kept it down, Mr. Roy, till I thought I should have suffocated, but now you've asked me, sir, and it's come out at last plump and plain!"

Vexation, perhaps, would express the nature of her listener's feelings better than surprise; yet, with the common impulse of humanity to be convinced of its own worst suspicions, he came to the point at once and spoke out peremptorily enough.

"Let us understand each other, Mrs. Mopus. You have said too much or too little. You have observed freedom of conduct on the part of my—of Mrs. Roy, in respect to a certain person. I insist on knowing who this person is."

"Well, sir, if I must speak out, it's that there Lord. He's in the house now."

John Roy glanced at the clock on his chimney-piece. Half-past eleven—this was a morning visit with a vengeance! If the woman spoke truth in the present instance she was probably right all through.

"You are sure of what you say?" he asked, rising from his chair with some vague idea of immediate action.

"Satisfy yourself, Mr. Roy," was the answer. "They're in the conservatory feeding the gold fish at this moment. I see them through the back-staircase window as I come down to you."

He was so angry, he could hardly trust himself to speak.

"Enough, Mrs. Mopus," he muttered, "I shall not forget your services;" and regardless of her entreaties that he would calm himself, would do nothing rash, he hurried out of the room and up the

back-staircase aforesaid to confront the culprits in the conservatory, and—and—what further steps was he to take when he got there?

This consideration caused him to pause ere he had threaded two dark passages on the way to his destination. He could neither kick, nor shoot, nor turn a gentleman out of the house for paying his wife a visit after breakfast rather than after luncheon, nor would any social code hold him justified in making two persons responsible for a serious offence because they gave his gold-fish their dinners before twelve o'clock in the day!

He stopped—he hesitated—he went on again, still towards the conservatory, but much slower than before. It would be rather tame, he thought, to walk in with outstretched hand, and say, "How d'ye do, Fitzowen? Won't you stay to luncheon?" but there seemed nothing else for it, so irresistible are our bonds of custom, our usages of society. The verdict of the world is dead against a man who "puts himself in the wrong," and it is amusing to watch how, even as two practical fighters shift and traverse to get their backs to the sun, so in a personal difference, or an angry correspondence, the belligerents, by dint of argument, reply, and rejoinder, find at last the position completely inverted, and each occupying his adversary's ground.

"I had better seem to suspect nothing," said John Roy to himself. "I must watch him, and draw my own conclusions unobserved."

His hand was on the conservatory door; he had no intention of eavesdropping; nothing would have induced him so far to lower himself in his own esteem; but he paused an instant to compose his features and pull himself together, as it were, for the ordeal. In that instant his wife's low sweet voice, deepened and softened by emotion, struck on his ear.

"I am horribly afraid of offending Mr. Roy," she said; "but I can trust you unreservedly, and will always do whatever you think best!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MUSIC MUTE.

It was the old story. Neither in conversation nor in literature can you rightly interpret a sentence without the context. Mrs. Roy's compromising words did but conclude a conference of which, as far as she was concerned, loyalty to her husband had been the one predominant motive.

Sir Hector was confined to his room by gout, the other guests had departed ; it was impossible for Lord Fitzowen to remain at Warden Towers alone with Miss Bruce, and, sorely against his inclinations, he felt that in common decency he must return to London by the afternoon train. All this he explained at great length, while excusing himself for paying Mrs. Roy so early a visit to wish her good-bye. Perhaps he cherished some vague hope of an invitation to Royston Grange. If so, it was speedily dispelled ; for though Nelly assured him frankly enough that she was sorry he must go away, she added in the same breath, "We shall all be better for a little rest. I am a very quiet person, Lord Fitzowen, and we've had so much dining out lately and so many visitors, it will seem quite a relief to be alone."

This was a damper, and he felt it. She spoke as if she would be glad to get rid of him. Fitz rather lost his head, and became so earnest that she took the alarm.

"I shall be wretched to go, Mrs. Roy. I never was so happy in my life as for this last fortnight, and I have *you* to thank for it." His voice trembled with that suppressed feeling which no woman is too inexperienced to understand.

"You have already thanked me by coming to say good-bye," she answered rather stiffly. "Besides, I don't like to be thanked, Lord Fitzowen, when I have done nothing to deserve it."

She meant him to "keep his distance," and spoke more gravely than usual, but the warmest expressions of good-will would not have been calculated to rivet his fetters so securely. It is in these ups and downs, these sudden changes, that men become malleable, as the glowing iron is plunged in cold water that it may be tempered into steel.

He skipped back to safe ground with praiseworthy agility. "I like this country so much," he said, "and the hunting, and my host and hostess. Don't you think Miss Bruce a very nice girl, Mrs. Roy?"

"I do indeed," she answered, wondering how she could have been so stupid as to forget that of course this was the cause of Lord Fitzowen's unwillingness to depart, and resolved to make him amends for her previous misconception. "I like her exceedingly. Not so well as *you* do, I dare say, but very much indeed. She must be sorry to lose you, though I suppose we shall have you back before long."

He stared. Did she want him back? It was but a moment since she had seemed glad he must go away. He would have given

a good deal to read her thoughts, and after all she was only hoping he wouldn't stay to luncheon, and wondering whether she ought to ask him or not!

"One hates saying good-bye," he continued, "and yet there is a melancholy satisfaction in it, too. Let us go and look at the gold fish, Mrs. Roy. I should not be easy if I went away without taking leave of my earliest friends."

So they strolled into the conservatory, where his lordship, who was not usually so diffident, debated in his own mind whether he dared ask her to give him a sprig of geranium. Had he done so, she would have complied with a readiness that showed how little importance she attached to the gift; but his courage failed him, and he preferred not to run the chance of a refusal, perhaps of another rebuff.

He was sinking deeper and deeper at every step. Had Fitz been wise, he would never have risked this last interview, but would have started for London with his valet and portmanteaus by the twelve o'clock train.

He looked at the gold fish in silence, almost wishing he was one of them that he might not be going away, then turned to Mrs. Roy and said, with something of a sigh—

"You will miss your dictionary a little, won't you, when it is out of reach on the shelf?"

"I shall indeed," she answered kindly. "I am bad at thanking people, Lord Fitzowen, but I am not ungrateful. I shall never forget how friendly and considerate you have been with me. Though I don't say much, I feel things, I can tell you."

"Whenever you are in any way at a loss, Mrs. Roy, you have only got to speak the word. I would come from the other end of the world to be of the slightest use. You may want advice now and then about those absurd trifles in which my whole life has been spent."

"I feel dreadfully ignorant sometimes, Lord Fitzowen, I confess. I don't mind for myself, but it vexes my husband. He seems so annoyed with things that I should not have thought of the slightest importance."

He took her hand. "Then we will make a bargain," said he. "You shall be the conjuror and I'll be the Jack-in-the-box. Touch a spring and up he comes! When you've done with him, shut down the lid. Seriously, make any use of me you please when you don't want to trouble your husband. I dare say he hates being bothered. Most men do. I like it. Suppose you are in a dilemma, a social difficulty of any kind, consult me as if I was your cousin, or your

brother, or your solicitor. I don't manage my own matters well, but I can give other people better advice than anybody in the world."

There was no resisting the hearty off-hand manner, the frank genial tone. Nelly thought she had discovered a wise counsellor, a true friend, and accepted his somewhat vague offer with the grateful little speech that so offended her husband's ears as he came in.

There was an awkward silence. Mrs. Roy looked and felt in a false position, though she could not have explained why. The master of the house seemed by no means master of the situation. Even his lordship, though more used to the kind of thing, was obviously ill at ease. He took the initiative, however, by putting out his hand and informing his host he had ridden over to say "Good-bye."

"Among the flowers," answered John Roy, looking round him with something of sarcasm, while he exchanged a farewell with his visitor readily enough. It was no prolonged ceremony, and before Nelly's flushed cheeks had faded to their usual tint, Lord Fitzowen vanished, leaving husband and wife alone with the gold-fish.

These could not be more mute than John Roy. He shrugged his shoulders, put on that expression of contempt she most dreaded, and would have retired without a word, but that Nelly's heart was full to overflowing, and the appeal rose spontaneously to her lips—

"What have I done to deserve this? Why are you so cross with me, Mr. Roy?"

"Ask yourself."

"No. I ask *you*. We have not been married a year—nothing like it—and already you are tired of me, and you wish I was dead. You do—you do—and so do I. Anything would be better than this. You hate me, you avoid me. I never see you from day's end to day's end, and when we *are* alone together—which we *never* are—you won't speak to me. I am a clog, an encumbrance, a wet blanket! I can't imagine what it is I have done, or not done. Where are mine accusers? You ought to tell me. I've a right to know."

"When you can talk sense," he answered, "perhaps we may come to some understanding. I confess it seems hopeless now."

"You used to think different. You told me at Beachmouth I was the most sensible woman you every met."

"That was not saying much. I never had a high opinion of your sex. It does not improve on acquaintance."

"If you think that, it's cruel to tell me. If you don't think it, you oughtn't to say so. You can be all smiles and good-humour with other ladies. You don't call *them* a pack of fools to their faces. I used to believe you cared for me, or else why did you make

me an offer? It would have been a long time before I asked *you*, and now you seem to like other people so much better than me!"

"Two can play at that game."

"What do you mean?" she flashed out. "Mr. Roy, I require you to explain yourself."

He set his lips tight, and spoke in cold cutting syllables.

"Then I *will* explain myself. When a lady receives one of her husband's friends day after day, and at all hours, as you receive Lord Fitzowen, it is rather too good a joke that she should reproach that husband with want of attention to herself."

The tears came to her eyes; he must care for her a little, she reflected, or it would not matter to him how often Lord Fitz chose to call, or how long he stayed; but womanly pride and what is called "proper feeling" prompted her to affect a deeper indignation than she felt.

"Mr. Roy," she said, looking him full in the face, "do you assert what you know, or are you making these accusations against me to put yourself in the right?"

"I make no accusations," he replied, in the same hard tone; "it's not worth while. I simply use my own faculties like other people. Things are not likely to escape my observation that have become the talk of my servants in the kitchen and the hall."

She turned pale to her lips. "The servants!" she repeated. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Roy, that you have been discussing with your servants the conduct of your wife?"

He was getting very angry, he felt so completely in the wrong; therefore he affected to take high ground.

"I decline to enter into that subject," said he. "Though *you* may choose to disregard both, there *are* people who respect my character and value my happiness. It is all very well, Mrs. Roy, to carry things with a high hand, to affect injured innocence, virtuous indignation, and so forth; but nobody shall make me believe that lady's conduct is irreproachable on whom her very domestics cry shame. Even if I had not eyes and ears of my own, I can trust my informant, and what I say I mean!"

Her sweet and gentle temper was roused at last. She moved to the door.

"Then if that is the position I occupy in your house," she exclaimed, "the sooner I leave it the better!"

"I wish you had never come into it!"

The action was over. Completely disabled by this last shot, poor Nelly struck her flag and went down. She made no attempt at

dead away, which is the best resource of all, as placing the adversary in such a position that he can neither run nor fight. She only paced slowly out of the conservatory, across the hall, and up the staircase to her own room, faltering and stumbling, though it was broad daylight, like a blind woman, or one who walks in a dream.

John Roy turned to the gold-fish and made them a little speech. "I have given her a piece of my mind at last," said he, somewhat ashamed of himself, yet with a certain amount of relief at having blown off the steam. "A man should begin as he means to go on, and she will be none the worse for the lesson. That it may take proper effect, I shall *not* see her again till dinner-time. My horse is at the door. I may as well have luncheon with the Grantons, and ride round by Warden Towers afterwards, to find out if this young lord is really gone."

Nelly, kneeling by her bedside, crying bitterly, with her face smothered in the counterpane, heard his horse's hoofs crunching the gravel, and the click of the gate as he turned into the park.

She went to her window and watched him, hiding behind the curtain. She had often seen him ride away in the same direction, but never so indistinctly as now, through a mist of tears.

Then she bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair, looked at a timetable, rang the bell, and ordered the carriage to be at the door in twenty minutes.

"If I had a baby," thought Nelly, "I couldn't go. I should neither have the heart to leave it, nor to take it away from Mr. Roy. How lucky for *him*. He will be happy at last. He won't miss me one bit. He can live among the people he likes without a wife that he is ashamed of at every turn. And yet I *did* try hard to be all he wished! Oh! my darling, my darling! I do believe my heart is breaking, but I will never see you again!"

Mr. Roy did not enjoy his luncheon. The Grantons were pleasant as usual. Her two pretty sisters, lately imported by the hostess, did the agreeable with the vivacity shown by young ladies at that most cheerful of meals. But, somehow, it was all flat and insipid. When his horse was brought round, he departed in worse spirits than he arrived, conscious he had made no favourable impression on the strangers, but utterly careless of their opinion, good or bad.

"Talking him over" ere he was fairly in the saddle, these did not scruple to express unqualified disappointment. Mr. Roy was older, greyer, stupider, than they had been led to expect, yet each told herself there was something interesting about the man, something strange, *mysterious*, peculiar, that she would like to fathom and find out.

At Warden Towers, Sir Hector was in his room, and Miss Bruce in the village, so he did not get off. "Was Lord Fitzowen still with them?" he asked carelessly, turning to go away.

"No; his lordship left after luncheon. His lordship's letters were to be forwarded to London. He (the butler) did not think his lordship would be back again during the hunting season."

Riding home in the fading twilight, John Roy began to wonder if he had not judged Nelly too hastily in one particular, perhaps too harshly in all. There is something in the action of a good horse under a man, especially at a gallop, that, possibly through its effect on the liver, seems to clear and stimulate his brain. Ere he rode into his own stable-yard, our friend had resolved to be forgiving and magnanimous, to read his wife a long lecture on that ignorance of conventionalities to which he was willing to attribute her late misdeeds, and graciously to overlook the past in consideration of the amendment she was sure to promise for the future. Then he would proceed comfortably to dinner, and slumber placidly afterwards, having dismissed the whole subject from his mind.

Wet and muddy, he went to dress at once, rehearsing during his toilet the discourse he intended to deliver, and descending in half-an-hour or so to the drawing-room, where he expected to find his wife at her needlework, bright with her usual welcome, and ready to offer the cup of tea she had kept hot in case it should be wanted. But here was neither wife nor tea. The fire had burned low, and only one lamp was lit. His drawing-room had never looked so cheerless. Nelly must be up-stairs, of course. How tiresome! Perhaps, though, she had taken his displeasure to heart and was really unwell. Poor dear! She certainly seemed fond of him; he would go to her room, and make it all right without delay! Once, twice he tapped at the door. No answer. So he opened it without ceremony, and walked in. Here, too, the fire was low and the room nearly dark, but he could make out that it was unoccupied. More, an empty wardrobe stood open, and though several trinkets remained on the dressing-table, Nelly's ivory hair-brushes, with her monogram, his own gift, were gone.

He turned sick at heart, though he told himself there was no cause for discomposure; but he ran down-stairs again, nimbly enough, to ring the drawing-room bell with considerable violence.

The butler had gone to dress, and it was answered by a footman.

"Where is Mrs. Roy?" he asked, trying to speak in his ordinary voice.

"Mrs. Roy, sir? Mrs. Roy is gone, sir."

"Gone? What do you mean? Gone where?"

The man looked surprised. "Mrs. Roy ordered the carriage at half-past two, sir. It took her to the station, and I understand she went to London by the afternoon train."

He fairly gasped. But in whatever attitude he goes down, a man is bound to fall decently, like Julius Cæsar, before his own household; so he muttered something incoherent about "bad news," and "he thought she would have waited for a later train," but his manner was sorely troubled, his voice came thick and indistinct. The footman retired calmly, less concerned than might be supposed. I imagine our domestics are not easily affected by such symptoms of mental disorder. Judging from analogy, they account for them in the charitable supposition that "Master is a little the worse for drink."

Put him face to face with an emergency, John Roy had courage and presence of mind enough. Both were now supplemented by a strong sense of indignation and ill-usage.

"Gone to London by the afternoon train!" he muttered, walking up and down his deserted drawing-room in momentary expectation that dinner would be announced. "Of course! I see it all! And that scoundrel, too. They were found out too soon, and she did not dare face me again. But *he* shall, and pretty close too, if we have to travel a thousand miles for it. Steady, now! I must look at this business as if I were acting for some one else. The first point is to avoid anything like a show-up before the servants. I can do nothing to-morrow till the post comes in, then I shall go to London by the twelve o'clock train, and find a friend at once. Who is there I can ask to see me through such a three-cornered business?—for I mean to shoot Fitzowen as sure as he stands there."

This was a knotty problem, involving some consideration. He had not settled it when he went to dinner, and resolved during the progress of that ceremony, which he sat through with praiseworthy endurance, to decide nothing till he had visited his club, and seen which of his old friends were in town.

But with all his anger, all his resolution, there were moments during that long cheerless evening when his heart smote him sore. The image of Nelly would pass before him, as he used to watch her moving about the very room in which he sat, busy with some little arrangement for his comfort and convenience, or, dearer still, as he remembered her at Beachmouth during that brief courtship, when she had seemed to him a very paragon of womankind, no less for beauty of character and person than for the adoration she lavished on himself.

Of all blessings, a wife is, perhaps, that of which a man becomes most sensible in its loss. John Roy could not help suspecting that he had not himself been entirely without blame; that a little patience, a little consideration, a little forbearance might have preserved to him the affections of her fond and gentle nature, true and tender as when he watched the sea-gulls together on the southern coast, and might have kept nothing but death between them this side the grave.

(To be continued.)

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

THE singular character who has just passed from the stage of European politics will occupy a far larger place in history than he did in the eyes of his contemporaries. No man has had a greater destiny, and few men have had a larger share in shaping destiny by individual stamp of character ; but none, on the other hand, was ever called to play so prominent a part with a smaller share of the external attributes calculated to excite hero-worship, and few have more pitiaibly associated a great career with private errors and follies. His faults have died with the man ; his great work as king and patriot remains to his country, and the monument of the uncouth soldier buried not unworthily among the immortal dead of Rome, is the accomplished unity of Italy.

For it must be remembered that with the political union of the Peninsula but half—and that the easier half—of his work was done ; there still remained the more difficult task of creating a true national existence in the chaotic jumble of petty states, for the first time since the Roman Empire combined under a single government ; of reconciling local interests, of allaying provincial jealousies, of repressing on the one hand the fermenting dregs of revolution, and on the other the reactionary impulses of dynastic and traditional attachment ; of infusing public spirit into a heterogeneous population, and inspiring public confidence amid the wreck of governments and parties. And in the general disorganisation of that great crisis no subtlety of statecraft or refinement of intelligence would have afforded so steadfast a fulcrum to the national movement as the rugged loyalty of the prince who in these degenerate days still held the word of a king as sacred, and who elected to go down to posterity by the proud though homely title of the "*Rè Galantuomo*."

His career is a singular illustration of the adage too often falsified that "*Honesty is the best policy*," and the moral is still more strongly pointed by a reversed example in the fate of his neighbour and ally, Louis Napoleon. Hogarth's good and idle apprentices are not more boldly contrasted or more strikingly dealt with, according to poetical justice, than the two sovereigns so strangely linked together by their

destinies, and associated even in death by a singular coincidence of date. The Second Empire, founded in faithlessness and inflated by corruption, has collapsed like a glittering bubble on a stagnant pool, while the kingdom of Italy, reared in its reflected light, is the only solid result its hollow glories have left behind. Louis Napoleon died in exile, leaving to his son only the dangerous inheritance of a shadowy claim, while Victor Emmanuel's death has shown, in the universal mourning of his people, how firmly consolidated is the monarchy which may be said to have been created by his unswerving good faith and personal honour. And for this, Italy gives her first king a place among the hallowed dead of the Pantheon, with a grateful consciousness that her enfranchisement was not attained without exacting many sacrifices from the sovereign as well as from the nation, and that Victor Emmanuel never hesitated to put aside his personal feelings where they came into collision with any measure of public utility. A Piedmontese, and attached to his birthplace with the passionate fondness of a mountaineer, he abandoned his ancient capital when the exigencies of his new state demanded the change. Heir and representative of the Dukes of Savoy, he sacrificed his birthright of a thousand years, the cradle of his race, as the ransom of Lombardy; not even the last entreaty of his dying mother, an Archduchess of the House of Lorraine, could move him from his ecclesiastical policy; and the strong reluctance—call it presentiment or superstition—which made him put off as long as possible taking up his residence in Rome, was finally overcome by the stronger sense of political expediency. His successor has begun his reign by a similar act of abnegation, in sacrificing family tradition to the desire of the nation, letting his father's sepulchre seal the work of his life, and giving his very dust to Italy as a pledge of her completeness.

It is a singular circumstance that in the official attestation of the King's death, a document drawn up with the greatest solemnity in the presence of ministers and chamberlains, there should be a patent error as to the place of his birth, Florence being named instead of Turin, although the date, the 14th day of March, 1820, is correctly given. More than one of the Italian papers have since drawn attention to the mistake, which seems to have arisen from a confusion between Victor Emmanuel and his younger brother Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, whose birth on the 15th of October, 1822, actually took place in Florence, his parents having taken refuge there from the troubles of 1821. There, too, in the grand-ducal villa of Poggio Imperiale, the little heir of Piedmont at two and a half years old was near having his eventful career prematurely cut short, for his nurse,

Teresa Zanotti, had the misfortune to set fire to his cot, and though help was immediately at hand, he received two serious burns before he was rescued, while the poor nurse suffered so severely that she died from her injuries three weeks after the accident. Her husband, Lorenzo Vittorio, received a pension for life.

Victor Emmanuel's mother, the Princess Maria Teresa, describes him when a child as docile, but difficult to teach from his love of running and jumping, though what he had once learned he did not easily forget. If gossiping report can be credited, one of his juvenile playfellows was Rosina, afterwards his wife and Countess Mirafiori, whose father held some menial post about the palace in Turin. If it be so, one of the influences that moulded his subsequent life began at its earliest stages, but the story may go for what it is worth.

His public life may be said to have begun with the war of 1848, when the brave little sub-Alpine kingdom boldly confronted the whole power of the Austrian Empire in the cause of Italian freedom and independence. The ardent young prince, then Duke of Savoy, feared he might not receive a command or even be allowed to take part in the war, and implored Cesare Balbo, his father's Minister, to plead his cause in the Council of State. The Ministers sat late, and it was past midnight when Balbo, leaving the council, saw a shadowy figure pacing the further end of the courtyard. It was the Duke of Savoy waiting to know his fate. Seven years later, at a time of political struggle, when Victor Emmanuel, then king, was perplexed and agitated, the son of Balbo ventured to suggest that he might extricate himself from his dilemma by breach of faith, and the king, while driving him from his presence in disgrace, told him that it was only the memory of his father that saved him from even harsher treatment.

The disastrous story of the campaign of '48-49 is known to all; how the hopes of Italy seemed crushed for ever on the fatal field of Novara, and how the high-hearted Charles Albert, broken down by misfortune, abdicated his throne in favour of his son, and retired to end his days in exile and despair. Yet on that dark day, when the cause of Italian freedom seemed lost for ever, Victor Emmanuel's dogged courage refused to accept defeat as final, and in the memorable words "*l'Italia sarà*" he gave the watchword to a happier future.

He went in person to Radetzky's tent to negotiate the terms of peace, and the following were those first proposed by the marshal as the conditions of stopping his victorious march. Abolition of the constitution or Statute of Sardinia, suppression of the national

of Italy, return to the old system of government, and close alliance with Austria. On these terms he would withdraw next day to Milan, would exact no tribute or war indemnity, and pledged his government to assist by every means in its power the enforcement of the new *régime* in Turin. The Piedmontese Prince listened in silence, though he with difficulty repressed his indignation.

"Marshal," he exclaimed, when Radetzky had concluded, "rather than subscribe such conditions, I would lose a hundred kingdoms ! I will never be false to my father's pledges. You desire war to the death ; be it so ! I will call upon the nation, and you will see what you will have to deal with in a general rising of Piedmont. If I must succumb, I will succumb without disgrace. *Our race knows the way of exile, not that of dishonour.*"

He was about to withdraw, but his firm attitude had made an impression on the victorious Austrian, who perhaps shrank from driving so resolute a foe to desperation. He proffered terms instead which left the honour and independence of Piedmont intact, accepting a war indemnity of a hundred millions of francs, with the occupation of some portion of Sardinian territory in lieu of the political concessions first required.

Victor Emmanuel always said he owed his success to the accidental absence of General Hess, Radetzky's chief of the staff, who hastened back as soon as he heard of the arrival in the camp of the Sardinian Prince, but was too late to prevent the arrangement of the terms of peace, and could scarcely conceal his mortification and dissatisfaction. This negotiation was Victor Emmanuel's first act of sovereignty, for by his father's abdication on the fatal day of Novara he was already King of Sardinia. It was noticed at the time that the young monarch, amidst the misfortunes of his country and his house, was able to interest himself in the fate of a favourite charger which had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and having recovered it from the Austrian general, rode it back to his camp, seemingly well content to find himself once more on its back. This incident was thought to indicate a want of feeling for the public calamity ; but if so, it did not prove a true index to his character in later years, for indifference to the welfare of his people and kingdom was not one of the faults with which he could be charged.

Piedmont had fought unsuccessfully but not in vain ; for the seed of Italian unity, sown on the blood-stained fields of Novara, Custoza, and Goito, was destined to bear fruit under happier auspices. The memory of that disastrous campaign sank deep into the heart of Italy ; and still, the stranger who sneers at Piedmontese ascendancy

in the Peninsula will hear in reply that neither princes or people of Piedmont grudged blood and treasure in the cause of Italy when Italy had no other champion ; and Florence still celebrates annually the memory of '48 with a solemn requiem in Santa Croce for the boy volunteers of Tuscany who joined the Piedmontese army, and died facing the Austrian guns at Curtatone and Montanara.

The difficulties of the Sardinian Government after the campaign were aggravated by the attitude of the Chamber, which proved so unmanageable that the abolition of the Statute was urged on the king by many of his counsellors. He was firm in refusing to annul it, but dissolved Parliament instead, and in consideration of the gravity of the situation so far infringed constitutional etiquette as to address a personal appeal to the nation, known as the Proclamation of Moncalieri. This spirited address, in which he claimed the support of his people, and plainly threatened the abolition of the constitution if they continued to impede the fulfilment of the conditions of peace, did not fail of its effect ; more moderate representatives were returned, and the crisis was averted. It was during this period of agitation that Victor Emmanuel, calling Massimo d'Azeglio to the conduct of affairs, and declaring that he would not violate the statute, said : "There have been so few honest kings (*Rè Galantuomini*) that it would be a grand thing to begin the series."

The next crisis in Sardinian politics was the passing of the Religious Corporations Bill in 1855, when the domestic misfortunes that befel the royal household in the deaths at only a few days' interval of the king's mother, wife, and brother, were represented as a judgment on him for curtailing the privileges of the clergy. It was then that the queen-mother, a most saintly princess, made a dying appeal to her son to abandon the projected legislation, causing him, as he is reported to have said, "the most terrible and bitter moment of his life." It did not, however, turn him from his policy ; Cavour was recalled, and the government, after violent opposition, passed the obnoxious measure, one of whose main provisions was to make the clergy amenable to the civil courts, previously without any jurisdiction over them.

The participation of Sardinia in the Crimean war was also with difficulty consented to by the Chamber, and the determination of the king was mainly instrumental in carrying a measure pregnant with consequences only foreseen at the time by him and Cavour. The representation of Sardinia in the Congress of Paris, although strongly opposed by Austria, was thereby secured, and the foundation of

Franco-Sardinian alliance laid in the understanding come to by Louis Napoleon and Cavour, who told one of his friends, on his return, that within three years they should have a war and a *good* one.

In 1854, when the cholera broke out in Genoa, and the panic of the inhabitants increased the danger, Victor Emmanuel hastened to take up his residence there, visited the hospitals, presided over the distribution of relief, and remained until the epidemic had abated. His safe return caused great rejoicing in Turin, where considerable anxiety had been felt during his absence.

After the Congress of Paris, it was well understood by the national party throughout Italy that the war of liberation was coming, and the Piedmontese government had to guide and direct the suppressed agitation beginning to ferment in all the various states of the Peninsula. The Austrian Cabinet sent a virulent note to its representative in Turin, desiring Piedmont to silence its press and its orators. Victor Emmanuel replied that he took orders from no one, and the Austrian Minister was recalled. Among the political demonstrations of the time was a gigantic subscription throughout Italy, and Lombardy more especially, for the armament of the fortress of Alessandria. Collections were made in every city, yet the police could never discover one of the subscribers. All public offices in Piedmont were thrown open to the refugees from the rest of Italy: Farini, Minister of Public Instruction, was a Roman; Paleocapo, who held the portfolio of Public Works, a Venetian; and General Cialdini, a native of Modena, was aide-de-camp to the king.

1859 opened with Napoleon's celebrated address to the Austrian ambassador, followed by Victor Emmanuel's speech to the Chamber on the 10th of January, in which he spoke the words so memorable throughout Italy: "The horizon on which the new year rises is not without a cloud. We cannot be insensible to the cry of suffering directed to us from so many parts of Italy." These sentences were written in the king's own hand.

So Piedmont took the field again as the champion of Italy, and this time with an ally, by whose assistance the verdict of Novara and Custoza was reversed at Palestro and Solferino. The king's personal share in the campaign was a brilliant one, and the 3rd Zouaves, whom he led to the charge at Palestro with his usual fiery ardour, created him *corporal of honour* on the field, and presented him with the guns taken by them from the enemy. Charles Albert had been in the same way created *first Grenadier of France* by the French troops with whom he served during a campaign in Spain. On the day of

Solferino, the fate of the battle seemed to turn on the possession of the hill of San Martino, from which the Sardinian troops had been repulsed in five successive charges. "Come, my men," said Victor Emmanuel in Piedmontese, "we must either take San Martino or make San Martino" (an idiom for shifting quarters, from the date at which the tenancy of houses usually terminates). The weary troops rushed after him with renewed ardour, and the position was triumphantly carried.

The successful campaign ended, however, in a terrible disappointment to the Italians, and the armistice suddenly and unexpectedly decided on by the Emperor without his participation came upon Victor Emmanuel like a thunderbolt. It is said that when he recovered from the first stupefaction into which the announcement threw him, he exclaimed that he would continue the war alone, calling on all Italy to join him. Calmer counsels, however, came with reflection, and, hot-headed soldier though he was, he showed more wisdom and self-control in accepting the inevitable than his great Minister, who could not repress his rage and indignation, even in the presence of his sovereign. Cavour, although he had heard of the peace, and hastened to the head-quarters on receipt of the news, did not know the actual terms until they were communicated to him by the King himself in a most stormy interview, of which various accounts are given. Ch. de Mazade, in his recent book on Count Cavour, says that Victor Emmanuel, returning from the imperial camp at Valleggio on the 11th of July with the document he had signed, threw it on the table, and divesting himself of his tunic, flung himself on a seat with a sombre countenance, and said, "Read it." But when one of those present began to read aloud the preliminaries of peace, Cavour interrupted with an outburst of uncontrollable passion, and became so violent that the King, unable to calm him, left him to the care of General La Marmora. It is at any rate certain that he left the camp with every appearance of high indignation, threw up office, and went to travel in Switzerland. Ratazzi succeeded him in a time of great difficulty for the Piedmontese Government, who were left with the Italian Revolution half accomplished on their hands; while the political passions excited throughout the Peninsula threatened to lead to outbreaks that might have compromised the whole future of the country. To keep in check the seething excitement of the baffled patriots, to enjoin calmness and patience on men frantic with partially realised desires, to hold in hand the threads of the ravelled web of intrigue, rudely broken off at half completion, was the task of the Turin Cabinet during the winter of '59-60; and so severely were their

energies strained, that the King has said that at this time he was at least a hundred nights without going to bed.

The cession of Nice and Savoy cost him a severe struggle; but once consented to, he adhered loyally to his bargain, and never favoured any scheme for the recovery of those provinces. In addressing the Chamber, which represented two-thirds of Italy, on the 2nd of April, 1860, he alluded to the cession of territory in these words: "As a proof of gratitude to France, for the welfare of Italy, to consolidate the union of the two nations, which have their origin, sentiments, and destiny in common, some sacrifice was needed, and I have made that which was hardest to my heart. Saving the vote of the people, the approbation of Parliament, and, in regard to Switzerland, the safeguard of international guarantees, I have stipulated a treaty for the re-union of Savoy and the district of Nice to France." The announcement was not made by the King without visible signs of emotion, and was received by the deputies with loud cheers for his Majesty.

The annexation of Umbria and the Marches, and Garibaldi's conquest of the Two Sicilies, followed rapidly, but Venice had to wait six years longer before seeing the tricolor planted in the Piazza of Saint Mark; and it is always a humiliating recollection to the Italians that her liberation was due, not to their success, but to that of the Prussians. There remained only Rome, desired rather as the seal and crown of the enterprise than for her own sake; and when that too was won, Victor Emmanuel, first addressing an Italian Parliament in the capital, must have felt that his father's cherished dream was most strangely realised. Yet, save for the prestige it confers, the possession of the seven-hilled city is a source rather of embarrassment than of strength to the Italian Government, and the position of hostility in which it places them towards the Pope causes a painful struggle in the minds of many of their adherents.

With the completion of the national unity, the political romance of Victor Emmanuel's life was over, and like the hero and heroine of a nursery tale, Italy and her champion "lived happily together thenceforward." It would be prosaic to trace the little pecuniary difficulties which in their case, as in that of so many other happy couples, have been the chief source of embarrassment, but it must be acknowledged that Victor Emmanuel's greatest fault as a sovereign was his utter and hopeless recklessness about money. The royal extravagance drove Ministers to their wits' ends to meet its demands, and placed the King in a position most unbecoming his dignity. In the celebrated Mantegazza trial for forging his signature, about a year and a half ago,

it appeared that his bills were circulating all over Italy, and, so low was the royal credit, were only cashed by the banks at a considerable discount. His debts amount to between fifteen and twenty millions of francs, which the present King has nobly taken on him as a personal charge, refusing the offer of Parliament to pay them, out of regard for his father's memory and for the sacredness of his private affairs.

Victor Emmanuel's popularity in Italy was abundantly proved by the universal mourning for his premature death; but the feeling he inspired was rather abstract than personal, and his presence rarely called forth any enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty from his new subjects. He scarcely spoke their language, and his appearance in public was little calculated to impress the multitude in his favour, as he seemed rather uneasily than graciously conscious of being an object of attention, and had in his bearing neither princely dignity nor royal affability. His carriage generally passed almost as unnoticed as that of a private individual, and even officers in uniform seldom saluted him. His want of external polish exposed him to many a poignant shaft of ridicule from the cultivated Florentines and ready-witted Neapolitans; but his people trusted, if they did not like, him, and appreciated the strong good sense which was a bulwark between Italy and all perilous or adventurous policy as long as he lived.

To the popular imagination he was most familiarly known as a fiery soldier and mighty hunter, but history will recognise him in another character—that of a sagacious and active politician. He took a leading part in every discussion in his Cabinet, and exercised a strong personal influence over all those who served under him. One of his old advisers has stated that the best passages both in the royal speeches and in political despatches emanated from the King himself; and Cavour is reported to have said to a friend in a moment of expansion, "He lets us go our own way, but if we miss our footing he shows us where to plant our steps. That is always his way." M. Thiers said of him, when he returned from his tour of the Courts of Europe, that he was the most acute politician he had ever met, and M. Gambetta is believed to have given the same verdict. His penetration into character was shown when, on Massimo d'Azeglio proposing to nominate Cavour for the first time to a place in the Ministry, he answered with a laugh, "*I have no objection to him, but I can tell you he is a man who will unseat you all.*"

No Continental sovereign so well understood the principle of parliamentary government, and his favourite answer when pressed on political subjects was "*Son rè costituzionale.*" In 1852, when

Massimo d'Azeglio advised him to visit some of the provinces where there was political discontent, he answered, "I will go if you will answer for my being well received. A despot may dispense with acclamations, but the silence of his people is the condemnation of a constitutional king." He had a strong personal antipathy to republicanism, so much so that the sight of a red feather worn by a lady admitted to an interview with him sufficed to bring a dark cloud to his brow, and call forth a strong expression of displeasure, appeased, however, in a moment by the removal of the offending ornament. "Ah, vous êtes bonne fille," he said, smiling again, when the lady, with ready presence of mind, took off her hat and snatched out the badge of revolution. Yet his personal prejudice did not prevent him from employing as his Ministers men of all shades of politics, and many of the most advanced, Daniel Manin among others, gave in their adhesion to his Government. It was the glory of his reign to have closed, in the words of one of his own proclamations, "the era of revolution in Italy," thereby conferring a lasting benefit on the whole of Europe; for republicanism, rampant throughout the Peninsula while it seemed identified with national existence, is practically extinct under the present constitutional Government.

Victor Emmanuel's temper was generous and placable; he was not easily roused to resentment, and seemed incapable of harbouring a grudge for any personal offence. If he had a susceptible point it was the ancestral glories of his race, and his one violent quarrel with Cavour is believed to have arisen from the Minister having permitted himself to speak slightly of the House of Savoy.

Two anecdotes may suffice to show how his ready wit sometimes extricated him from awkward positions, and turned the laugh against his opponents. In 1860, when he wished to visit the Cathedral of Pisa, Cardinal Corsi, the archbishop, forbade his clergy to receive him; so when the King arrived, escorted by the whole population, he found the church deserted, and the great bronze doors shut in his face. An ominous murmur of rage began to be heard from the populace, and a riot seemed imminent, when the good-humoured monarch, nothing disconcerted, espied a side door which by good fortune was open, and directed his steps towards it. "My friends," he said aloud, turning to the people, "it is by the narrow gate that we must enter Paradise." The mob laughed and applauded, and the incident passed off without serious consequences. In the same way, at Bologna, the ecclesiastics absented themselves during his visit to the cathedral, but the Archbishop, fearing the consequences of so decided a step, presented himself to the King next day, alleging some

excuse for his absence. "You were right not to trouble yourself," said Victor Emmanuel, "for I went to the church to pay my respects, not to the priests, but to God."

Although in public affairs he could exercise a prudent and judicious self-control, in private life he was wayward as a spoiled child, and could not understand the slightest, even unavoidable delay, in carrying out anything he had set his heart on. Many years ago, when some horses were being imported from Ireland for his stud, his impatience to get them was so great that he hurried on the latter stages of their journey until the train they were in actually took fire, and they narrowly escaped being burned to death. The person in charge of them was harassed by telegrams at every stage, urging more rapid travelling. When, on their arrival, he saw one of them leap a bar, he remained gazing in admiration, and exclaimed, "It is not a horse, but a bird!"

His way of life was peculiar, inasmuch as he only ate twice in the twenty-four hours, at noon and midnight, always alone, and frequently walking up and down the room, instead of seated at table. When he entertained guests at a state banquet, he is described as generally sitting during the meal with his hands resting on the hilt of his sabre, and his chin propped on his hands. He went to bed and got up twice in every four-and-twenty hours, thus going through the ordinary routine of two days in one. The restraints of society were most irksome to him, and he had no taste for luxury or elegance in his surroundings. In the royal palace at Naples, where he spent several winters, the rooms he occupied were on a stuffy entresol and fitted up in the most ordinary way. He died on a plain iron bedstead without canopy or curtains, and in a room scantily and modestly furnished. The money he lavished so prodigally was certainly not spent in personal luxury or in keeping up the splendour of royalty in its immediate surroundings.

During the later years of his life he suffered much domestic annoyance from the pretensions of the Countess Mirafiori, who used all her influence to have her marriage legalised by the performance of the civil ceremony—all that was required to raise her at once to the position of Queen of Italy. He, however, was firm in refusing, even threatening to abdicate when pressed too far, and in this case, as in all others, declined to let female influence sway him in public matters.

Although some saw in his death a strange fulfilment of his presentiment of misfortune in going to Rome, and others a judgment for the profanation of the Quirinal, in point of fact his last illness was not contracted there at all, but was already weighing upon him when he

left Turin. During the journey, on the 29th of December, he felt the fatal chill of fever, and not all the rugs and coverings that could be collected among his attendants could warm the hardy hunter, accustomed at other times to brave all rigours of climate without extra covering. He struggled to the last against illness, going about and transacting business by day, but passing disturbed nights, and when he took to his bed, four days before his death, he was already far gone in fever. It is a matter of regret to all Italians that his medical attendants should not have called in some man of established eminence in his profession, particularly as they had within a few hours' journey a physician second to none in Europe, Professor Cipriani of Florence, whose judgment in a case is as nearly infallible as it is given to human science to be.

The most striking feature in the grand *cortège* which followed Victor Emmanuel's remains to the Pantheon was the celebrated Iron Crown of Lombardy, the diadem of Charlemagne, the most venerable political relic in Europe. Escorted on its journey by the corporation and chapter of Monza, and received with royal honours in its transit through Italy, it rested not unworthily on the bier of him whose inheritance had ransomed Lombardy from the yoke of the stranger.

The prosecution of a great idea through life with the concentration of an iron will, combined with the good sense which recognises insuperable obstacles, and the patience which awaits the favourable moment for overcoming them, constitutes a form of genius; and judged by this standard, Victor Emmanuel may be held entitled to rank among the great men of history. His finest quality, however, was his utter and uncompromising honesty, and this it may be confidently anticipated he has transmitted to his son and successor, for the princes of the House of Savoy, whatever their individual failings, have that in their blood which makes it impossible for them to break their faith.

E. M. CLERKE.

SHAKSPERE'S SONNETS.

THERE is a great tendency, even amongst the most earnest students of Shakspeare, to shirk the Sonnets. A few of them are generally selected for admiration ; the remainder, as far as possible, suppressed. This is due partly to the overwhelming interest excited by his dramatic works, partly to the subjects with which some of the Sonnets deal, but to a great extent also to the nature of the criticisms that have been bestowed upon them. So little is known of their origin, that it is possible for any one of ordinary ingenuity to construct a theory about them that will appear at least plausible, and will consequently find some adherents. The result is that they have frequently been treated as so many counters, to be transposed and re-arranged according to the exigencies of the view to be supported, instead of revelations of the character of a man about whom too little is known. It is impossible within the necessarily small limits of this article to pass in review the various criticisms to which the Sonnets have been subjected. Its main object is to show that the first hundred and twenty-six sonnets, at any rate, are arranged, in the Quarto of 1609, in an order that is probably chronological ; and, if a thread of connection can thus be traced, the onus is thrown upon those who maintain their right to re-arrange the Sonnets to show that this connection is false or fanciful. The method adopted is that of Gervinus, not that of Mr. Gerald Massey.

It will be well at the outset to state the view that is to be supported. It is this :—The first hundred and twenty-six sonnets were addressed by Shakspeare to a friend who is unknown, but whose Christian name was probably the same as the poet's,¹ during a somewhat lengthened period, possibly about three years,² and have for subject chiefly the phases through which the friendship passed. They were not intended, at the time when they were written, to form a consecutive poem, though many were written at the same time, but were subsequently strung together in the order in which we now possess them, and which is approximately, if not actually, chronological.

The identity of Shakspeare's friend (who for convenience will be called "Will") has been the subject of much exhaustive enquiry,

¹ Cf. Sonnets cxxvii. cxxxv. cxxxvi.

² Cf. Sonnet cix.

which has had little result. This will not be dwelt on here ; but before commencing the exposition of the Sonnets, a slight attempt will be made to sketch the leading characteristics of the two friends and their social relation to one another, as far as it is possible to pick them out.

In the first place, it is quite clear that Will moves in a much higher circle of society than Shakspeare. He has all the advantages that birth can give him. This is implied in most of the sonnets, and is the pivot of one section, as will be shown. He is still very young ; he stands "on the top of happy hours ;"¹ but is still his *mother's* glass, in which she can call back "the lovely April of her prime."² He is beautiful too ; and this is not merely the beauty that friendship reads into a face that is dear, however plain, but genuine and conspicuous beauty that strikes all beholders ; his "youth's proud livery"³ is "so gazed on." So much for the outside show ; now for the heart. This is more difficult to get at ; for if faults existed, Shakspeare would not be the one to disclose them, unless under compulsion. But one or two clues may be gathered. It would appear that he was to a certain extent selfish and conceited. He is "contracted to his own bright eyes," and "feeds his light's flame with *self-substantial* fuel."⁴ He is "the tomb of his self-love."⁵ "For shame," says Shakspeare,

Deny that thou bear'st love to any
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident.⁶

And although the sonnets from which these quotations are taken are full of strained and quaint conceits, yet I think that these indications of character given in the earlier sonnets are not to be neglected, as they seem to throw light upon the interpretation of the subsequent phases of the series.

Now for Shakspeare. We know, without the plentiful evidence that the Sonnets afford, that his profession was one that rendered him a sort of outcast from society ; at any rate, from such as Will would move in. He might live to be the object of amusement for such a man, but could hardly hope to be his friend ; and any attention shown to him by a man in Will's position would be looked upon as an act of condescension, if not of disgrace. In addition to this, Shakspeare was some years older than his friend. It seems almost too audacious to try to sum up in a short paragraph Shakspeare's mental and moral character. Each man who studies his works carefully endeavours to

¹ Sonnet xvi.

² Ibid. iii.

³ Ibid. ii.

⁴ Ibid. i.

⁵ Ibid. iii.

⁶ Ibid. x.

form a conception of this, and it is always a conception of beauty. His spirit, the "better part of him," is, as he says, with us all, and each must judge for himself. This much may be said. He was a man of brilliant and versatile wit, most attractive probably in society; and beyond that, possessing an almost unfathomable depth and immeasurable breadth of human sympathy and love, which, if once devoted to an object deemed worthy of it, would go out towards that object with an entirety and abandonment of self incomprehensible to the ordinary being, whose affections are beaten into subserviency to material welfare: they would be given not as the world giveth—the "wise world," as he himself called it. The probable intensity of the affection of the man—who was in sympathy with Hamlet and Macbeth; with Brutus and Antony; with Lear, and also with his fool—may be partially imagined by most of us, but only described by himself.

Here then we have the basis upon which this friendship is to grow, and it must appear clear that from the outset there is a want of mutuality that is likely to bring about serious misunderstanding. Will's affection for Shakspeare is of a volatile, butterfly nature—a sort of taking-to; Shakspeare's, on the other hand, a firm and everlasting love; a regular devotion to, growing to his friend, an admission that he is "all the better part of him."¹ It is not difficult to detect which of the friends will be the Antonio, which the Bassanio; which will sacrifice his heart for his friend, and which will be content to enjoy himself unmindful of that heart-agony.

Let us now proceed to consider how far these suppositions, suggested by the characters of the two men, are borne out by the Sonnets. For this purpose, we shall class them in three groups, thus:—

1st class.	From familiarity to friendship . . .	i. to xxv.
2nd "	Clouds	xxvi. " xcvi.
3rd "	Reconciliation	xcvii. " cxxvi.

The reasons for this classification will appear as the subject unfolds itself. The titles are somewhat fanciful, but will serve to keep the periods before the mind.

The first group, "from familiarity to friendship," will now be considered in detail.

The first section of this group runs to the end of Sonnet No. xiv., and treats of but two themes: Will's beauty, and his duty to get married, and so perpetuate that beauty by having offspring. This theme is presented in all imaginable lights, with all the quips and conceits that mark Shakspeare's earlier style, and sometimes in the spirit of

¹ Sonnet xxxix.

banter suggestive of "Love's Labour's Lost." The chief feature of the series is the lack of any sentiment indicative of a deep feeling of affection. In the eighth sonnet, indeed, Shakspeare says that it is like music to hear his friend's voice; and, towards the end, in Sonnet xiii., he speaks of him as "dear my love;" but up to that point there is nothing to suggest anything more than familiarity. Indeed, the arguments that Shakspeare brings forward are striking in this respect. In one sonnet he asks Will to pity the *world*;¹ in another he points out that it is due to *Nature*,² who has lent him his beauty, to return her her own with usury; in a third, he points out the wrong done to a *possible wife*.³ He even becomes quite philosophical, and, with a dash of prophetic Darwinism, says:—

Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endowed, she gave thee more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.⁴

But in no case is it even hinted that the opinion or wish of the writer could possibly be an argument in favour of the course suggested, as surely would have been the case had the friendship at the time had any depth of root. Indeed, in the sixth sonnet Shakspeare implies that, if once Will had a son, Death would be a matter of secondary importance:—

If ten of thine ten times refigured thee,
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

How utterly different this is from the pathos with which he subsequently meditates on his friend's possible death:—

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.⁵

The chief value of these Sonnets is the insight they give us into the character and position of Will, forming a sort of introduction to the whole.

The fifteenth and sixteenth sonnets introduce a distinct variation in the tone. If Will will not take the advice offered to him, and perpetuate his beauty in his children, Shakspeare, seeing the transience of all earthly things, must by his art "engraft him new."⁶ The former method would be far more efficacious than the poet's "barren rhyme," which can do him justice "neither in *inward* worth, nor

¹ Sonnet i.

² Ibid. iv.

³ Ibid. iii.

⁴ Ibid. xi.

⁵ Ibid. lxiv.

⁶ Ibid. xv.

outward fair." Here is the commencement of a distinct deepening of Shakspeare's feeling towards Will. It is not now the world, or possible wives, or Nature, whose cause is advocated; Shakspeare himself has an interest in handing down to future ages some type of Will's *inward* worth (which here appears for the first time) as well as his mere external beauty. This deepening of affection continues through Sonnets xviii. and xix. Will is "more lovely and more temperate" than a summer's day; and Shakspeare throws in front of him the shield of his loving verse to protect him from the assaults of Time.

From this point each sonnet of this first group expresses some phase of the unity and depth of love existing between the two friends. In Sonnet xxii. they have changed hearts. In the following one Shakspeare's love so overmasters him that he cannot trust himself to speak it; and prefers to let his poems be "the dumb presagers of his speaking breast who plead for love;" no longer a mere vehicle for handing down Will's beauty to posterity. The last sonnet of this group perfects this happy bond of love. Not even the disrepute in which the world holds Shakspeare is to bar him from his friend; all such obstructions mutual affection has broken down:—

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for *joy* in that I *honour* most.
Great Princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Then happy I, *that love and am beloved*
*Where I may not remove, nor be removed.*¹

If Shakspeare's estimate of his friend's love had been a correct one; if that love had really been so true and deep as he imagined, this last couplet should have rung the final close of the Sonnets; for what more could there be to say between them than this? But this, as any outsider with as much knowledge of the characters of the two men as we possess could easily see, was not the case. Shakspeare had read into his friend's superficial affection his own true loving nature, and was feeding himself on air, promise-crammed. He might well have said at this point, with Othello's dim presentiment of

¹ Sonnet xxv.

future ill in his present happiness, "If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy." This rope that he has been laboriously spinning between himself and his friend is now to be put to the test; perhaps to be found but a rope of sand.

This then brings us to the second of the three great groups into which we have divided the sonnets, and which we have called "Clouds," as indicative, to a certain extent, of its contents.

The test to which the endurance of the friendship is to be exposed is the separation of the two friends from one another. How they would each feel and act under such circumstances we could partly guess, had we no record. But Shakspeare has left us an expression of his state of mind in the sonnets which form the first division of this second group. This includes Sonnets xxvi. to xxxii., the whole of which are a "written embassy"¹ to his friend, the "Lord of his love;" to "witness duty, not to show his wit:" and at the end he begs his friend to keep the writing, and, if in the future, when the writer is dead, he should re-read those "poor rude lines,"² to keep them "for their love, not for their rhyme."

What then were Shakspeare's feelings during this separation? They are expressed in the five beautiful sonnets to which the two already referred to form Prologue and Epilogue. He is evidently in a state of intense mental depression; he feels alone in the world, and slighted by it: he has lost many dear friends by death, and "heavily from woe to woe tells o'er the sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan."³ But, heaven be thanked, he has one joy that quite overwhelms and destroys these griefs—the love of his friend; when he thinks of him "all losses are restored, all sorrows end." The love that was aforesaid due to the dead is now concentrated upon Will: he is "the grave where buried love doth live."⁴ By day his thoughts are all of Will; and even by night he cannot sleep for thinking of him, for then

My soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view;
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.⁵

Each sonnet⁶ of this group should be read and re-read with the utmost care and attention; they are a most inimitable analysis of this phase of Shakspeare's feeling. Perhaps the following is most typical:—

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eye,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;

¹ Sonnet xxvi.

² Ibid. xxxii.

³ Ibid. xxx.

⁴ Ibid. xxxi.

⁵ Ibid. xxvii.

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope;—
 Featured like him;—like him with friends possessed;
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope—
 With what most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee;—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:
 For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.¹

But what about Will all this time? He has left us no record of his feelings: we have to gather what they have been from the next group, which are sonnets of heart-break. It includes Sonnets xxxiii. to xxxviii., and it is clear from them that Will has said or done something that has gone to Shakspeare's sensitive heart like a knife. This is the wail that it has called forth:—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world this visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with his disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.²

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me on my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace.
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet have I still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.³

What is this strong offence of which Shakspeare has to bear the cross? It is difficult to say from these two sonnets that open up the subject,

¹ Sonnet xxix.² Ibid. xxxiii.³ Ibid. xxxiv.

but it is believed that a full interpretation is afforded by Sonnets xxxvi. and xxxvii. Before noticing these, however, it may be useful to enquire what upon *a priori* grounds the nature of this "strong offence" is likely to have been; and with regard to the two sonnets just quoted, we will only notice the nature of the metaphor employed. Will is the sun; something infinitely and eternally above Shakspeare, that became his for an hour: then clouds came between and separated them. Will, the sun, bursts through those clouds, and smiles upon his friend again; but this is no reparation for the wrong done.

We have already noted that Will's affection would in all probability be light and superficial, Shakspeare's deep and enduring; that Will held a position in society that would render his familiarity with an actor a sort of stain upon his character. What would be the result of this when the overwhelming attraction of Shakspeare's society was removed? Would it not be that Will's friends would remonstrate with and taunt him about his association with the low-born player? And would not he, because his love had no depth of earth, be tempted to deny his friend? This is not stated as dogmatically true, but as exceedingly probable under the circumstances of the case; and, supposing it be true, the metaphor of Sonnets xxxiii. and xxxiv. would gain in point.

Now let us bring Sonnets xxxvi. and xxxvii. to bear upon this difficulty.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one :
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name,
 But do not so : I love thee in such sort
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.¹

What light does this sonnet throw upon the offence that has been committed? Does it not show that it has been borne in upon Shakspeare's mind that the perfect and entire unity of heart and life that he fondly hoped for is impossible from the circumstances of the case? Their undivided loves might still be one, but they then were and for ever must be twain. And why? because Shakspeare must

¹ Sonnet xxxvi.

himself bear alone the blots that remain with him on account of his profession. There is a "separable spite" in their lives which, although it cannot alter their affection, may place many bars between its satisfaction. How? because for the future Will must never recognise Shakspeare in public, for that would bring dishonour upon him; and Shakspeare has his honour so much at heart that it becomes his own.

Does not all this tend to show that the offence that has been pointed out as a likely one, was that in reality committed? During the temporary separation Will had denied that he cared particularly for his friend, and on his return had tried to put it all right. Shakspeare could willingly forgive and forget this sin; but it brought home to him painfully the fact that the bar that society had placed between them, and which he thought affection had overleaped, was, in fact, insuperable. How does he reconcile himself to this new position?

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, *made lame by fortune's dearest spite*,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth :
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee :
This wish I have ; then ten times happy me ![†]

There is something infinitely beautiful in the way Shakspeare makes the very cause of his grief, Will's superior position, his glory : he takes with content the lowest seat ; acknowledges that he is lamed by fortune, and is sufficed in his friend's abundance.

The interpretation of this group of the Sonnets here suggested recommends itself very strongly to the present writer : but it is proper to state here that it is not the one generally accepted. The group is usually extended so as to include the sonnets to No. xlii. It will be seen that sonnets xl.-xlii. refer to an offence committed by Will against Shakspeare, which was evidently an intrigue with his mistress, the "dark woman" of the second set of sonnets. The accepted view is that all the sonnets just mentioned refer to this

[†] Sonnet xxxvii.

offence. The writer's opinion is that there were two separate offences : the one that has already been referred to Will's denial of the friendship ; and the offence of Sonnets xl.-xlii. The following arguments have led to this conclusion. First : the nature of the metaphor in Sonnets xxxiii. and xxxiv., in which Will is represented as something infinitely above Shakspeare, that has deigned once to notice him ; secondly, the inevitable result of the offence—the separation of their public lives, not of their hearts ; and thirdly and chiefly, that the former offence has been freely and entirely forgiven before any mention is made of the intrigue. A friend does not usually select the moment after he has offered his friend full and free oblivion and forgiveness of an offence committed against him to expatiate upon the particulars of the sin ; and yet this is the interpretation that must be forced upon the sonnets if only one offence is recognised. It does not appear possible that the first offence could be taken up as a theme of expostulation after Sonnets xxxvi.-xxxviii.

But it is necessary also to take notice of the thirty-fifth sonnet, in which the first fault is styled a "sensual fault." If a sensual fault is merely one that is a gratification of the senses, then it would go hard with the suggested interpretation. But surely the word "sensual" is capable of receiving a wider meaning than this. Hooker, who was no abuser of language, says, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity":—"The greatest part of men are such as prefer *their own private good* before all things, even that good which is *sensual* before whatsoever is most divine." And this seems a true definition. The man that seeks "his own private good," at the expense of all higher considerations, is essentially "sensual," although he may never have committed any of the few offences which in the world pass under that name. George Osborne was a sensual man ; and when he lit his cigar with poor little Amelia Sedley's loving letters, he committed a most grievously sensual fault. Tito Melema was another ; and the climax of his sensuality was when he denied any knowledge of Baldassare. So when Will, for the sake of his own ease, and to save himself a few taunts, denied his friend, he was sensual to the last degree ; sacrificing everything upright and honourable to "his own private good."

The division into two separate offences is for these reasons adopted ; and the thirty-ninth sonnet—an Absence-Sonnet—will be classed by itself as marking the time elapsing between the first and second offences.

The fourth section of this group includes Sonnets xl.-xlii., which refer to Will's second offence ; clearly an intrigue with Shakspeare's mistress. This is no doubt the place for a severe moral exercitation :

but the reader will be spared it. It must be remembered that relationships of this sort were in Shakspeare's time less universally reprobated, and perhaps less commonly entered into, than nowadays—our practical and our theoretical morality often standing in an inverse ratio to one another. But this is beside our mark. All that we have to recognise is that a man *may* feel as deep and unalterable affection for a mistress as for a wife ; and any injury done to him in the former relation may inflict as deep a wound as if the connection had been hallowed by the superimposed hands of Holy Church.

It was in such a position that Shakspeare found himself. The first wound his friend had inflicted had healed, although the scar remained. But here, treading on the heels of the first offence, comes a second. The hurt is in itself hard to bear, and is rendered more intolerable by the hand that inflicts it. The cry of anguish that follows is not so sharp as it was in the first case. The first revelation of neglect is always the most astounding ; it is rather the dull moan that follows severe recurrent pain.

Ay me ! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee ;
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.¹

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.²

But what can he do but invent excuses for and forgive his friend ? He does it, with a heavy heart, and an unconquerable feeling that he is but inventing. But his love is not so shallow-rooted as to be torn up by even this storm :—

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty :
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes !³

The forty-third sonnet introduces the third separation. It appears likely that the whole of the remaining sonnets of this "Cloud" group were

¹ Sonnet xli.² Ibid. xlii.³ Ibid. xl.

written during this separation, for it is not until we commence the "Reconciliation" sonnets that we get any hint of its termination; and then, in Sonnets xcvi. and xcvi. Shakspeare tells us, that although it has extended over a summer, autumn, and spring, it has been to him all winter: so we get some idea of its length. This separation is caused partly by a journey undertaken by Shakspeare; partly by Will's neglect of him. The first offence was but a single slight; but in this period neglect is to become a familiar thing; and the sonnets we are now dealing with depict the gradual dawning of this fact upon Shakspeare's mind and the corresponding moods produced in him.

The first section of this group, including Sonnets xliii. to lv., bears a strong resemblance to the sonnets of the first separation, and is intended, like them, to show how entirely, day and night, his thoughts are centred upon his friend. But it is not now a "written embassy" ¹ that he sends. His thought and desire, the air and fire of his body, have gone "in tender embassy of love" to his friend, and left him earthy and melancholy; but there is no correspondence. And there is another element of melancholy that does not pervade the earlier set; the feeling that what has been may be again; that the friend who has been once capable of slighting him will be likely to do it a second time.² He feels that the time may come when Will will "frown on his defects;" that when love gives way to reason, there will be plenty of reasons "of settled gravity" for pushing him on one side; and this makes him journey heavily. Yet he consoles himself with his own faithfulness, and his power to make the memory of his friend eternal.

The next section, consisting of three sonnets, numbered lvi. to lviii., opens up another phase of this separation. The suspicion of what might be of the forty-eighth sonnet has now become the suspicion of what is. "Sweet love, renew thy force" ³ is now a necessary admonition: "do not kill the spirit of love with a perpetual dulness."

Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shores where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love more blest may be the view.

In the next sonnet a little more is disclosed. There is no physical impediment to their reunion, but still they are separated. Yet Shakspeare will not think ill of his friend, nor chide the world-without-end hour whilst he watches for him. In the utter self-abnegation of love he cries:—

O let me suffer, being at your beck
The imprisoned absence of your liberty;

¹ Sonnet xlv.² Cf. Ibid. xlviii.³ Ibid. lvi.

And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.¹

In the next section, Sonnets lix.-lxv., Shakspeare seems to find relief in his art. He has that comfort at least amongst his troubles: he can sing, and that song shall perpetuate his friend. It may be fanciful, but it appears to the present writer as if the more Shakspeare's sorrows gathered around him, the more he found relief, and even joy, in making use of his talent: the eternity of his verse is the one perceptible streak of consolation in this dreary period.

The next section is one of unmitigated gloom. The world is utterly rotten, and Shakspeare would fain be out of it. It is even a sad thought to him that Will should live in it, "and with his presence grace impiety."² Everything is false and hollow and topsy-turvy:—

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry:—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:—
Tired with all these, from these I would be gone
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.³

In such a world as this Will was growing common—common to everyone but his friend; scarce to him alone: what wonder that he should wish to be out of it!

It may be that there is a tinge of selfishness about this, but if there be, it is only that self-denial may rise the higher. This friendship, so dear to Shakspeare, has been an ill-assorted one from the point of view of "the wise world." It may be a source of annoyance to Will after Shakspeare's death, and so he says to him:—

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell.

¹ Sonnet lviii.² Sonnets lxvi.-lxxiv.³ *Ibid.* lxvi.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay ;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.¹

The bright side of this is to be the thought that Shakspeare's spirit, his "better part,"² will still be with him in his poetry.

Sonnets lxxv.-lxxxvi. will be treated as the next section. We have seen suspicion of probable neglect on the part of Will confirmed into suspicion of actual neglect, and its influence on Shakspeare's mind. Suspicion now gives way before actual knowledge. A rival has been preferred before Shakspeare. This group is aptly introduced by three sonnets expressive of Shakspeare's unvarying care for and love of his friend. The first indication of the rivalry is given in the seventy-eighth sonnet in general terms; but it is clear from the subsequent allusions that there is one particular supplanter aimed at. He too is a poet, and it is implied that he has won his way with Will by arts and flattery, means that Shakspeare has not used, finding the mere truth so hard to express adequately. He is convinced that, when others have devised

What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathised
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend.

The question who this rival was is one which, like the identity of Mr. W. H., has agitated the learned world far more than the meaning of the Sonnets. It is one of those points that may easily be argued to all eternity, for the simple reason that there is hardly a scrap of information worthy of the name of evidence upon the subject. Marlowe, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Chapman, and others have been the favourites at different periods, and at present opinion is running in favour of the last-mentioned poet. But as our object is to find out Shakspeare's feelings with regard to his friend, we need not trouble ourselves about the question. All we need note is that the rival's reputation was considerable. Shakspeare compares himself to a "saucy bark;"³ the new friend is "of tall building and of goodly pride." Before him Shakspeare feels silenced :—

¹ Sonnet lxxi.² *Ibid.* lxxiv.³ *Ibid.* lxxx.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.¹

And, "like an unlettered clerk," he can only cry "amen" to the utterances of the new comer. Yet Shakspeare knows that the new friend's words are but words; and he adds something more to this "most of praise :"—

But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

But it was not "the proud full sail of his great verse" that silenced Shakspeare's tongue. He felt quite able to cope with any adversary upon this ground. The damning fact was that Will had allowed him to usurp Shakspeare's place. Shakspeare felt himself at last, as he had long dreaded, finally deposed from Will's heart. He had been "in sleep, a king—in waking no such matter;" and this certainty is the introductory note to the last group, in which he bids farewell to his friend.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate—

is the commencement of this group; and still, even in this, seemingly the last phase of his affection, Shakspeare's self-denial shines out triumphantly. He knows that neglect will grow to scorn, scorn to hate; and when that day comes, he will be prepared to make a last loving self-sacrifice :—

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn,
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults concealed wherein I am attained;
That thou, by losing me, shall gain much glory.²

And again he says :—

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;

¹ Sonnet lxxxv.

² Ibid. lxxxviii.

Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.¹

He has but one request to make, and that not a hard one for Will to grant. There comes a time in the history of all griefs when the probability of the trouble is so extreme that the anticipation is harder to bear than the reality. To know all ; to explore to its uttermost depths the abyss of sorrow over which we are trembling, becomes an absolute necessity, and the grief long dreaded, when it does come, brings with it a feeling of relief. It is in this spirit that Shakspeare wrote the ninetieth sonnet :—

Then hate me when thou wilt : if ever, now :
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune ; make me bow,
But do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe :
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might.
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.²

Words that express what everyone has at some time felt ; that are but an echo of the cry that went out from another agonised heart some sixteen hundred years before :—"That thou doest, do quickly."

But it is only by passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death that Faithful is to be overtaken ; and under the grim portal of Doubting Castle,—within the very swing of the club of Giant Despair,—lies the road to the Delectable Mountains, where Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere shall take the pilgrim by the hand, show him all the dangers and pitfalls of the journey he has passed, and the beauties of the Celestial City beyond. The gloom of the shadow of that castle's towers is thrown over the whole of the group that we have just been considering ; and in the one last quoted may be heard the whirring of the giant's cudgel. But this is not for ever : in the third group we pass again into the sunshine, more pleasant for the clouds that have intervened.

¹ Sonnet lxxxix.

² *Ibid.* xc.

How the reconciliation came about it is impossible to surmise, but it is clear that the separation had been due, to a certain extent, to misunderstanding on both sides. Jealousy always goes hand in hand with true love ; and its worst effect is that, when it arouses suspicion, the person who has received the fancied injury, instead of going to his friend and clearing up the difficulty once for all, sits brooding over it, and, by surrounding it with a fog, makes a giant out of a dwarf. Something of this sort seems legible between the lines of these sonnets. Shakspeare's own frankness makes clear the source of the misunderstanding on Will's side. During the recent separation, or part of it, Shakspeare was probably away with his company upon an acting tour in the country ; and Will, in the mean time, got himself persuaded that Shakspeare was debasing himself with the society he was keeping. He might be fond enough of the man, but how could he tolerate the low companions of his calling, with whom, after all, he might be on better terms than himself ? And perhaps Shakspeare felt that his life had led him into a greater familiarity with such people than his conscience could justify ; and he deeply felt the slur his profession cast upon him. He says, answering as it were Will's reproof :—

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view :

Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely.¹

And thus he implores his friend to excuse this fault :—

O for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than *public means, that public manners breeds*.
Thence comes it that my name receiveth a brand ;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To that it works in, like the dyer's hand.²

And he begs him to pity, not reprove him for this misfortune :—

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow.

From these outward seemings, Will had come to the conclusion that Shakspeare had played him false. To this Shakspeare says :—

Oh never say that I was false at heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.

¹ Sonnet cx.

² Ibid. cxi.

As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie ;
 That is my home of love.¹

And there has been fault on Will's side too. What it was we have seen already ; and although Shakspeare probably exaggerated the offence, he still considered that one had been committed. What was thoughtlessness only, he has construed into indifference ; and the friends are united the more firmly for the passing misunderstanding. Most of these latter sonnets contain a much deeper and more tender appreciation of the friend and the friendship than the earlier ones ; for

ruined love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.²

It is chiefly Will's *beauty* that stimulates Shakspeare's pen in the earlier sonnets ; but now, although this theme is not by any means neglected, he has got far beneath the skin, and other virtues besides mere physical beauty are praised :—

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still *constant* in a wondrous excellence ;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference—
Fair, kind and true, is all my argument.³

In every way the bond between the friends is drawn closer. Time, that wastes his beauty,⁴ can never make Will look old to Shakspeare ; his love has got beyond that ; and here for the first time it is hinted that the verse shall confer immortality on Shakspeare as well as Will.⁵ Hitherto the poetry has been subservient to Will alone ; now they are both bound up in the same sheaf, to receive the same eternal honour. It is true that a slight misunderstanding is hinted at in the later sonnets of this last group,⁶ created probably by busybodies, "suborned informers ;" but the friendship is now too firmly set to be overturned by such means : the cloud is but a passing one, followed quickly by explanation and oblivion.

In this firm-abiding unity we leave these two, content that they now can neither "remove nor be removed ;" an assertion too rashly expressed about the earlier, untried friendship. The battle against adverse circumstances has been fought ; Love has been the victor ; all the chains that bound him down have been burst asunder ; and in these last sonnets the triumphant paean of the conqueror is shouted.

¹ Sonnet cix.

² Ibid. cxix.

³ Ibid. cv.

⁴ Ibid. civ.

⁵ Ibid. cvii.

⁶ Ibid. cxvii.

The climax of this song of victory is reached in the one hundred and fourteenth sonnet, in which, through the tramp and shouting of a victorious army, can be heard the softer melody of a sweet and eternal peace—a peace never again to be broken by jars and discord:—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not Love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! It is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken :
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool ; though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.¹

¹ Sonnet cxvi.

ANCIENT BABYLONIAN ASTROGONY.

IT is singular to consider how short a time elapsed, after writings in the arrow-headed or cuneiform letters (the Keilschriften of the Germans) were discovered, before, first, the power of interpreting them was obtained, and, secondly, the range of the cuneiform literature (so to speak) was recognised. Not more than ninety years have passed since the first specimens of arrow-headed inscriptions reached Europe. They had been known for a considerable time before this. Indeed, it has been supposed that the Assyrian letters referred to by Herodotus, Thucydides, and Pliny, were in this character. Della Valle and Figueroa, early in the seventeenth century, described inscriptions in arrowheaded letters, and hazarded the idea that they are to be read from left to right. But no very satisfactory evidence was advanced to show whether the inscriptions were to be so read, or from right to left, or, as Chardin suggested, in vertical lines. The celebrated Olaus Gerhard Tychsen of Rostock, and other German philologists, endeavoured to decipher the specimens which reached Europe towards the end of the last century; but their efforts, though ingenious and zealous, were not rewarded with success. In 1801 Dr. Hager advanced the suggestion that the combinations formed by the arrowheads did not represent letters but words, if not entire sentences. Lichtenstein, on the other hand, maintained that the letters belonged to an old form of the Arabic or Coptic character; and he succeeded to his own satisfaction in finding various passages from the Koran in the cuneiform inscriptions. Dr. Grotefend was the first to achieve any real success in this line of research. It is said that he was led to take up the subject by a slight dispute with one of his friends, which led to a wager that he would decipher one of the cuneiform inscriptions. The results of his investigations were that cuneiform inscriptions are alphabetical, not hieroglyphical; that the language employed is the basis of most of the Eastern languages; and that it is written from right to left. Since his time, through the labours of Rich, Botta, Rawlinson, Hincks, De Saulcy, Layard, Sayce, George Smith, and others, the

collection and interpretation of the arrowheaded inscriptions have been carried out with great success. We find reason to believe that, though the original literature of Babylon was lost, the tablet libraries of Assyria contained copies of most of the writing of the more ancient nation. Amongst these have been found the now celebrated descriptions of the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the tower of Babel, and other matters found in an abridged and expurgated form in the Book of Genesis. It is to that portion of the Babylonian account which relates to the creation of the sun and moon and stars that I wish here to call attention. It is not only curious in itself, but throws light, in my opinion, on questions of considerable interest connected with the views of ancient Eastern nations respecting the heavenly bodies.

It may be well, before considering the passage in question, to consider briefly—though we may not be able definitely to determine—the real antiquity of the Babylonian account.

In Smith's interesting work on the Chaldean account of Genesis, the question whether the Babylonian account preceded the writing of the Book of Genesis, or *vice versa*, is not definitely dealt with. Probably this part of his subject was included among the "important comparisons and conclusions with respect to Genesis" which he preferred to avoid, as his "desire was first to obtain the recognition of the evidence without prejudice." It might certainly have interfered to some degree with the unprejudiced recognition of the evidence of the tablets if it had been maintained by him, and still more if he had demonstrated, that the Babylonian is the earlier version. For the account in the Book of Genesis, coming thus to be regarded as merely an expurgated version of a narrative originally containing much fabulous matter, and not a little that is monstrous and preposterous, would certainly not have been presented to us in quite that aspect in which it had long been regarded by theologians.

But although Mr. Smith states that he placed the various dates as low as he fairly could, considering the evidence—nay, that he "aimed to do this rather than to establish any system of chronology"—there can be no mistake about the relative antiquity which he in reality assigns to the Babylonian inscriptions. He states, indeed, that every copy of the Genesis legends belongs to the reign of Assurbanipal, who reigned over Assyria B.C. 670. But it is "acknowledged on all hands that the tablets are not the originals, but are only copies from earlier texts." The Assyrians acknowledge themselves that this literature was borrowed from Babylonian sources, and of course it is to Babylonia we have to look to ascertain the approximate dates of the

original documents. "The difficulty," he proceeds, "is increased by the following considerations: it appears that at an early period in Babylonian history a great literary development took place, and numerous works were produced which embodied the prevailing myths, religion, and science of that day. Written, many of them, in a noble style of poetry on one side, or registering the highest efforts of their science on the other, these texts became the standards for Babylonian literature, and later generations were content to copy these writings instead of making new works for themselves. Clay, the material on which they were written, was everywhere abundant, copies were multiplied, and by the veneration in which they were held these texts fixed and stereotyped the style of Babylonian literature, and the language in which they were written remained the classical style in the country down to the Persian conquest. Thus it happens that texts of Rim-agu, Sargon, and Hammurabi, who were one thousand years before Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus, show the same language as the texts of these later kings, there being no sensible difference in style to match the long interval between them"—precisely as a certain devotional style of writing of our own day closely resembles the style of the sixteenth century.

We cannot, then, from the style, determine the age of the original writings from which the Assyrian tablets were copied. But there are certain facts which enable us to form an opinion on this point. Babylonia was conquered about B.C. 1300, by Tugultinip, King of Assyria. For 250 years before that date a foreign race (called by Berosus, Arabs) had ruled in Babylonia. There is no evidence of any of the original Babylonian Genesis tablets being written after the date of Hammurabi, under whom it is supposed that this race obtained dominion in Babylonia. Many scholars, indeed, regard Hammurabi as much more ancient; but none set him later than 1550 B.C.

Now, before the time of Hammurabi several races of kings reigned, their reigns ranging over a period of 500 years. They were called chiefly Kings of Sumir and Akkad—that is, Kings of Upper and Lower Babylonia. It is believed that before this period—ranging, say, from about 2000 B.C. to 1550 B.C. (at least not later, though possibly, and according to many scholars probably, far earlier)—the two divisions of Babylonia were separate monarchies. Thus, evidence whether any literature was written before or after B.C. 2000 may be found in the presence or absence of mention, or traces, of this division of the Babylonian kingdom. Mr. Smith considers, for example, that two works—the great Chaldean work on astrology, and a legend

which he calls "The Exploits of Lubara"—certainly belong to the period preceding B.C. 2000. In the former work, the subject of which specially connects it, as will presently be seen, with the tablet relating to the creation of the heavenly bodies, Akkad is always referred to as a separate state.

Now Mr. Smith finds that the story of the Creation and Fall belongs to the upper or Akkad division of the country. The Izdubar legends, containing the story of the Flood, and what Mr. Smith regards as probably the history of Nimrod, seem to belong to Sumir, the southern division of Babylonia. He considers the Izdubar legends to have been written at least as early as B.C. 2000. The story of the Creation "may not have been committed to writing so early;" but it also is of great antiquity. And these legends "were traditions before they were committed to writing, and were common, in some form, to all the country." Remembering Mr. Smith's expressed intention of setting all dates as late as possible, his endeavour to do this rather than to establish any system of chronology, we cannot misunderstand the real drift of his arguments, or the real significance of his conclusion that the period when the Genesis tablets were originally written extended from B.C. 2000 to B.C. 1550, or roughly synchronized with the period from Abraham to Moses, according to the ordinary chronology of our Bibles. "During this period it appears that traditions of the creation of the universe, and human history down to the time of Nimrod, existed parallel to, and in some points identical with, those given in the book of Genesis."

Thus viewing the matter, we recognise the interest of that passage in the Babylonian Genesis tablets which corresponds with the account given in the book of Genesis of the creation of the heavenly bodies. We find in it the earliest existent record of the origin of astrological superstitions. It does not express merely the vague belief, which might be variously interpreted, that the sun and moon and stars were specially created (after light had been created, after the firmament had been formed separating the waters above from the waters below, and after the land had been separated from the water) to be for signs and for seasons for the inhabitants of the world—that is, of our earth. It definitely states that those other suns, the stars, were set into constellation figures for man's benefit; the planets and the moon next formed for his use, and the sun set thereafter in the heavens as the chief among the celestial bodies.

It runs thus, so far as the fragments have yet been gathered together:—

FIFTH TABLET OF CREATION LEGEND.

1. It was delightful all that was fixed by the great gods.
2. Stars, their appearance [in figures] of animals he arranged,
3. To fix the year through the observation of their constellations,
4. Twelve months (or signs) of stars in three rows he arranged,
5. From the day when the year commences unto the close.
6. He marked the positions of the wandering stars (planets) to shine in their courses,
7. That they may not do injury, and may not trouble any one.
8. The positions of the gods Bel and Hea he fixed with him.
9. And he opened the great gates in the darkness shrouded,
10. The fastenings were strong on the left and right.
11. In its mass (i.e. the lower chaos) he made a boiling.
12. The god Uru (the moon) he caused to rise out, the night he overshadowed,
13. To fix it also for the light of the night until the shining of the day,
14. That the month might not be broken, and in its amount be regular.
15. At the beginning of the month, at the rising of the night,
16. His horns are breaking through to shine on the heaven.
17. On the seventh day to a circle he begins to swell,
18. And stretches towards the dawn further.
19. When the god Shamas (the sun) in the horizon of heaven, in the east,
20. formed beautifully and
21. to the orbit Shamas was perfected
22. the dawn Shamas should change
23. going on its path
24. giving judgment
25. to tame
26. a second time
27.

Of this tablet Smith remarks that it is a typical specimen of the style of the series, and shows a marked stage in the creation, the appointment of the heavenly orbs running parallel to the Biblical account of the fourth day of creation. It is important to notice its significance in this respect. We can understand now the meaning underlying the words, "God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years." The order, indeed, in which the bodies are formed according to the Biblical account is inverted. The greater light—the sun—is made first, to rule the day; then the lesser light—the moon—to rule the night. These are the heavenly bodies which in this description rule the day of 24 hours. The sun may be regarded also as ruling (according to the ancient view, as according to nature) the seasons and the year. The stars remain as set in the heaven for signs. "He made the stars also." "And God set them"—that is, the sun, moon, and stars—"in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night," and so forth.

No one can doubt, I conceive, that the Biblical account is superior to the other, both in a scientific and in a literary sense. It states much less as actually known, and what it does state accords better with the facts known in the writer's day. Then, the Babylonian narrative, though impressive in certain passages, is overloaded with detail. In both accounts we find the heavenly bodies set in the firmament by a special creative act, and specially designed for the benefit of man. And in passing I would observe, that the discovery of these Babylonian inscriptions, however they may be interpreted, and whether they be regarded as somewhat earlier or somewhat later than the Bible narrative, appears to dispose finally of the fantastic interpretation assigned by Hugh Miller and others to the Biblical cosmogony, as corresponding to a series of visions in which the varying aspects of the world were presented. It has long seemed to me an utterly untenable proposition that a narrative seemingly intended so directly to describe a series of events should, after being for ages so interpreted, require now for its correct interpretation to be regarded as an account of a series of visions. If the explanation were reconcilable in any way with the words of Genesis, there yet seems something of profanity in imagining that men's minds had thus been played with by a narrative purporting to be of one sort yet in reality of quite a different character. But whatever possibility there may be (and it can be but the barest possibility) that the Genesis narrative admits of the vision interpretation, no one can reasonably attempt to extend that interpretation to the Babylonian account. So that either a narrative from which the Genesis account was presumably derived was certainly intended to describe a series of events, or else a narrative very nearly as early as the Genesis account, and presumably derived from it at a time when its true meaning must have been known, presents the sun, moon, and stars as objects expressly created and set in the sky after the earth had been formed, and for the special benefit of man as yet uncreated.

I am not concerned, however, either to dwell upon this point, or to insist on any of its consequences. Let us return to the consideration of the Babylonian narrative as it stands.

We find twelve constellations or signs of the zodiac are mentioned as set to fix the year. I am inclined to consider that the preceding words, "stars, their appearance in figures of animals he arranged," relate specially to the stars of the zodiac. The inventor of this astrology probably regarded the stars as originally scattered in an irregular manner over the heavens,—rather as chaotic material from which constellations might be formed, than as objects separately

and expressly created. Then they were taken and formed into figures of animals, set in such a way as to fix the year through the observation of their constellations. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to remind the reader that the word zodiac is derived from a Greek word signifying an animal, the original name of the zone being the zodiacal way, or the pathway of the animals. Our older navigators called it the Bestiary.¹ "Twelve months or signs in three rows." Smith takes the three rows to mean (i.) the zodiacal signs, (ii.) the constellations north of the zodiac, and (iii.) the constellations south of the zodiac. But this does not agree with the words twelve signs in three rows. Possibly the reference is to three circles, two bounding the zodiac on the north and south respectively, the third central, the ecliptic, or track of the sun; or the two tropics and the equator may have been signified. Instead of twelve signs in three rows, we should, probably, read twelve signs along a triple band. The description was written long after astronomical temples were first erected, and as the designer of a zodiacal dome like that (far more recently) erected at Denderah would set the twelve zodiacal signs along a band formed by three parallel circles, marking its central line and its northern and southern limits, so we can understand the writer of the tablet presenting the celestial architect as working in the same lines, on a grander scale; setting the twelve zodiacal signs on the corresponding triple band in the heavens themselves.

The next point to be noticed in the Babylonian astrology is the reference to "wandering stars." Mr. Smith remarks that the word *nibir*, thus translated, "is not the usual word for planet, and there is a star called *Nibir* near the place where the sun crossed the boundary between the old and new years, and this star was one of twelve supposed to be favourable to Babylonia." "It is evident," he proceeds,

¹ The following passage from Admiral Smyth's Bedford Catalogue is worth noticing in this connection:—"We find that both the Chinese and the Japanese had a zodiac consisting of animals, as *zodiacs* needs must, among which they placed a tiger, a peacock, a cat, an alligator, a duck, an ape, a hog, a rat, and what not. Animals also formed the *Via Solis* of the Kirghis, the Mongols, the Persians, the Mandshus, and the ancient Turks; and the Spanish monks in the army of Cortes found that the Mexicans had a zodiac with strange creatures in the departments. Such a striking similitude is assuredly indicative of a common origin, since the coincidences are too exact in most instances to be the effect of chance; but where this origin is to be fixed has been the subject of interminable discussions, and learning, ignorance, sagacity, and prejudice have long been in battle array against each other. Diodorus Siculus considers it to be Babylonian, but Bishop Warburton, somewhat dogmatically tells us, 'Brute worship gave rise to the Egyptian asterisms prior to the time of Moses.'" There is now, of course, very little reason for questioning that Egyptian astronomy was borrowed from Babylon.

"from the opening of the inscription on the first tablet of the Chaldaean astrology and astronomy, that the functions of the stars were, according to the Babylonians, to act not only as regulators of the seasons and the year, but also to be used as signs, as in Genesis i. 14; for in those ages it was generally believed that the heavenly bodies gave, by their appearance and positions, signs of events which were coming on the earth." The two verses relating to Nibir seem to correspond to no other celestial bodies but planets (unless, perhaps, to comets). If we regard Nibir as signifying any fixed star, we can find no significance in the marking of the course of the star Nibir, that it may do no injury and may not trouble any one. Moreover, as the fixed stars, the sun, and the moon, are separately described, it seems unlikely that the planets would be left unnoticed. In the Biblical narrative the reference to the celestial bodies is so short that we can understand the planets being included in the words, "He made the stars also." But in an account so full of detail as that presented in the Babylonian tablet, the omission of the planets would be very remarkable. It is also worthy of notice that in Polyhistor's Babylonian traditions, recorded by Berosus, we read that "Belus formed the stars, the sun, the moon, and the five planets."

In the tablet narrative the creator of the heavenly bodies is supposed to be Anu, god of the heavens. This is inferred by Mr. Smith from the fact "that the God who created the stars, fixed places or habitations for Bel and Hea with himself in the heavens." For according to the Babylonian theogony, the three gods Anu, Bel, and Hea share between them the divisions of the face of the sky.

The account of the creation of the moon is perhaps the most interesting part of the narrative. We see that, according to the Babylonian philosophy, the earth is regarded as formed from the waters and resting after its creation above a vast abyss of chaotic water. We find traces of this old hypothesis in several Biblical passages, as, for instance, in the words of the third commandment, "the heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth"; and again in Proverbs xxx. 4, "Who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth?" "The great gates in the darkness shrouded, the fastenings strong on the left and right," in the Babylonian account, refer to the enclosure of the great infernal lake, so that the waters under the earth might not overwhelm the world. It is from out the dark ocean beneath the earth that the god Anu calls the moon into being. He opens the mighty gates shrouded in the nether darkness, and creates a vast whirlpool in the gloomy ocean; then "at his bidding, from the turmoil arose the moon like a

giant bubble, and passing through the open gates mounted on its destined way across the vaults of heaven." It is strange to reflect that in quite recent times, at least four thousand years after the Babylonian tablet was written, and who shall tell how many years after the tradition was first invented, a theory of the moon's origin not unlike the Babylonian hypothesis has been advanced, despite overwhelming dynamical objections; and a modern paradoxist has even pointed to the spot beneath the ocean where a sudden increase of depth indicates that matter was suddenly extruded long ago, and driven forcibly away from the earth to the orbit along which that expelled mass—our moon—is now travelling.

It would have been interesting to have known how the Babylonian tablet described the creation of Shamas, the sun; though, so far as can be judged from the fragments above quoted, there was not the same fulness of detail in this part of the description as in that relating to the moon. Mr. Smith infers that the Babylonians considered the moon the more important body, unlike the writer or compiler of the Book of Genesis, who describes the sun as the greater light. It does not seem to follow very clearly, however, from the tablet record, that the sun was considered inferior to the moon in importance (and certainly we cannot imagine that the Babylonians considered the moon a greater light). The creation of the stars precedes that of the moon, though manifestly the moon was judged to be more important than the stars. Not improbably, therefore, the sun, though following the moon in order of creation, was regarded as the more important orb of the two. In fact, in the Babylonian as in the (so-called) Mosaic legend of creation, the more important members of a series of created bodies are, in some cases, created last—man last of all orders of animated beings, for instance.

If we turn now from the consideration of the Babylonian tradition of the creation of the heavenly bodies to note how the Biblical account differs from it, not only or chiefly in details, but in general character, we seem to recognise in the latter a determination to detach from the celestial orbs the individuality, so to speak, which the older tradition had given to them. The account in Genesis is not only simpler, and, in a literary sense, more effective, but it is in another sense purified. The celestial bodies do not appear in it as celestial beings. The Babylonian legend is followed only so far as it can be followed consistently with the avoidance of all that might tempt to the worship of the sun, moon, and stars. The writer of the Book of Genesis, whether Moses or not, seems certainly to have shared the views of Moses as to the Sabæanism of the nation from which the

children of Abraham had separated. Moses warned the Israelite,—
 “Take good heed unto thyself, lest thou lift up thine eyes unto heaven; and when thou seest the sun, and the moon, and the stars, even all the host of heaven, shouldest be driven to worship them, and serve them, which the Lord thy God hath divided unto all nations under the whole heaven.” So the writer of Genesis is careful to remove from the tradition which he follows all that might suggest the individual power and influence of the heavenly bodies. The stars are to be for signs, but we read nothing of the power of the wandering stars “to do injury or trouble any one.” (That is, not in the Book of Genesis. In the song of Deborah we find, though perhaps only in a poetic fashion, the old influences assigned to the planets, when the singer says that the “stars in their courses fought against Sisera.” Deborah, however, was a woman, and women have always been loth and late to give up ancient superstitions.) Again, the sun and the moon in Genesis are the greater and the lesser lights, not, as in the Babylonian narrative, the god Shamas and the god Uru.

We may find a parallel to this treatment of the Babylonian myth in the treatment by Moses of the observance of the Sabbath, a day of rest which the Babylonian tablets show to have had, as for other reasons had been before suspected, an astrological significance. The Jewish lawgiver does not do away with the observance; in fact, he was probably powerless to do away with it. At any rate, he suffers the observance to remain, precisely as the writer of the Book of Genesis retains the Babylonian tradition of the creation of the celestial bodies. But he is careful to expurgate the Chaldæan observance, just as the writer of Genesis is careful to expurgate the Babylonian tradition. The week as a period is no longer associated with astrological superstitions, nor the Sabbath rest enjoined as a fetish. Both ideas are directly associated with the monotheistic principle which primarily led to the separation of the family of Abraham from the rest of the Chaldæan race. In Babylonia, the method of associating the names of the sun, moon, and stars with the days, doubtless had its origin. Saturn was the Sabbath star, as it is still called (*Sabbatai*) in the Talmud. But, as Professor Tischendorf told Humboldt, in answer to a question specially addressed to him on the subject, “there is an entire absence in both the Old and New Testaments of any traces of names of week-days taken from the planets.” The lunar festivals, again, though unquestionably Sabaistic in their origin, were apparently too thoroughly established to be discarded by Moses; nay, he was even obliged to permit the continuance of many observances which suspiciously resembled the old offerings of sacrifice 17

the moon as a deity. He had also to continue the sacrifice of the passover—the origin of which was unmistakably astronomical—corresponding in time to the sun's passage across the equator, or rather to the first lunar month following and including that event. But he carefully dissociates both the lunar and the lunisolar sacrifices from their primary Sabaistic significance. In fact, the history of early Hebrew legislation, so far as it related to religion, is the history of a struggle on the part of the lawgivers and the leaders of opinion against the tendency of the people to revert to the idolatrous worship of their ancestors and of races closely akin to them—especially against the tendency to the worship of the sun and moon and all the host of heaven.

In the very fact, however, that this contest was maintained, while yet the Hebrew cosmogony, and in particular the Hebrew astrology, contains indubitable evidence of its origin in the poetical myths of older Babylonia, we find one of the strongest proofs of the influence which the literature of Babylon when at the fulness of its development exerted upon surrounding nations. This influence is not more clearly shown even by the fact that nearly 2,000 years after the decay of Babylonian literature, science, and art, a nation like the Assyrians, engaged in establishing empire rather than in literary and scientific pursuits, should have been at the pains to obtain copies of many thousands of the tablet records which formed the libraries of older Babylonia. In both circumstances we find good reason for hoping that careful search among Assyrian and Babylonian ruins may not only be rewarded by the discovery of many other portions of the later Assyrian library (which was also in some sense a museum), but that other and earlier copies of the original Babylonian records may be obtained. For it seems unlikely that works so valuable as to be thought worth recopying after 1,500 or 2,000 years, in Assyria, had not been more than once copied during the interval in Babylonia. "Search in Babylonia," says Mr. Smith, "would no doubt yield earlier copies of all these works, but that search has not yet been instituted, and, for the present, we have to be contented with our Assyrian copies. Looking, however, at the world-wide interest of the subjects, and at the important evidence which perfect copies of these works would undoubtedly give, there can be no doubt," Mr. Smith adds, "that the subject of further search and discovery will not slumber, and that all as yet known will one day be superseded by newer texts and fuller and more perfect light."

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

DAVID COX.

I.

CRITICISM has been strangely little occupied with the "god of Art" of the well-to-do British householder who cares about pictures. But perhaps it has been felt that the simple force of David Cox has much defied analysis, or hardly repaid it. His very merits as well as his faults are simple, plain, and rough. In his art and in his life he was manly, blunt, straightforward—what we call "English."

So much of what he painted appealed to the rapid gaze and the immediate opinion. A moment's turn to the wall, and his drawings could be tasted and enjoyed. He had few subtleties that must be waited for—only in his latest art some secrets that must find you in a mood to receive them. The hurried observer of nature can value much in David Cox, for he depicted in the main, and with audacious truth, her first features, her most familiar looks. Therefore his art was for the hasty man, even more, perhaps, than for the careful collector and the slow student. It was for the bustling even more than for the busy. If Manchester must have art, David Cox's was the art for Manchester.

The artist with whose favourite achievements his own had most in common was undoubtedly Constable; and Constable, had he painted much and easily in water colours, might have become, though hardly in his own day, as popular as David Cox. But Constable had two disadvantages, two drawbacks to popularity: he died before the landscape art of Cox had approached its late perfection—long before the public existed that was able and willing to value it and such as was akin to it—and his use of the material destined immediately to be more popular was but a fumbling employment; that is, his water colours were suggestive and even sufficient, if he was careful to aim at suggestion alone, but disappointing, harsh, unskilled, if he sought to realize and to complete. Constable's art reached its perfection when Cox's was tentative and immature. Constable was original and a master when Cox was seeking his way; and the honour of precedence, the honour of discovery, will always be his. But Cox, in that slighter art of water colour which he made so much his own—each trick of which he turned and wrought so adroitly that his work came at last to seem not a task but

a very revel of familiar play—Cox, in that slighter art, came near to Constable's effects; nay, even presented the like of them with a richer variety. They were both painters not so much of abiding nature as of fleeting and vanishing things. That has been said before and seen often—that the facts of nature were less interesting to them than the caprices of weather and wind. But we distinguish here; for in painting these changing, these transient effects, Constable had the greater unity of impression: he was dominated by one idea: nearly each work of his expressed a very personal sentiment that possessed him at the time, and the line of English verse from the new poetry of nature that he wrote under it was not chosen with curious care out of a book of extracts, but was with him, in his mind, and had suggested the thing. But Cox was not so often the painter of sentiment as of material facts or physical sensations. His art of painting hardly sought either to rival or to supplement, by its appeal to the eye, the achievements of our art of Literature. He rarely invented, rarely imagined, rarely even combined. But in that strong and simple, and never subtle fashion of his own—which a thousand water colours reveal to the world—he felt and saw keenly, and keenly recorded. And with the late ripeness of his art came the unsurpassed instinct in selecting the thing it was his business to record, and in rejecting the detail, the accessory, with which that later art of his had little enough of sympathy. Thus, Cox from the first confined his work within the limits proper to pictorial art; and, at the last, as to the language that his art employed—as to his method of expression—he preferred to the subtleties of elaborate discourse the pregnant brevity of more summary speech. Simple from the first in his theme, he became simple also in the delivery of his phrase.

II.

David Cox was the son of a blacksmith, and was born near a forge.¹ He had little physical strength in his boyhood, and the Birmingham working man, his father, was content for him to enter, in the easiest humble way, on the practice of art which he cared for almost in childhood. Apprenticed first to a locket painter, the indentures were cancelled, or had lapsed, on the master's death, and the boy Cox, lacking work, engaged to prepare colours for the Birmingham scene painters, and from that, without loss of time, became able to help in the painting. For four years he was with

¹ One of the most vivid sketches of his later days has for its subject the red glow of the forge at Bettwys, in contrast with the weird brown-grey light over the mountains above it.

the company at Birmingham; then travelled with its manager to Leicester, and other country wanderings begat a love of landscape; but the travelling, on actors' "circuit" of those days, wearied him. He wanted settlement, and in 1803, being twenty years old, came up to London. He had a modest appointment in the scene-box at Astley's. Near to Astley's Amphitheatre was an art shop of that period—Palser's, a dealer in water colours, then in the Westminster Road, but destined to be afterwards celebrated in Covent Garden. The sight of the drawings there roused or renewed whatever ambition of David Cox's had slumbered or been relaxed. He was able to make the acquaintance of John Varley, who was among the leaders of the art. Varley encouraged him, and from scene painting Cox proceeded to study drawings for the folio and the cabinet. In 1805 he went to Wales for a fruitful holiday. Gradually, though in humble form, his career was shaping itself. He made a series of drawings to be sold at a few shillings apiece, and bethought him of the usual employment of youth and obscurity in art—the giving of lessons, on terms left generally for the pupil to fix.

Cox, on first coming to London, had been placed by his mother, who was a careful woman, thoughtful beyond most of her station, in the house of a Mrs. Ragg, likewise a sober person and of good reputation—the mother of daughters of whom one was to become the wife of Cox. In 1808, while still young in age, but with the temperament of a man whose youth is short and maturity long, David Cox married Mary Ragg. She was a little older than he was, but he did not feel that, and they lived together in much calmness for well nigh forty years. Her intelligence and common sense were often useful to him in supplementing his own, and she had interest in Art and many things.

Living in a cottage on Dulwich Common, and employed now entirely in the department of his final choice, Cox made some slow progress in his profession; and though a poor man still, and with little demand for his work, he must have stood sufficiently well in the estimation of his brother artists, for in 1813 they made him a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colour, to whose exhibitions he, through many vicissitudes, remained a constant contributor for not much less than half a century. The next year to that he was appointed teacher at the Military College, Bagshot; but the work there was irksome to him, and he began to wish for a residence less costly even than his humble one of London, and for the opportunity of regular study amongst country scenes. A good boarding school at Hereford offered a hundred a year to a capable drawing master; and Cox

accepted the post—so slenderly equipped just then, as to material resources, that he had to borrow from Lady Arden forty pounds before he could accomplish his removal. She was one of those who had liked in London his straightforward character and painstaking work—his simplicity of manner and of heart.

Those times, when England suffered from the impoverishment of war, were hardly times in which any art but the most thoroughly accepted was likely to receive a superfluous or even an adequate reward. And though Cox, even in the first dozen years of his practice, was making good his right to a fair place among contemporary artists of the second rank—nay, was well abreast of many who were accounted before him—his art, at that time, gave, as I cannot too much insist, no faintest sign of possible rivalry with the art of Turner, already immense and immortal. In narrow circumstances, then, David Cox, his wife, and their young boy, for whom the father had already planned the benefits of the Hereford Grammar School, settled at Hereford, Cox still hoping to gain gradually some hold on the picture-buyers of London, or scheming the publication of designs in sepia as well as of an essay on painting in water colour. But Fame had still to be long waited for, and Cox was not yet doing the work which was to deserve it. Once a year he journeyed to London—a two or three days' coach journey—to see the Exhibitions and to keep himself a little in the memory of the artists in town; but I suppose it was the secluded and restricted life of those years at Hereford that gave to Cox the provincial stamp permanently—the restriction and seclusion coming not then at a time when they found his mind full enough to profit by them, but at a time when he should more swiftly have received and developed, when he should have been open to influences more numerous and various. Probably, however, his character gained in intensity what it lost in breadth. When he felt and admired, he felt and admired strongly. In politics, he was a Liberal of that day. In art, he made no special attempt to study the received masters of any great school; but at a time when the genius of Turner was still under the discredit of novelty, he—half a dozen years before he left London—had put himself down enthusiastically as a subscriber to the "*Liber Studiorum*." Eventually he contemplated a work of his own in distant competition with that.

It was not until 1829 that he came back to London, and was established at Kensington, to push his fortunes with greater rapidity, if that might be. He was now six and forty, and the time is chosen by Mr. Solly—his voluminous and devoted biographe—as a dividing point between two periods in his art: between the second

and the third out of four, according to the view of that careful and sympathetic if not always faultless student. Later, there will be something to say about this division : for the moment we may accept it as indicating change of subject, if not quite of manner ; it was at this time that David Cox began to travel abroad, and to note, not indeed the characteristics of the lands he crossed to—for these he never specially entered into—but the charm of the sea. To this period, when settlement in London made such brief expeditions easy to him, belong his drawings of far down the River, of the Thames mouth, of Calais Sands. Spirited enough already—fresh and breezy, but the colours wanting in variety and pleasantness : the tone, how much less truthful to agreeable and vivid impression than that of the kindred themes of Ulverston and Lancaster a dozen years later :

Confining himself still, in the main, to small and finished work, with increased range of subject, as I say, and with increased vivacity of treatment, as all of us who like his later work still better may readily admit, Cox struggled on : the admitted equal now, it may be, of certain prominent comrades : producing much, with diligence, and so at last—though no considerable price is ever paid for the constant labour—at last saving money. The years bring many changes in his domestic life. His son is a man, and has left him. The health of his wife, now approaching old age, is more and more uncertain. His interest in Society is anything but keen : social ambition, if he ever had it at all, has quite ceased. He withdraws himself, or seeks to withdraw himself, more and more in his art ; and not so much in the art that is accepted and bought at Exhibitions as in that which presents to his deepening intelligence problems he would like to solve. Urgent need for him to stay in London no longer exists. He goes down in 1844 to the village of Harborne, outside his native town—busies himself for a while with his bit of land and garden.

The country came to David Cox as a great rest. And the rest brought a renewal. The freedom from engagement, the absence of visible rivalry—of competitive activity akin to his own, pushing him on, whether he wished it or no—were themselves advantages. He began, I think, to possess himself ; and in the new familiarity with the quiet and common land, the flat field, the hedge-row, the uneventful country road, the wide, open, and changeable sky, he began to feel distinctly what it was that he wanted to do, and began to feel that he could do it. In country unromantic and nowise remarkable, changing weather is the main interest : wind and sunshine make such country alive ; and Cox's representation of wind and sunshine became now more imaginative and dramatic. His

wife's death, soon after their removal—so soon as 1845—left him for a while crushed and lonely ; but he recovered himself, and one feels sure that his whole nature was enriched by his later experience. His art, simple as heretofore, waxed passionate and personal, and his genius came to him in his old age.

That period, of eighteen forty-four and five, is the real period of his change. Not, I think, with any other need we greatly concern ourselves. That there had been growth and wider range and alteration of style and subject long before, I have already allowed, and these things have interest for us if we stand before a great collection of his work. But the main thing to remember will continue to be the point at which his more significant artistry emerges from the accumulated mass of his skilful achievement—the point at which undeniable talent gives place to undeniable genius.

Not long after his final departure from London, Cox began to paint in oil. The bolder effects at which he was now aiming were effects to which his new medium was suited, and Cox in his oil pictures became more visibly the brother of Constable and of the great Frenchmen who, following after Constable, were painting, at that moment, neither strict fact, nor accurate detail, but impressions. The comparative readiness with which Cox mastered his new practice in oils is certainly remarkable, but it is hardly to be supposed that the tardiness with which he began it should have left no sign on his work.

Devoting himself with a now cheerful energy to his new and self-set task, and recording at the same time, in his older craft of water colour, visions of windy moor and pasture more penetrating and impressive than any of his youth or of his middle age, David Cox lived happily in his chosen home in the country. As time went on he was surrounded by a group of sympathetic persons—some of them Birmingham men, proud of him as a native of their town, and simple and hearty admirers of the old man's genius. Amongst them and amongst his humbler village neighbours, Cox lived a life of old-fashioned kindness and quaint courtesies. His charities were impulsive and not discriminating. He bestowed not seldom on some thriftless villager the best slice out of his leg of mutton ; he gave people raisins and sugar on St. Thomas's Day—had formed his habits before it was the fashion to be cynically weary of festivals—and sent gifts round by his housekeeper on the birthday of the Queen. As long as he was able he set off every summer on a sketching tour with some familiar friend : Mr. Stone Ellis, whose precious collection of his later and finer work was sold last year at

Christie's, being several times his companion. To London, for the sake of his son, for the sake of Mr. Ellis, and for that of some friendly artists, he still occasionally journeyed. But about 1856 ill-health and very failing sight began to limit his movement. The hours became few in which, with an art ever more and more abstract and summary, he jotted down the vivid memoranda of expression in Nature—Nature sunny or turbulent. His grand-daughters were accustomed to be about him, to cheer him as his feebleness grew. One day, as the biographer tells us, he said good-bye to his pictures. With a gesture that would have seemed theatrical and affected in any artist who had lived less simply for his art, he waved his hand and withdrew himself from his parlour and his work. He felt that the business he had lived for was over. He lay helpless for a very little while—died on the 7th of June, 1859.

III.

One of the greatest of English landscape painters, Cox painted Wales. It had been a favourite country with some of his elder contemporaries. John Varley had been there much. And he himself, born in the town of Birmingham, turned naturally to Wales, which is Birmingham's playground. But the drawings in which he represented Wales the best—drawings sometimes splendidly slight and always of masterly vehemence—were done only at a period of his life which allowed his contemporaries to say already that the work of his life was over. That local love of Cox's for the nearest country to him that was free and wild, was conceived early, but it bore its best fruit chiefly at a time remote and unexpected. Very long years and a life of almost monotonous struggle were in store for David Cox before the profounder feeling, bred in part of experience and age and loss, came to make his rendering of the landscape of Wales vivid, intense, and personal.

While true to the peculiar forms of Welsh scenery, he was truer still to its effects. You have but to go with a keen eye by the North-Western Railway from Chester to Holyhead, and you see, not only in form but in colour and light, a gallery of David Cox's. Flint Castle, the ruined tower (Turner's subject in the "Liber") still set firm on the shore, the shingle of the beach, the great distance, the "wash of air." Rhyl, with its long sands, its sea fresh and open, its wide outlook and breadth of the sky. Then, behind it, the Vale of Clwyd, the stream, the massed foliage, the bare and precipitous hill rising suddenly out of the very green and very flat pastures—a subject essentially Cox's. Further on, as you get towards Bangor, a glimpse

of Beaumaris, the windy headland, with the sharp turn in the road that surrounds it—the road with cliff above it, and stout sea wall below. Then the quick current of the Straits: little boats tossing: a breeze blowing fresh. He has realized each scene vividly—the view, and your feeling too, as you look at the view. But it was in the solemn inland country, in the remote seclusion of its mountain valleys, that David Cox found landscape and effect most completely accordant with the feeling and interest of his later time. Many artists, since Cox, have been to Bettwys, and some had been there before him; but the rest have been content to find there what is commonly pretty and easily picturesque—for the most part the mere traditional and accepted beauty of falling water, and sky reflected in clear and shallow streams, and sunlight glinting through green leafage—the art of our lightest and emptiest hours—the water colour of the drawing-room. Cox found other things—the truer characteristics of that remote scenery and of its desolate life: the woods heavy with rain, the stone-walled fields, the dogged tramp of the cloaked peasant woman over the wet path, the blown shepherd and huddled flock on the mountain sheep-walk. Cox entered into the spirit of that lonely landscape, simple and humble even in its grandeur—by turns melancholy, admonishing, passionate. For him alone the landscape of Wales, with its winds and showers, grey and shrouded mornings, spaces of quietness and tender light breaking out in evening skies after a day of storm, was alive and expressive.

He was at Bettwys first in 1844, and thenceforward once every year till 1856, when, three years before his death, he needs must see it for the last time. From the first it attracted him; and in those simple elements of the lower mountain scenery, which he got to know so well, there was always, for him, some effect, some combination, which, if not actually new, was as good as new to his mind at the moment, since he felt it vividly. He reproduced without satiety, reproduced with variations, and with interest continually maintained; nay, even strengthened by familiarity. He had himself, in his old age, of the Welsh poetic nature, the brooding and tender stedfastness. Going, in one of his summer tours—I think it was with Mr. Ellis—to the famous woods and Abbey of Bolton, he expressed himself in writing, that it was all unquestionably fine, but he could not find much new to interest him. In Wales it never occurred to him to ask for the new. There, the old was enough for him.

And so the scenery and feeling of Wales, as these are apprehended by the receptive and the watching—and not by the tourist,

the guide-book's laborious yet cheerful slave, who hurries from show-place to show-place—so the scenery and feeling of Wales came to be recorded in a hundred sketches. Sometimes he did not only record an impression, but retained and intensified it, and then there came from him the triumph of his artistry and native and natural sentiment—such a work of controlled pathos and deepest gravity as "The Welsh Funeral." The figures there are still but landscape painter's figures: little attempt to individualise them: none that they should move us—it is out of the landscape alone, and the according movement of the humble troop towards the churchyard, that he has wrung the expression. He painted the picture in 1850: a day of passing storm; light breaking on the top of Bettwys Crag that he had painted so often in so many moods of sunshine or shower. There is a long space of shadow low on the hillside, where, from amongst the thick and doleful woodland, the little church lifts its grey stone belfry, and its bell clangs for the dead; and along the field-path, by the stone-walled field, the funeral crowd, with bent heads—neighbourly folk, gathered from cottage in the valley, and farm away on the mountain—step slowly to the churchyard. He had beheld the scene himself, and felt it intensely. In the foreground, children handle flowers—a detail that he knew his work too well to insist upon. Make what you like of it; but for him it had a meaning he was not careful to urge; only he told some one who was looking at the picture, "Those are not chance flowers, but poppies. They symbolize the sleep of death." All the solemnity of the art of David Cox, the graver and profounder chords of his music, came to him in Wales.

But of course all the delightful and splendid records of those later and greater years are not confined to Wales. Almost in the first of them, he made an expedition to Haddon and Rowsley. Tender little sketches of the village of Rowsley, nestled under its low line of hills, were cherished by Mr. Ellis, his companion, to the last. The amateur who requires upon each of his Coxes the special Cox label, would hardly, I imagine, deem them characteristic or desirable, for while they have greater variety and greater harmony of colour than his earlier work, they are without the slashing strength of his later, and are valuable as exceptions, just because in them no big foreground grasses are wet and meadows spongy, no sheep huddle in storm, no ship bears up against the wind, no stout woman on the bare common struggles in boisterous weather. They are valuable just because they show David Cox's sensitiveness to an order of beauty he very rarely portrayed. The sketches of Haddon—the Hall, the terrace, the stately garden—are perhaps less fascinating, but as a series they will

continue to be noteworthy as examples of slight, bold, and broad execution, of work done in the fullest vigour of the artist, of draughtsmanship inexact, indeed, but splendidly firm and indicative. And as to draughtsmanship it is too much forgotten that the standard exacted of an artist in home studies tranquil and laborious is not fairly to be demanded in rapid out-door work. To each work its conditions, and to each its triumph. Certain of the drawings of terrace steps and balustrade at Haddon show that Cox was not blind to the quality of massive line—pure, simple, and unbroken. One says this : one does not say that his training would ever have allowed him to render faultlessly the quality he perceived and indicated. There is a masterly accuracy, and a masterly *inaccuracy*—the last was David Cox's.

Cox reached his highest point, in out-door work alone, in a sketch of "Stokesay, near Ludlow" (1852)—a drawing now, I believe, belonging to Mr. Levy.¹ Leaving for the nonce the solemn tone of the best Bettwys subjects, he here, in an hour's delightful task, recorded the vivid and strong enjoyment which all true lovers of nature take in wind and turbulent sky and the open and common country; and in all landscape art there is no record of effect more decisive and vigorous than this—more vehement, more energetic, or more possessed with the very spirit of the scene. Some other generation, if its colours keep, will put it beside the "Three Trees" of Rembrandt—beside the "Watercress Gatherers" and the "Solway Moss" of *Liber Studiorum*—and it will not suffer by the comparison. A pathway leads us through long grass in the foreground, and two peasant women tramp in the blustering weather. A lowering sky—yet much of it bright and windy—its darkness splendidly concentrated to a point of storm. On one side the low-toned hills, green with the sharpness of light still upon them, recede to a narrow blue moor—the distance rich and mysterious, and veiled : the near country in the keen light after rain. The elements of the landscape are after all very nearly the accustomed ones : what is memorable is the sudden and resolute truth.

Cox would have had small claim to lasting greatness, if the truth of impression, which his sketches seized so promptly, had been wholly frittered away in the long elaboration of the studio labour to which he was almost bound to betake himself during the eight months of the English winter. It was not frittered away, though, indeed, it was undeniably weakened, as is generally the fate of the landscape painter ; for he deals, and especially in our newer art, as the buyers

¹ Bought at the Stone Ellis Sale, 1877.

of elaborate landscape little enough remember, not with the beauties of permanent form, but with those of vanishing effect. And how are they, or how is the impression of them, to be arrested while he works? "Ulverston Sands" and "Rhyl Sands"—both of them drawings of his later years—are both, in their way, happy examples of the art of Cox, when the comparative elaboration of his second thoughts had come to modify in the studio something of the fervour of the first. The "Ulverston" is the more poetical in sentiment: the more harmonious and beautiful in grouping and line. Throughout most of the landscape the wide sands are lifted into the wind, and there is little beside: only at the left corner, where the blast is strongest, a party of wind-blown gipsies huddle together or make laborious advance. In "Rhyl"¹ the painter has grappled with common-place figures, semi-fashionable seaside costumes, and has saved the work from its natural impression of common-place by splendid power of large wave drawing, and the old skill in effects of atmosphere, here clear and fresh.

Cox worked much in sepia; and in sepia, too, for his proper satisfaction and benefit, and not only as lessons to pupils. Vivid effects portrayed at the hour of their observation convince us of this, but we are convinced also that for the full exercise of his genius the range of the water-colour painter needed to be available—black and white were not enough for him. Other men have portrayed sunshine in black and white; but Rembrandt and Méryon, even more keenly and delicately sensitive than Cox to the last subtleties of the effects they sought to reproduce, handled, not sepia and the brush, but ink and the etching-needle. Moisture and wind and wide spaces and movement were within the range of David Cox in black and white. He was perhaps too absolute a colourist to dispense with colour in sunshine. His richest harmonies are harmonies in colour: it is in colour that his tone is generally truest. So it is in Mr. Holbrook Gaskell's sketch of Dort—"Dort from the Sea"²—Van Goyen's favourite subject, but Cox's means must not be restrained to the monochrome of the great old Dutch master: he must have patches of red and blue on sailors and flag—a delicious thin light of showery sunshine over further sails and distant church and windmills. So it is in a "Bridge in Warwickshire,"—so keenly true in brilliant colour—among the best of his not latest drawings. And so again in Miss Coates's sketch of the Welsh coast "Near

¹ Exhibited at the Old Masters, January 1875.

² Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, January 1878.

Afon Wen"¹: a chosen example of deep harmony of tone and unity of effect—a sketch of hillock and down under grey and gathering skies—a landscape across which a broken path, with its group of lonely riders, wavers to right and left among sandhills and long grasses blown—no, torn through—by wind from the sea. Cox, who had painted already the track of the tourist, turned southward this time with the coast below Carnarvon, and passed, where Turner (as *England and Wales* will show) had passed before him, to the lost world's end of Afon Wen and Cricceith. And here is a sketch of the late Welsh wanderings, and one of the finest fruits of that fruitful time, which lifted Cox, as nothing had lifted him before, above the level of high talent which many may reach, to the place reserved, in our English Art, for a very few, of whom he became among the greatest.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

¹ Stone Ellis Sale, 1877.

PARASITES AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

IF man is to be regarded as the favoured child of Nature, and if it be held as true that life at large is subservient to his sway and rule, it is no less true that he is liable to suffer severely from the attack of certain of his lower neighbours, and that he is despoiled in various fashions by some of the most insignificant of living beings. Insects of various kinds, insignificant as to size, but powerful beyond comprehension in virtue of their numbers, devastate the crops which exercise his mind and appliances in their cultivation. And after the crops have been duly stored and garnered, the labour of months and the full fruition of the farmer's hopes may be destroyed by the insidious attack of granary-pests. Plants of lowly grade—minute fungi and like organisms—personally known to the microscopist alone, blight at once the prospects of the agriculturist and of his cereals. A minute fungus, burrowing its way within the tissues of the potato-plant, has ere now brought destitution and famine on a nation, and still causes disease amongst our tubers to an extent which none but our potato-growers can fully realise. Nor is the farmer's sphere singular in respect of its liability to the attack of animal and plant foes. Parasites, the complexity of whose life-history almost defies belief, invade the stock of the breeder of cattle and sheep and decimate his flocks; whilst these same parasites may occasionally invade the human domain itself, and cause disease and death to prevail to an alarming extent. Hidden enemies in the sea burrow into the sides of ships, or undermine man's piers and bulwarks. Poison-traps lie in wait for human footsteps; and claw and tooth are as ruthless when opposed to humanity as when prepared to attack lower life. Speaking generally, therefore, man may be readily shown to be by no means the undisputed "monarch of all he surveys" in the territory of either botanist or zoologist; and the province of mind and intellect may be invaded by foes against which man may find it impossible to contend. Much has been done, it is true, in the way of repressing many of our lower enemies, and the increase of scientific knowledge has had few triumphs of higher kind than are witnessed in those researches

which have exposed the nature of our animal and plant enemies, and shown us the steps necessary to be taken for their annihilation. But the field of inquiry seems well nigh boundless; and it should certainly form one of the most powerful arguments in favour of the study of natural science, that on the advance in our knowledge of economic botany and zoology the prosperity of our commerce and the conservation of our health may be shown largely to depend.

Perhaps one of the richest fields of research in the way of repression of our lower enemies, is offered by the life-history of some of the most common parasites which decimate our flocks and herds, and which, as already remarked, occasionally invade the human territory itself. Well does the shepherd know the symptoms of "rot" in his flock, and anxiously does he apply to the veterinarian for advice in his extremity. His sheep, in such a strait, present a dull and dejected appearance; they are "off their feed," he will tell the observer, and are in a thoroughly emaciated condition, despite shepherd's kindly care and supervision. By-and-by deaths will begin to be of frequent occurrence, and when the dead subjects are carefully inspected the cause of the disorder is not hard to discover. The body of the affected sheep exhibits a state of thorough disorganisation, and when the liver is carefully inspected, hundreds of small flattened bodies, each about three-quarters of an inch long, are found within the bile ducts; whilst in the bile itself thousands of small particles are to be discovered by microscopic aid. The small flat bodies are "flukes," and the particles are the eggs of these animals. What, it may be asked, are these "flukes" which, according to trustworthy evidence, carry off annually between one and two millions of sheep at the very lowest computation? The reply to this question is readily given. The "liver-fluke" is one of a group of internal parasites which has been known from comparatively early times. It was certainly known in 1547, and was lucidly described in 1552 by an author who was shrewd enough to attribute to its presence an epidemic which decimated the flocks of Dutch farmers in that year. Its "area of distribution," to use a scientific but expressive phrase, is not confined to sheep alone, but includes cattle, the horse, hares and rabbits, the spaniel, deer and antelopes, and even man himself. A little flat and somewhat oval body, with a tree-like arrangement of tubes for a digestive system, and possessing a couple of suckers for adhesive purposes—such are the main features which a "liver-fluke" presents for examination. A more innocent-looking animal could hardly be found, and the cause of its injurious effects upon its animal hosts might remain a mystery, did our inquiries cease with the investigation, so to speak, of its *personnel*.

A highly important consideration, however, and one which extends beyond the restricted domain of our present subject, is that which recognizes in *numbers* and *time* two important factors in elevating agencies of apparently unimportant kind into forces of vast or uncontrollable nature. The rain-drop is insignificant regarded merely as a particle of water, no doubt ; but multiply your rain-drops indefinitely, and you obtain the agent which will wear the hardest rock, excavate the giant-cavern, or form the foaming cataract with strength to sweep away the greatest obstacles man or nature may oppose to its fury. Invest the idea of the single rain-drop with time, and the action which appears feeble, if viewed for a single moment, becomes of mighty extent when multiplied into years and centuries. And similarly with the case of the fluke and its neighbour-parasites. A single fluke is of itself an unimportant quantity, but when this quantity becomes multiplied by hundreds, the proverb that "union is strength" receives a new and very decided application. Existing in large numbers within the liver-ducts of the sheep, the flukes cause irritation, and a whole train of symptoms which end usually in starvation and death. Hence the extreme fertility of parasites might well afford a text whereon a sophist might inveigh against the wise regulation of the domain of living nature, were it not that in reality these animals are checked and controlled through the actual complexity of their own development. Strange as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true that Nature appears to offer a premium against the development and increase of these and other parasites, through their having to undergo a series of very striking changes on the way to maturity. The parasite's path to adult life may truly be described as chequered in the highest degree. There are numerous pitfalls and snares laid for its reception, and for the extinction of its young life ; and the "struggle for existence" in the present case is not only fierce, but, in the case of a very large majority of the combatants, utterly hopeless.

Let us briefly trace the life-history of a fluke by way of practical illustration of these latter remarks. From each individual fluke residing within the body of its sheep-host, hundreds of eggs are discharged. Each egg undergoes a preliminary process of development, and from the eggs which escape into water, little free-swimming bodies are liberated. These minute living particles are young or embryo flukes. Each resembles an inverted cone in shape, and swims rapidly through the water by aid of the microscopic filaments which fringe its body. It is clear that such eggs as do not reach water, will not undergo development, and hence a first check to the increase of the flukes exists in the fact, that many eggs must perish from the absence of

appropriate surroundings. Sooner or later, the young fluke loses its power of swimming, and becomes of oval shape ; crawling inelegantly, by contractions of its body, over the muddy bottom of its pool or river. Thereafter it appears to seek an entrance to the body of some co-tenant of its pool, such a creature being usually found in the shape of a water-snail. Buried within the tissues of this first "host," the young fluke becomes transformed into a sac or bag, within which other young may arise by a veritable process of budding. This rising generation appears in the form of small bodies, each provided with a vibratile tail. From the body of the snail, these "secondary young" soon make their escape ; and whilst existing in the water, are readily conveyed into the stomach of the sheep in the act of drinking. Thence these young flukes penetrate to the liver of the animal, and become transformed into the mature and flattened adult.

The unexplained necessity for such a complicated series of changes in development, and for the varied circumstances which mark the career of the young fluke, present us with conditions which operate powerfully against the undue increase of the race. An exactly analogous series of changes is to be perceived in the development of many other parasites, and amongst others in that of the various groups of tapeworms which reside within the digestive system of man and other quadrupeds. But for the complexity of their development, and for the consequent limitation of their increase, these parasites would overrun and exterminate their hosts in a short period of time. A common tapeworm begins life as a minute body, set free from its coverings and investments, and provided with a special boring apparatus, consisting of six hooks. This little creature will perish unless it can gain access to the body of some warm-blooded quadruped, and the pig accordingly appears on the scene as the most convenient host for the reception of the little embryo. But within the body of the pig, there is not the slightest possibility of the little embryo becoming a tapeworm. The pig has merely to perform the part of unconscious "nurse," and to prepare its "guest" for a yet higher stage of existence. Being swallowed by the pig, the young parasite bores its way through the tissues from the digestive system to the muscles of the animal, and there develops around its body a kind of bag or sac. In this state it represents the "cystic worm" of old writers ; and occasionally it may prefer the liver, brain, or even the eye of its first host to the muscles in which it usually resides. Here, however, it can attain no further development. If the pig dies a natural death, there can be no possibility of the tapeworm stage being evolved. But if, as is most likely, the pig suffers death at the butcher's hands, the little "cystic worms" may be bought by man-

kind at large along with the pork in which they are contained, and such persons as partake of this comestible in an imperfectly cooked condition, thereby qualify themselves for becoming the "hosts" of tapeworms: since, when a cystic worm from the muscles of the pig is introduced into the human stomach, the little bladder or sac which the worm possesses drops off, and the minute head of the worm becomes attached to the lining membrane of the digestive system. Once fixed in this position, the circle of development may be said to be completed. A process of budding sets in, and joint after joint is produced, until the adult tapeworm, measuring, it may be, many feet in length, is developed; whilst each egg of this full-grown being, if surrounded by the requisite conditions, and if provided with a pig-host to begin with, will repeat the marvellous and complicated life-history of its parent.

The history of the tapeworms, like that of the flukes, therefore, exhibits a very complex series of conditions, and unless these conditions are fulfilled by the young parasite, development is either cut short or is altogether suspended. The fact of a double host having to be provided for the due development of tapeworms is not peculiar to the production of the species inhabiting man. All of these parasites pass through an essentially similar series of developments. The cystic worms which cause the "measles" in the pig become as we have seen, and when eaten by man, the common species of human tapeworm. The cystic worms man obtains from underdone beef are developed within his economy into a tapeworm of another kind. The young parasites which reside in the liver of the rabbit, and which attain no higher development than that seen in the pig, become, when swallowed by the dog or fox, the special tapeworm-tenant of these animals. The cystic worm of the mouse develops into the tapeworm of the cat; so that the dog, fox, and cat do not enjoy an immunity from enemies, but actually acquire disease from the victims they so ruthlessly pursue. The chances of destruction which beset the young parasite on its way through the world are so multifarious when compared with its chances of favourable development, that, practically, the immense number of eggs produced by these animals are of small account. Of the thousands of eggs developed, the merest fraction attain development, and the presence of a complex life-history in parasites must be regarded as in reality forming a saving clause, as far as man is concerned, when we consider our comparative immunity from their attack.

Even more extraordinary than the phases of development which have just been detailed, are those undergone by a special form of tapeworm inhabiting the dog. The egg of this latter parasite gains

admittance to the body of the dog-louse, and therein becomes the cystic worm, similar to that formed within the muscles of the pig in the case of the human tapeworm. The dog, in the process of cleaning his skin, swallows the skin-parasite with its contained but immature tapeworm; and, once introduced to the dog's digestive system, the latter form liberates itself from the louse and becomes the mature tapeworm. Anything more extraordinary than this peculiar circle of development can hardly be imagined in the life-histories of animals. Nor are the conditions which have determined, and which continue the development, rendered clear to us by the most careful study of the subject. Why it is that the tapeworm should not attain its full development within the pig, rabbit, mouse, or dog-louse, as its first host, we do not know; nor can it be rendered plain what conditions have so sharply divided the life of these parasites into two periods of such well-marked kind.

The whole question of parasitism, however, exhibits a striking illustration of the influence of habit and of surrounding conditions on the life of animals. No one may doubt that the habit of one animal attaching itself to another is an acquired one. The most ardent advocate of the doctrine of special creation would never dream of maintaining that parasites were created as we find them in relationship with their hosts. Even were this argument advanced as a mere matter of unsupported belief, the order and succession of life upon the globe would present facts which would at once veto the belief. The lowest animals appeared first, and were succeeded by forms of gradually increasing complexity. Hence the parasites must have been developed before their hosts. Man appeared long after the tapeworms or their ancestors were produced; and the intricate relationship between man and his neighbour-animals and the parasites must have been acquired in a gradual fashion. Best of all, this opinion is supported by the information to be gained from a survey of parasitic life at large. We may begin such a survey by noting animals which attach themselves to other animals as mere "lodgers." Such are external parasites. Next may be traced parasites which depend for house-room upon other animals, but which do not require board and sustenance from their hosts. Such "messmates" are presented by the little fishes which live within the bodies of large sea-anemones and of other organisms, and which swim in and out at will, obtaining their food for the most part from the external world. A simple modification of habit in such animals would convert them into true parasites. Suppose that the guest finds that it may readily obtain food by living on the matters its host is elaborating for its own use, and suppose, further, that the

animal-guest gradually accommodates itself by successive modifications to its new mode of life, and we have thus the influence of habit brought into play and exercised upon the descendants of the first parasite in producing a literal race of such beings. Such a belief or theory is neither contrary to facts as we find them, nor is it unsupported by direct evidence. Take, for example, the case of *Sacculina*, a well-known parasite which attaches itself to the bodies of hermit-crabs and their allies. In shape the sacculina resembles a simple sac or bag—a kind of miniature sausage, in fact—which sends into the body of its host a number of root-like processes. These roots entwine themselves amongst the organs of the crab's body, and serve to absorb from the tissues of the host a certain amount of nourishment. If we lay open this curious organism, we find that the sac-like body contains eggs. No traces of structure are discernible; and but for occasional movements of the body, destined to inhale water and to expel that fluid from its interior, one might regard the sacculina as some abnormal growth which had protruded from the body of the crab. The sacculina is a true parasite in every sense of the term. It is dependent, not merely for lodgment, but for nourishment also, upon its host; and, as we shall presently note, its thorough dependence upon the crab becomes the more curious when the past history of the sacculina, as revealed by its development, is duly studied.

From each egg of the sac-like parasite thus described, a little active creature is developed. Known to naturalists as a "nauplius," the young sacculina is seen to be utterly unlike its parent. It possesses an oval body, and is furnished with three pairs of jointed feet, which are used actively as swimming organs. By aid of the long bristles with which the feet are provided, the little sacculina swims merrily through the sea. Its body terminates behind in a kind of forked appendage of movable nature. After the lapse of a short period, changes ensue in the structure of the little body, but there appear as yet no indications of its parasitic origin, or of any tendency to imitate the fixed and attached existence of its parent. The body of the young sacculina next becomes folded upon itself, so as to enclose the young animal in a more or less complete manner; and the two front limbs become developed beyond the other pairs, and form large organs wherewith the little creature may ultimately moor itself to some fixed object. From the extremities of these altered fore-limbs two elongated processes or filaments are seen to sprout, and these processes are regarded as the beginnings of the root-like organs seen in the attached, parasitic, and full-grown sacculina. The other two pairs of feet are cast off, and in their place

six pairs of short swimming feet of forked shape are developed. After this stage has been attained, the young animal seeks a crab-host; the root-like front feet attach themselves to the body of the crab and penetrate into its substance; the other feet are cast away as useless organs; and with the assumption of the sac-like body, the young sacculina becomes converted into the likeness of the parent-form.

Such is a brief sketch of the development of a true parasite, and we may now inquire what the life-history of this animal teaches us concerning its antecedents, and regarding its assumption of a parasitic life. The most reasonable view which can be taken of the development of an animal or plant is that of regarding the phases of its production as presenting us with a condensed or panoramic picture of the stages through which it has passed in the course of its origin or evolution from some pre-existing form. If we refuse to regard development in this light, the stages through which the living being passes in its progress towards maturity present themselves as a set of unmeaning and wholly inexplicable actions and conditions. Whilst, on the other hand, when we recognise that in the development of an animal we may trace its ancestry, much that is otherwise incomprehensible becomes plain and reasonable, and very discordant phases of life become harmoniously adjusted through such a consideration. And when we further discover that a large number of animals, widely differing from each other in their adult structure, exactly resemble each other in their young state, the feasible nature of the statement, that such a likeness implies a common origin, is readily demonstrated. On any other supposition, in short, the development of living beings presents us with phases of utterly unintelligible nature. Now the young sacculina is found to present a close resemblance to a large number of other animals belonging to the great class known as the *Crustacea*. To this group belong the barnacles, water-fleas, fish-lice, shrimps, crabs, lobsters, &c. Most of these animals leave the egg in the form of a "nauplius," and present the closest possible resemblance to young sacculinæ. The young of the fixed and rooted barnacles, which attach themselves like pseudo-parasites to the sides of ships, so closely resemble young sacculinæ that it would be a difficult, if not absolutely impossible, task to separate or distinguish the young from those of the sacculina in the earlier stages of growth. The young barnacle, like the young sacculina, resembles a shrimp of peculiar kind on a roving commission, much more closely than the adult and attached form. And hence we discern in the common likeness of the young of these animals a

proof of their common origin. At one time, therefore, we may believe that the sacculina existed as a free swimming creature, of active habits, and possessing a tolerably high degree of organisation. Doubtless some less energetic member of the sacculina family secured a temporary resting-place on the body of a crab, and found such a position to be of desirable kind from the rest and protection it afforded. The feet, which were at first used for mere attachment, may have come in time to penetrate the body of the crab-host, and may thus have become transformed into organs of nourishment. By-and-by the sedentary life, with its advantages in the way of cheap living and easy existence for the sacculina, became a fixed habit. The sacculinae, which acquired this habit, together with their descendants, would flourish and increase in numbers owing to the advantage gained by them in that "struggle for existence" in which sacculinae and their highest animal neighbours are forced, one and all, to take part. And as the wholly free sacculinae became transformed into higher forms of life, or became extinct, their rooted and parasitic brethren may be regarded as having gradually degenerated. A process of physiological backsliding invariably takes place in such cases, and this retrogression would be manifested in the sacculinae by the casting off of structures which were no longer of use to a fixed and rooted being—the degeneration and disappearance of structures not required in the animal economy, taking place in virtue of the well-known law of the "use and disuse" of organs. The legs would thus become gradually diminished, and would finally disappear altogether. Internal organs, and parts useful to the free swimming animal, would become useless as the creature became more and more dependent on its host. And finally the sac-like organism would be evolved as the result of its parasitic habits; and the degeneracy which marks the slavishly dependent mind in higher life is thus viewed as also destroying the independence and as warping and distorting the character which once marked the free and active creature of lower grade. Thus we may understand by the study of life-histories, such as those of sacculina and its comrades, how parasitism is induced, and how a change of life and habits of such sweeping character, converting an active being into a sedentary and degraded animal, becomes established through the slow but sure effects of habit, use, and wont, perpetuated through many generations.

Perhaps the most inveterate and dreaded enemy which man has to encounter in the ranks of parasites is the little *Trichina*, which has, on more than one occasion, caused a fatal epidemic, on the Continent especially, through its development in excessive numbers. This little worm-like parasite was first discovered in the dissecting-room of

St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The circumstances of its discovery have been frequently repeated in anatomical rooms by the observation that very small hardened bodies are to be sometimes met with embedded amongst the muscular tissue of the human subject. When one of these little bodies is carefully examined, it is found to consist of a little sac or bag of oval shape, and to contain within a little worm coiled up in a spiral fashion. These sacs attain a length of about the $\frac{1}{10}$ th of an inch or so, and if they have existed within the muscles for a lengthened period, they will be found to be somewhat limy in structure; the presence of this mineral implying degeneration of the sac and its tenant. When the first *trichinae* were examined and named by Professor Owen, their life-history and importance, as regards the human economy, were unknown and undreamt of. But the occurrence on the Continent of certain mysterious cases of illness and the careful investigation of such cases by medical men, led to the recognition of the fact that this tiny worm, which, in its fully-grown condition, does not exceed a mere fraction of an inch, may nevertheless, through its development in large numbers, prove a source of fatal disease to man. In proof of this fact we may quote Dr. Cobbold's extract from the "Leipziger Zeitung" for December 8th, 1863, in which it is stated that six persons were seized with all the symptoms of trichina disease, "after eating *raw* beef mixed with chopped pork." The "Neue Hannoversche Zeitung" for December 13th of the same year, chronicles the death of 21 persons in Hettstädt through eating the flesh of an English pig, the butcher himself perishing from the trichina-disease. Eighty persons, according to the "Zeitung für Norddeutschland," were affected in December, 1863, in Plauen, but only one died. In 1862, of 38 persons attacked in Calhe, near Magdeburg, 8 died; and in Hettstädt 20 died out of a total of 135 who were attacked. The symptoms exhibited by the patients were those of an acute fever, accompanied by distressing pains in the muscles. The discovery of the trichina's fatal powers, as might be expected, caused no little consternation, but we are not aware that the affection of our Continental neighbours for raw meat declined in consequence. If one narrative, indeed, is to be trusted, there were not wanting, it seems, those who affected an entire disbelief in the trichina and in the fatal effects it was capable of inducing. One headstrong *savant* was thus said to have fallen a victim to his scepticism. Holding in his hand a piece of sausage, which he alleged had been declared to contain trichinae, he avowed his entire disbelief in the fatal effects which were said to follow the introduction of those parasites within the human economy. He would, in fact, have no objection, for that matter of it, to eat the sausage. "Eat! eat!" was

the cry which resounded through the hall, and in compliance with the request, the *servant* ate the sausage. Lamentable to relate, the trichinae proved too much for even a scientific organisation, and the subject of the experiment was said to have died from the trichina-disease induced by his own act. Nor may the fatality of the trichina-disease be regarded as a mystery in the light of the facts as to the numbers of the parasites which one "host" may contain. Dr. Cobbold affirms, and with good reason, that 20,000,000 of trichinae may be contained in one subject. In one ounce of muscle taken from a cat which had been experimented upon as a producer of trichinae, Leuckart estimated that 325,000 of the parasites were contained. An average-sized man, weighing ten stones, will carry about four stones of muscle; and assuming that all the voluntary muscles of the body were affected, such a person might afford lodgment to 30,000,000 of these parasites. In this instance, therefore, numbers clearly mean power, and that, too, of a fatal kind.

The history of the trichina's development again brings before us a most singular series of phases, and once more presents us with the necessity for a "double-host," as in the case of the tapeworms. If we start with the trichina as they exist within the muscles of the pig, we find that the parasites are contained each within the little sac or cyst already mentioned. The pig, it may be remarked, is not the only host which affords lodgment to the trichina, since dogs and cats, rats and mice, rabbits and hares, oxen, horses, sheep, guinea-pigs, and other animals, are found to be subject to their attack. It must, however, be noted that, as found in the muscles of any animal, the trichinae are not only perfectly harmless to that animal, but, further, exist in an undeveloped or immature condition. As seen enclosed in their little sac-like cradles, the trichinae are, in every sense of the term, "juvenile" parasites. They represent, in fact, a young and rising generation waiting for a favourable turn of Fortune's wheel to start them on the further stages of their life-history. This favourable turn arrives at the moment when the flesh containing the young and immature trichina-population is eaten by a warm-blooded animal. Suppose the "trichinised" flesh of a pig to be eaten without due culinary preparation by man, the result of the preliminary processes of digestion in the stomach is the dissolution of the little cysts, and the consequent liberation of the "juvenile" population. In two days thereafter, the precocious "juveniles," influenced by the change of life and situation, have become mature trichinae; and, after the sixth day, enormous numbers of eggs are produced by these matured forms. After this stage has been attained, the parent parasites become of

further account in the history of the host, but the young form the subjects of grave concern. This new generation is found to be a restless and migratory body, and influenced by the habits of their ancestors, the young pass from the digestive organs, through the tissues of the body, to seek a lodgment in the muscles. Now comes the tug of war—for the host at least. With thousands of these microscopic pests boring their way through his tissues, there is no lack of explanation of the excessive muscular pains felt by the trichiniased patient. But relief comes in due course when the restless brood has located itself in the muscles. There each young trichina develops around itself a cyst or capsule, and returns to the primitive form in which we first beheld it. There, also, it will rest permanently, and degenerate into a speck of calcareous matter—unless, indeed, an unlooked-for contingency arises. Were cannibalism a fashionable vice amongst us, the eaters would receive from the muscles of the eaten the young population of trichinæ, just as the original subject received the juvenile brood from the pig. Within the cannibal organisation, the young parasites would become fully developed, would produce young in large quantities, and would inflict upon the digester of human tissue, pains and grievances compared with which the proverbial troubles which afflict the just are as nothing.

Less to be dreaded than the trichina, but more extraordinary in its habits, is the "Guinea-worm," a well-known parasite, confined in its distribution to certain portions of Arabia, to the banks of the Ganges, and to Abyssinia and the Guinea coast. From the latter locality the organism derives its name. The Guinea-worm-troubles not the internal economy of man, but has, strange to say, a striking and persistent aptitude for locating itself under the skin of the legs and feet. The interest with which the Guinea-worm is regarded by naturalists and others is derived from the fact of its curious life-history and habits, and from the supposition that this parasite represents the "fiery serpents" which so exercised the minds and tortured the bodies of the ancient Israelites. This supposition is somewhat strengthened by the knowledge that Plutarch, in his "Symposiaca," quotes a remark to the effect that "the people taken ill on the Red Sea suffered from many strange and unknown attacks," and that, amongst other worms, "little snakes which came out upon them, gnawed away their legs and arms, and when touched, retracted, coiled themselves up in the muscles, and there gave rise to the most insupportable pains." Making allowance for a few exaggerations, such a description, especially in its latter portion, applies very closely to this curious enemy of man. In length the Guinea-worm may vary

from one to six feet, whilst specimens of twelve feet in length are not unknown. The body is cylindrical in shape, and attains a thickness of about one-tenth of an inch. Curiously enough, not a single male Guinea-worm has yet been met with, all the known specimens belonging to the opposite sex. The worm enters the skin as a minute organism which possesses a singular vitality, and which exists in its free condition in muddy pools, in wells, tanks, and in marshes. In all probability the young Guinea-worm gains access to the skin through the sweat-ducts. Once located within the skin, the animal grows rapidly, and in about a year attains the dimensions just given. Every traveller in the East knows the Guinea-worm by repute, and has witnessed the familiar operation performed for its extraction. Ancient works on medicine contain descriptions of this operation, and exhibit drawings of the worm and of the appearances produced by its tenancy in the skin. The sole aims of the operator are those of extracting the parasite by gentle traction, and of avoiding the infliction of any injury to its body. This latter forms, in fact, the great *desideratum* of the operator; since, if the body of the parasite be broken, and a portion left still within the body of its host, additional and it may be serious irritation is thereby set up. The long and slender body of the worm is accordingly wound slowly and carefully around some object, and the negroes on the Guinea coast are said to be dexterous and skilful in the performance of this somewhat delicate operation.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable points in the history of parasites is that which refers to the geographical distribution of certain of their numbers. That parasites require to be provided with certain appropriate conditions for development is a fact already noted. Indeed, we may go much further and say that the conditions demanded for the successful development of many of these animals are infinitely complicated, and are in many cases of singularly curious nature. But it would also seem that in their "distribution" over the surface of the globe, and in their selection of certain countries or regions as especial spheres of development, some parasites evince remarkable traits of character. One of the best known instances of this fact is afforded by a species of tapeworm, to which the somewhat uncouth—to ears unscientific, at least—name of *Bothrioccephalus* has been given. This latter is a species of "broad-headed" tapeworm, differing from its common neighbours in several points. It is unquestionably the largest or longest parasite which invades the human territory, and may attain a length of over twenty-five feet; its average breadth being about an inch or rather less. In a large "broad-head," as we may call it, upwards of four thousand joints or seg-

may exist, and as each joint—after the first six hundred—is capable of producing eggs and embryos, this foreign neighbour is seen to be fully as productive as its commoner relations. The most interesting fact regarding the “broad-head,” however, relates to its geography and to its exact range amongst the human populations of the earth. It is a tolerably well-ascertained fact, that our common tapeworms may affect inhabitants of any climate, but the “broad-headed” species affects a singularity in its distribution in that it has never been known to occur outside the European province—that is, it has never been found in any other continent save in such cases as those in which it has been conveyed to other continents by European hosts. But the “broad-head” is moreover found to affect certain districts or regions within this European area, so that its distribution in Europe is itself of peculiar kind. Its headquarters appear to be the cantons of Western Switzerland and the nearest French provinces. It affects Poland, Russia, and Sweden in the north and north-western parts, and it also occurs, but less typically, in Holland and Belgium. In Eastern Prussia and Pomerania the “broad-head” has occasionally appeared; but the latter districts are probably to be regarded in the light of occasional habitats rather than of stated and permanent kind.

The reasons for the restriction of the parasite to such a limited field are by no means clear. We are not yet sufficiently acquainted with its development and life-history to make generalisations, but one significant fact remains to be noted, namely, that the “broad-head” flourishes in the regions in which the common tapeworm is an unknown or comparatively rare visitant. Now this observation is exactly paralleled by the peculiarities of the distribution of higher animals. In one country we may find what are termed “representative species” of the animals which occur in another and distant region. Thus the puma in the New World assumes the place of the lion of the Eastern hemisphere; the tapirs of the Eastern Archipelago are balanced in the opposite side of the world by the American species; and the llamas of South America represent their camel-neighbours of the Old World. There thus appears in such cases to be a balancing of animal life: the one species in one region or continent assuming the functions of the nearly related but different species inhabiting another area of the world. Regarding the case of the parasites in this light we may deduce a similar conclusion, namely, that the “broad-head” may discharge in its especial field of action the functions performed in other fields or areas by the common tapeworm. Nature, in any case, may certainly be credited with the general avoidance of any confusion of interests, and with the exclusion of rivalry from the

domain and functions of like or nearly-related creatures, wherever that domain may exist, and whatever these functions may be.

As a final example of a most singular and at the same time utterly harmless little intruder on the human domain, may be mentioned the minute mite known to naturalists as a species of *Demodex*, and which, curiously enough, seems to take up its abode in the ducts or "follicles" of the skin at the sides of the nose. It is highly probable that this little creature is very frequently to be found in the situation just mentioned, its minute size and harmless character preventing our being made aware of its mere existence. *Demodex* measures a mere fraction of an inch in length, and may be said to present us with yet another instance of an organism whose selective powers in the choice of a habitation appear to be of the most singular description.

The lessons to be drawn from a consideration of the entire subject of the parasitic enemies of man bear very strongly on questions of common hygiene and sanitation. The extension of our knowledge of parasites and of their life-histories clearly points to the desirability for the exercise of great care in the choice and preparation of our common foods—especially of animal kind. Uncooked animal food in any form should be unhesitatingly rejected on common sanitary grounds—the prevailing and fashionable taste for "underdone" meat notwithstanding. The Mosaic abhorrence of the pig is fully justified by an appeal to zoological knowledge regarding the parasites to which that familiar and not uninteresting quadruped plays the part of entertainer and host; but the due exercise of the culinary art should in large measure mitigate the severity of the sentence passed against pork as a common medium of parasitic infection. Unwashed vegetables, which may harbour or lodge, without developing, the embryos of parasites, are similarly to be regarded with suspicion. Indeed, it may be said that the chances of parasitic infection from this latter source are greater than those from badly-cooked meat, the vegetable matter escaping even the chance of having its minute tenants destroyed. Unsavoury as the subject may at first sight appear, the whole question before us teems with an interest which should effectually appeal to everyone in the light of saving knowledge. And it is not the least worthy remark which may be made regarding such a topic, that zoological science may be shown capable of extending its interests into the most intimate departments of the household, and even of encroaching on the sphere of that domestic autocrat, the cook.

ANDREW WILSON.

March 1874

LORD CARNARVON'S RESIGNATION.

THE recent withdrawal of Lord Carnarvon from the Cabinet coincided with the departure of Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, Mr. Montagu Corry, to the South of France on the plea of ill-health, and the *mot d'ordre* was given along the ranks of the Conservative party to speak of the latter as the graver event of the two. It was admitted, in those circles where independence is called mutiny and the claim to private judgment treason, that Lord Carnarvon had been an able Colonial Secretary, and that his successor might experience some difficulty in collecting clearly and firmly in his hands the threads of a department of which the four quarters of the globe are subdivisions. But, on the other hand, it was said that Lord Carnarvon, though a competent administrator, was a whimsical and impracticable politician, and that at a great European crisis the Cabinet would be stronger for the removal of a potential dissident from a vigorous and definite programme. As long as Lord Beaconsfield was at the head of affairs the country might be confident that "British interests" would be protected and the exigencies of an Imperial policy obeyed; while the Prime Minister's extraordinary skill in the selection of capable officials was such that Lord Beaconsfield would infallibly find the right man for the vacant place, and probably in the least likely person. As regards Mr. Montagu Corry it was a different matter. For some time he had become to the Prime Minister the one indispensable man. He had been the social link that connected Lord Beaconsfield with a world which he surveyed as a contemptuous critic rather than inhabited as a born denizen. He gave the Prime Minister all the gossip of the clubs and all the chatter of drawing-rooms, noted the germs of nascent discontent in some quarters and the nucleus of invaluable services in others; was a sure authority as to where a peerage or a step in the peerage, a baronetcy, or an inferior dignity was best deserved, and might be conferred with the certainty of a large and quick return. He was the daily companion and confidant of the great man

in his walks, in his visits, even in his meditations. Popular and discreet in society, he was naturally dear to the chief to whom he had devoted so much of the freshness and vigour of his golden youth. He was, in a word, the model of secretaries; and, as Lord Beaconsfield had not for some years attempted to do without him, considerable alarm was felt, or was affected, as to how the experiment, now that it was inevitably made, would answer. The whole art of government was defined by the Prime Minister, some years before he had even a prospect of being Prime Minister, as consisting of the proper manipulation of men, and for the successful accomplishment of this process, the social services rendered and the social information collected for the Premier by the most pathetically loyal of his satellites had been simply invaluable.

But fate willed it, and the Conservative newspaper was compelled one morning to announce, in the same type which it would have given to a paragraph proclaiming the death or resignation of a Minister, that Mr. Montagu Corry had sought a more genial climate, and was about to repair his broken health by a brief absence from the scene of his heroic toils. Meanwhile Lord Carnarvon made his exodus from the Colonial Office and Sir Michael Beach reigned in his stead; or, to put it differently, one good Minister had chosen to take the bit between his teeth and bolt, and another equally good Minister, at once more firm and more docile, had been selected to fill the vacant place. Such at least was the conventional Conservative view of the incident, and the journals affected to the Ministerial cause displayed a tendency to congratulate themselves—faintly indeed, as was decent—over the happy conclusion of the episode. The circumstances attending and long preceding Lord Carnarvon's resignation are such that one may be pardoned for declining to dismiss it as the trivial event which it is conveniently represented by mechanical partisanship as being. Lord Beaconsfield, and those who are supposed to speak for Lord Beaconsfield, protested that the grounds on which Lord Carnarvon had separated himself from his colleagues were frivolously indifferent—that between the Colonial Secretary and the Prime Minister there was no substantial difference, and that if Lord Carnarvon would but remain in Downing Street he would see nothing done of which, as patriot and statesman, he could disapprove. But it is impossible to believe that a statesman who lacks neither patriotism nor ambition should insist upon resigning the seals of an important office, which he had administered with such singular success as to be a feature—perhaps *the* feature—in the history of the present Government, at an hour of darkness and danger for one of our dependencies, and consid-

able domestic difficulties for more than one other, unless he were animated by motives which were not exclusively those of vanity or faction, and which must ensure a fair amount of reasonable approval. This is the second time on which Lord Carnarvon has voluntarily thrown up his portfolio. He did so on the first occasion—March 2, 1867, after one of the stormiest Cabinet meetings ever held—in the company of Lord Salisbury and General Peel. He has done so now alone, and there is no doubt something in the general view that a politician who is exceptionally amenable to inconvenient scruples is likely to be considered somewhat of a colleague to be shunned by the makers of future Cabinets.

Before we indicate the circumstances which have preceded the step taken by Lord Carnarvon at the end of last January, and suggest some of its possible consequences, it is as well that we should thoroughly understand the nature of the work which the Colonial Secretary did and the character of the position which he quitted. For an expenditure of less than two millions he brought to a successful conclusion the Ashantee campaign, to which he was committed by his predecessor—the Abyssinian expedition having cost upwards of eleven millions. He annexed, and established a Government in, Fiji. He conceived and executed the project of reorganising the administration of the Gold Coast. He annexed the Transvaal. He elaborated the grand permissive measure known as the South African Confederation Bill. He stood at the time of leaving the Colonial Office with a Kaffir war on his hands, with which he had already given proof that he would not be unqualified to grapple. These are all of them Imperial duties. In those offices where the responsibilities are heavy the opportunities are large, and the promotion at the disposal of the Colonial Secretary perhaps exceeds, in the number of appointments to be filled, that which is enjoyed by any other Minister of the Crown. In addition to these there is a Colonial Order of Knighthood and other minor dignities. The competition of applicants for the places and the honours is as severe as might be expected, and it is the business of the Colonial Secretary to keep mental rather than documentary note or record of the rival claims of these. No small portion of Lord Carnarvon's success has been due to the fact that his decisions in the case of the troops of candidates have been uniformly acceptable to local opinion. Nor is this the only, or indeed the most important, way in which he has contributed to consolidating Colonial and English sentiment. Young communities, like young persons, are gratified by the notice of their elders. It is not the possibility of conflicting interests, but rather the fact of wounded sentiments,

which bodes ill for the continued union of Great Britain and her dependencies. Lord Carnarvon has shown the Colonies that they are not neglected. The success of his Colonial policy has attracted an unprecedented degree of attention to the subjects of it, and Colonial topics have definitely taken their place in the list of those which the average Englishman feels it more or less his duty to study. But Lord Carnarvon has done a good deal more than this. The Colonial ex-Secretary of State is not merely a great administrator, but a great noble. In this latter capacity he has extended his hospitalities in London, and more especially in the country, to the chief men of the various communities, with their complex and often mutually antagonistic interests, that make up the sum of England's Colonial Empire. The unity of that Empire is far from assured. Human forethought, political genius, can take no guarantees against the ultimate severance of the relations which now exist between the mother country and the Colonies. But the sinister sequel which such a severance might be thought inevitably to entail may be minimised, or may be averted altogether, by the timely exercise of a kindly forethought. If we are to part we may at least part as friends. The existence of such a sentiment of friendship is largely dependent on the action, the position, the personal character, of the statesman who is Minister for the time being. The qualifications and opportunities of Lord Carnarvon were, from this point of view, as exceptional as his exertions. His successor has not merely an office to fill, but a tradition to perpetuate and a sentiment to keep alive.

Lord Carnarvon, then, was bound by ties, personal as well as political, not only to the Cabinet but to the Colonies. If it could have been the plain, unmistakable duty of any public man to remain at his post, to ignore merely trivial susceptibilities, and to apply an unction to a too easily lacerated sensitiveness, it was the duty of Lord Carnarvon. Is it, then, to be supposed that he has been guilty of a grievous dereliction of that duty—that he has, in fact, merely played the part of a political Quixote? In the attempt to answer this question it must be borne in mind that the circumstances—and, it may be added, the personal influences—under which Lord Carnarvon entered the present Cabinet were of a very exceptional nature, and Mr. Disraeli may well have congratulated himself on the advocacy which he was able to enlist in support of his offer. Lord Carnarvon had originally separated from the Prime Minister on a point of political conscience. He objected to the Reform Bill of 1867, not only on the ground that it would make an entire transfer of political power in four-tenths of the boroughs, but that it would be a g

act of perfidy to Conservative traditions. It was also on a point of political conscience that Lord Salisbury abdicated. But there was this difference between the withdrawal of the two from the Derby-Disraeli Cabinet of 1867: Lord Salisbury left it as a bitter and outspoken foe of the Disraeli *régime*, and a foe throughout the whole of the rest of its existence he continued; Lord Carnarvon left it as a friend. Contrast the speeches of Lord Carnarvon in the Peers, and Lord Salisbury—then Lord Cranborne—in the Commons. This is quite the bitterest passage in Lord Carnarvon's criticism of the Reform Bill of '67:—

Your Lordships are called to hazard a great experiment in a country of old traditions, and with an area of soil both limited and coveted—in a country whose trade is sensitive and whose commerce rests on the precarious footing of credit. Even if success were to crown your work you would not be justified. The mere fact that you are making such an experiment under such circumstances is a sufficient condemnation of it. It is very painful for me to have to speak in these terms of a measure introduced by those with whom I have for a great number of years acted in relations of political and personal friendship. . . . I have spoken freely and strongly, and, perhaps it may be thought by some, bitterly also. But there has not in fact been any bitterness in what I have said. If I had wished to speak bitterly I might have done so.¹

He certainly might, and he did not; and the best proof of the absence of any malignance or excitement in the criticism was that Lord Carnarvon wound up his speech with an appeal to Earl Grey not to press his amendment, "as there would be sufficient time to make amendments in Committee, and they would enter upon the consideration of the Bill in a better and higher spirit if the subject were lifted altogether above party prejudice and grounds." This appeal was successful, and to Lord Carnarvon it was due in no small degree that the measure passed its second reading in the Peers, July 22, 1867, without any opposition. With the tone of Lord Carnarvon compare that of Lord Salisbury, a week earlier, in the House of Commons:—

If you borrow your political ethics from the ethics of the political adventurer you may depend upon it that the whole of your representative institutions will crumble beneath your feet. It is only because of that mutual trust in each other by which we ought to be animated, it is only because we believe that expressions and conditions expressed and promises made will be followed by deeds, that we are enabled to carry on this party government which has led the country to so high a pitch of greatness. . . . Even if I deemed it most advantageous I still should deeply regret to find that the House of Commons had applauded a policy of legerdemain; and I should above all things regret that the great gift to the people—if gift you think it—should have been purchased by a political betrayal

¹ See Lord Carnarvon's Speech in the House of Lords, March 2, 1867.

which has no parallel in our Parliamentary annals, which strikes at the root of all this mutual confidence which is the very soul of our party government, and on which only the strength and freedom of our representative institutions can be maintained.

It cannot be surprising that, after the expression of such personal sentiments as these towards the Prime Minister, a certain amount of pressure beyond that which his own sense of duty or love of power would supply was necessary to induce Lord Salisbury to join Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet four years ago; it is legitimate to conjecture that some at least of the arguments which won him to the step were administered by Lord Carnarvon. If, therefore, Lord Carnarvon felt convinced that the hour had arrived when he could no longer give his support to the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, it might have been expected that Lord Salisbury would have simultaneously signified the exhaustion of his confidence. The Indian Secretary had long since publicly identified himself with a certain section of the pro-Russian party both in England and at Constantinople. Lord Carnarvon had done nothing of the kind. Why, then, when it came to be a question of taking precautionary measures, of making a demonstration against Russia, should Lord Carnarvon have departed and Lord Salisbury remained? Why, further, let it be asked, should Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby resign in company at the same moment, and yet not withdraw their resignations in company when the Premier and his colleagues gave an assurance that the decisive measure originally contemplated should be abandoned? The explanation—such will be the obvious answer—is to be found in the different conceptions which the two noble Earls had of political duty, national obligation, political honour: Lord Derby saw his way to comfortable association with his colleagues where Lord Carnarvon did not. All this may be perfectly true. But suppose Lord Salisbury had resigned at the same time as Lord Carnarvon, what would Lord Derby have done then? If the jealous imagination of the house of Stanley had not seen the head of the house of Cecil filling the vacancy at the Foreign Office, would Lord Derby be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at this moment? Let those who have reason to know answer. The simple truth is that the continued existence of the Cabinet, with the sole change that for Lord Carnarvon the Duke of Northumberland is substituted, is a crowning tribute to the skill of Lord Beaconsfield in the art of political manipulation. To secure alliances there is no plan like that of gratifying foibles and feeding ambitions. Eleven years ago Mr. Disraeli had no such bitter, uncompromising antagonists as Lord Salisbury and the Duke

of Northumberland. Northumberland House had not then been razed to the ground at Charing Cross, and Northumberland House was then the rendezvous of the Adullamite band. But when party considerations and questions of personal aspiration are at stake past political differences may be interred.

"I must say," remarked the Prime Minister in the House of Lords on January 25, "that I am at a loss to understand that there was sufficient reason for the step taken by him [Lord Carnarvon] in quitting the Cabinet of Her Majesty's Government." The reason which Lord Carnarvon deemed sufficient was practically and ostensibly—for he offered no objection to the money vote as a means for strengthening our diplomacy—the despatch of the fleet to the Dardanelles. But, it will be replied, at the time Lord Carnarvon insisted on his resignation the order for the despatch of the fleet had been cancelled. It is necessary, therefore, to look at the concluding portion of the Minister's statement—"I have seen for some time that this issue must come: we were travelling along a road together to a point at which the path diverges"—and to look at these words by the light of certain indisputable facts. "I venture to think," continued Lord Carnarvon, with due deference, "that I have held on the right path. My colleagues will, of course, take a different view; but this I know, that when any man is guided by the light of conscience and a sense of personal honour, his countrymen will not be extreme to mark what is amiss in an error of judgment." We may venture to add that these words are more suggestive of the real nature of the general reasons which determined Lord Carnarvon definitely to withdraw from Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet than the technical explanation given already. "Honour" and "conscience" are not cant terms in the lips of a man like Lord Carnarvon; and when they are employed by him on a great occasion of state we may well be induced to examine somewhat closely the conditions under which they are uttered.

Nothing could be more unsuitable, and nothing could be further from our purpose, than to bring a railing accusation against the Government or its policy. All true Englishmen can just now have but one wish—to strengthen the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers in view of the dangers and difficulties with which they have to deal. Lord Carnarvon may be said in his speech in the House of Lords to have appealed to his countrymen. We shall merely mention one or two facts which they should not forget in arriving at a decision. It is possible that they may have no difficulty in understanding that which the Prime Minister declares is beyond his comprehension.

And, indeed, this is not the first time that Lord Beaconsfield has professed his inability, no doubt sincerely, to fathom the motives which govern the political conduct of commonplace British members of Parliament. If the secret political history of the year 1852 were fully and faithfully written, it would reveal a series of rather startling transactions. Mr. Disraeli was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his great aim was to prevent a coalition between the Peelites and Whigs. His great difficulty was his Budget, and his great hope was to secure the support of Mr. Bright and the Cobden party in his financial policy against the Whigs. This was the argument—a common detestation of Whiggism—which he addressed to the leader of the Manchester school, on the occasion of a memorable private interview in one of the rooms of Westminster Palace. But it was not successful, and Mr. Disraeli “could not understand” why the Radicals of the Opposition should refuse to make common cause with the Conservatives against the Whig monster. In a similar spirit he could not understand how it should have been supposed that any importance attached to his conversations with Count Seebach in Paris in 1857,—when a reference to *Hansard* will show that the idea of a coalition with the Radicals against Palmerston and the Russo-phobists had suggested itself as possible,—although Count Seebach was at this time notoriously the representative of Russian interests in the French capital. It may be admitted that Lord Carnarvon’s resignation would have been inexplicable if, as Lord Beaconsfield assumed in the House of Lords on January 25, it was solely and entirely provoked by one isolated act—the order for the fleet to sail to the Dardanelles—which, as soon as it was committed, was undone. But it can scarcely seem inexplicable when we look at a long train of antecedent—and subsequent—occurrences. Although Lord Beaconsfield stated in the House of Lords as recently as the March of last year, that the policy of Her Majesty’s Ministers was to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, this policy had been tacitly abandoned long before Parliament met. For that definite programme there had been substituted the perpetually vanishing point of British interests, and the British-interests policy may be briefly defined as the determination not to allow Russia to establish herself at Constantinople, to throw the shadow of her destructive and aggressive might athwart our road to India, to touch Egypt, or, last and most important of all, to settle the Eastern Question—to arrange a peace with Turkey over the heads of Europe. Now, what did Lord Carnarvon say, in his speech of January 2, to the South African deputation? He deprecated

the conclusion that Russia had already placed upon England an intolerable affront; he deprecated a repetition of the policy of the Crimean war; he denounced such a repetition as an act of insanity. But here he merely shaped into language the views of which his colleagues had signified their approval by quietly dropping the policy of the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The object of the Crimean war, or one of its objects, was the maintenance of this. Lord Salisbury, on the first day of the session, remarked with satisfaction that the very idea of it had disappeared from the Ministerial programme; therefore it is fair to conclude that on January 2 Lord Carnarvon's views were in accordance with the publicly-declared views of the Cabinet.

But, on the other hand, there were the "extra-Parliamentary utterances" of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gathorne Hardy; there was the famous Mansion House manifesto of the Prime Minister's sympathy with Turkey; there were the outlines of a definite pro-Turkish policy, on the ground of English prestige—not English interests—in the East, clamorously advocated in a semi-official or purely official London newspaper; there was the English Ambassador at Constantinople; there was his *adlatus*, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*; above all, there was the war agitation in the country, the growth of a spurious patriotism and a flashy militarism, stimulated by many leading members of the Conservative party, certainly discouraged by no protests on the part of any member of the Cabinet, and the promoters of which were gladdened by an occasional note of the Prime Minister, gratefully acknowledging the "sympathy and support" of which a pro-Turkish demonstration had made him the recipient. Between the statements made in Lord Carnarvon's South African speech and the latest official words and acts of the Cabinet there was no inconsistency. The *Daily Telegraph*, indeed, called the Colonial Secretary of State to account for his "unwise statements" in a very peremptory manner, and hinted that a certain Royal personage had done, or desired to do, the same thing. It appears that about the same time the Prime Minister, to quote Lord Carnarvon, "thought himself at liberty to condemn very severely the language that I had used." Now, if this language, while not conflicting with the official words or acts of the Government, was deemed sufficient cause of the Premier's displeasure—as it was of the displeasure of the *Daily Telegraph*—the legitimate inference is that Lord Carnarvon had reason to believe that the designs of at least a section of his colleagues were not those to which he could conscientiously be a party. To use his own

metaphor, the time had come when he could no longer ignore that the path pursued by the rest of the Cabinet must not be the path pursued by himself.

And before this, Lord Carnarvon must have seen reason to doubt how long he could comfortably remain a member of the Beaconsfield Cabinet. It is now perfectly clear that Her Majesty's Ministers have had, since the time of the atrocities agitation, nothing that could by courtesy be called a policy, and for this absence of a policy Lord Carnarvon must bear his share of the responsibility. On the other hand, Lord Carnarvon may have believed that events were tending to bring about that consummation, to advance which he may have thought should be the real policy of England, "the fuller liberty and the better government of the Christian subjects of the Porte."¹ For himself, absorbed as he was by his duties at the Colonial Office, he may have felt entitled to hope that all would happen for the best, and that the end would justify the means. But the time came when he could cherish this fond delusion no longer, when he saw that the policy of the Cabinet must be, by mere force of numbers, a policy of action to-day and of re-action to-morrow—a policy governed by no principle, directed towards no fixed end, but calculated, from its very uncertainty, to jeopardise the peace of England and to involve us in a war of which we had not counted the cost. To a man who is troubled with old-fashioned scruples on the subject of the rapidly decaying virtue of literal truthfulness and the manifest meaning of words, the moral atmosphere of the Cabinet can scarcely have been more satisfactory than the political. Lord Beaconsfield denied in the House of Lords, on the day of the opening of Parliament, that there had been any kind of dissension or division in the Cabinet. The proof of the verbal veracity of the Prime Minister was the resignation of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. On the same day, also, Lord Salisbury, who has hitherto been supposed rather to disapprove of playing fast and loose with words and phrases, said—

As to dissension in the Cabinet, I was anxious to know on what grounds that charge was brought, and as far as I could see there were only two—one was that Musurus Pasha had provided the Constitution from which I differed; and the other was our old friends the newspapers.

Compare with this the following:—

I have been led to consider carefully the events of the last few weeks, and the divergences of opinion which have, unfortunately, developed themselves among us, and I cannot conceal from myself that those differences have been very out-

¹ See Preface to *Lord Carnarvon's Speech*, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul.

siderable on a question where it is of the utmost importance to the country that the Government should be one and undivided.—Lord Carnarvon, January 18, 1878. (Letter to Lord Beaconsfield.)

So much has passed since these miserable *exposés* took place that they may be considered to belong to ancient history; but, as Lord Carnarvon's position cannot be understood without it, their repetition is necessary here. The political action of the Government had all the faults of the Ministerial statements in Parliament, and Lord Carnarvon must have felt that it was no valid excuse for the numerically most-powerful Administration that England has seen for many years, alternately to plead Mr. Gladstone's agitation as a plea for inaction, and the music-hall demonstrations as the necessity for vigorous measures. Her Majesty's Ministers have either done nothing, or else, when they have done it, they have laboured to undo it. Whether they have acted or refrained from acting, there has been as little consistency in their explanations as in the manifestations of what they are pleased to call their policy. Thus, as regards the despatch of an English Squadron to the Sea of Marmora—at last an accomplished fact—we have been told by the Prime Minister that it was rendered necessary by the Russian advance and the delay in the signature of the armistice, and by Sir Stafford Northcote that it was necessary for the protection of the lives and property of British subjects in Constantinople. It is not necessary to agree with the views which Lord Carnarvon is, or was, thought to entertain as to the desirability of acquiescing in the annihilation of the Turkish Empire in Europe, to see and to admit that a Cabinet in which orders were given one day to be rescinded the next, and in which the clamours of a philo-Turk meeting were set off against the significance of an anti-war demonstration, was no place for a man who did not wish to see English statesmanship become a plaything and a reproach.

The Cabinet, in truth, was already discredited not only at home but abroad—in the eyes not only of Russia but of Turkey. The correspondence published on February 11 between Mr. Layard, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Tenterden reveals a state of things which it is not easy to understand how English gentlemen can reconcile with their ordinary ideas of patriotism, justice, and honour. Again and again have Lord Derby in the Upper House, and Mr. Bourke in the Lower, risen to make the humiliating reply to anxious questioners, that no information on the alarming or alarmist rumours of the hour had reached Downing Street. Mr. Layard has known nothing, in fact, except what Turkish and Russian diplo-

matists have desired that he should know. He is the very humble servant of the Porte, and the Porte, as well as the astute diplomatists of the Czar, fools him to the top of his bent. He is entirely ignorant that one of the preliminary conditions of peace was the virtual occupation of Constantinople by a Russian force. He is quite unprepared for the news that Russia has persuaded Turkey to close the Straits against English ships of war. He is the dupe and tool of any moderately clever diplomatist or publicist who professes sympathy with the Ottoman cause. He does not represent, he has never represented, England: he represents certain interests and sympathies; but they are not British interests, and the sympathies are those not of the statesman nor the patriot, but of the partisan. Such, indeed, is his partisanship that it has betrayed him into the most unscrupulous acts of which an English ambassador has probably ever been guilty. His diplomacy is so feeble that he can give us no news, and he has, therefore, according to his own showing, occupied himself with hunting up casual—and exceedingly indiscreet—letters of Mr. Gladstone, sometimes reading, sometimes conjecturing their contents, and communicating the text or the impression which the perusal of the text has left to notorious newspaper correspondents.

It is useless to deny that for all these transactions Her Majesty's Government is directly or indirectly responsible. They are not the transactions with which it can be agreeable to be associated, and when protest against them is vain, when from being merely shabby they begin to be dangerous, the only thing for one who declines to be implicated in the responsibility any longer is to bid Her Majesty's Government farewell. This is what Lord Carnarvon has done. It is not his motives, which in their exactness can, of course, only be known to himself, that we are called upon to conjecture; it is not the policy, whatever that may be, which commends itself to him that we are called upon to criticise: the one thing we have to consider is his action, and when it is said that the late Colonial Secretary has not borne out his reputation for statesmanship or for patriotism by deserting his colleagues at a critical moment, it is necessary to remember what the facts of the situation are, and for Lord Carnarvon's critics to ask themselves whether the wonder is, not that Lord Carnarvon went, but that [many of his colleagues did not follow. This, we venture to think, will be the verdict, not of history, not of the next generation only, but of all sober-minded politicians a very little while hence. Lord Carnarvon has simply chosen to exercise the courage of his self-respect, and the time is probably not far off when

the conviction of this fact will immensely strengthen his position merely as a politician in the country. Political empiricism cannot last for ever. A policy dictated by a narrow expediency, and the most selfish of party exigencies, decked out in bizarre phrases, seeking to conceal its pusillanimity in big words and its nakedness in the clothing of a tawdry rhetoric ; a policy that is a hybrid growth between the quiet confidence of Bobadil and the high chivalry of Bob Acres, may do for a while, but cannot satisfy the English people as permanence. We are gradually nearing a new—and, it may be trusted, a nobler—point of departure in politics. The forces at present operative are gradually wearing themselves out, and the political organisation which rests upon no other basis than the astounding cleverness of a gifted alien will be remodelled and renewed. When the dominant ideas of English statesmanship are once again in accordance with English traditions, and have ceased to be reproductions of the Italian statecraft of mediævalism, it is not rash to predict that Lord Carnarvon's conduct will be no longer inexplicable, and that Englishmen will not consider it creditable to profess their inability to understand why Lord Carnarvon resigned.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

SPRING.

O FRESH flower-litany of spring !
Each year it comes with sweet surprise :
No deeper blue the violet knew,
No sunnier was the crocus-gold,
No greener tinge had snowdrop fringe,
Than when in times grown old
They greeted childish eyes.

O bright bird-litany of Spring !
The robin sang the winter thro',
But now the lark is up i' the dark,
Brown mavis carols o'er lawn and glen,
With golden bill the black merles trill,
Flutters the atom wren,
The birds are wild to woo.

Fresh flowers that spring ! Bright birds that sing !
Alien and yet akin are we.
By rill and stream of care men dream,
And nought can cure their fever-fret :
But no trouble have I 'twixt turf and sky
When laughs my darling pet
With birds and flowers and me.

MORTIMER COLLIS

PARISH REGISTERS.

FEW people realise the fact that every parish, large and small, has, or ought to have, a record of every baptism, marriage, or burial that has taken place in that parish for more than three hundred years; and fewer persons still know that amongst the archives of every diocese there ought to be, though in very few cases there is, a duplicate of the register of every parish contained in it. But the reality falls far short of the ideal; for few parishes have perfect records, some have none at all, and the registers of most are more or less imperfect; while as regards the transcripts which should have been forwarded year by year to the Bishop, they have been irregularly sent, carelessly stored, and now in many cases are absolutely uncountable. And yet, though musty and perishing with damp, yellow with age, grimed and dirty with the curious thumbing of generations of parish clerks, filled with the crabbed characters of the ignorant as well as with the elegant handwriting of the scholar, parish registers contain facts not to be again lost sight of when once their importance has been recognised. Though each entry in itself may be of small account, taken altogether they are a history for some three centuries of the whole of the English people, of the peer as well as of the peasant, of the countryman as well of the townsman, of the squire, the yeoman, and the hind; and though at the present time a centralised system of registration has been adopted, its province is to record births, marriages, and deaths, while the parochial system concerns itself with baptisms, marriages, and burials. Nor are the contents of parish registers limited to genealogical entries alone; notices of long-forgotten facts and quaint fancies are often met with—when the bells of the church were cast, and when the new gallery was put up; when the lime-trees were planted in the churchyard, and when the vicarage was rebuilt; what the parson thought of the politics of the time, and the verses he wrote on the events of the day. A distinct blank in our knowledge of the people of England is filled by parish registers; they record incidents in the lives of the people, whose history concerns itself with princes.

What is to be done to preserve for the use of future generations

the fast-perishing information they contain? How are they to be kept from the ravages of time, or the neglect of the ignorant?—from the risk of fire, and damp, and mould? Now they are under the care of some 11,000 clergymen, who may or may not take any interest in their charges, and may or may not be able even to decipher them; and they are entitled to demand nearly a prohibitory fee for a simple search in the parish books, apart from the fee payable for a certified extract; and though, to their credit be it said, they do not often exact their pound of flesh, it is in their power to do so if they choose. What an anomaly is this, that a man who happens to be the spiritual head of his parish, who is well paid for his signature to a certificate when it is required, should be able to levy a tax for consulting a record which does not concern him in the least, and which he keeps merely on account of the permanence of his office and not from any merit of his own! Whether the enquirer be a parishioner or no, the fee is the same; whether the enquiry be prompted by curiosity as to his great-grandfather's wedding-day, or by the hope of gaining marketable knowledge, the fee is the same; and whether the register is in perfect order and the entry be at once found, or whether, through the most culpable carelessness and neglect, only tattered pages and illegible entries remain, the fee is the same; for the fee is for the search and not for the finding. Surely, too, if any benefit is to be gained by the sale of the information contained in the register, it should belong to the parishioners and not to the parson; to those whose predecessors bought the book to write in, and the chest to keep the book in, and not to the man who happens to be the successor of men who, not of their own free-will but under the compulsion of law, made the entries, seldom heartily, often carelessly, sometimes not at all. And as to accessibility, although by payment of the recognised fee a register can be seen and notes taken from it by anyone who chooses to do so, still it is not by any means a comfortable proceeding. If the register is kept at the rectory, the enquirer feels that he is taking up the rector's time, who rightly in such a case ought never to allow the register out of his sight; that he is preventing him from following his usual occupations, and depriving him of the use of his study for as long a time as the search lasts—perhaps for the whole day, for an extended search takes much longer than might be expected. The visitor feels that no fee can pay for such intrusion by a stranger upon a stranger. If the register is kept at the church, and the visitor is handed over to the parish clerk, he has to put up with a badly-lighted, cheerless vestry; to write at a rickety table, seated upon a ri

chair ; and to endure the garrulosity and curiosity of the old clerk, who seizes upon a stranger with such a mission as his lawful prey.

How then can the minimum of danger and the maximum of accessibility be best combined ? Clearly by the collection of all such documents in London, at all events those of a certain antiquity. In the case of registers the year 1812 might be taken as a convenient dividing-point, since in that year, by George Rose's Act (52nd Geo. III. cap. 146), the old method of registering by written entries in a parchment book was superseded. The Act required all entries of baptism and burials to be made by filling up printed forms in books appropriated to each class of entry, in the same manner that marriages had been registered since Lord Hardwicke's Act in 1753 (26th George II. cap. 33). New books were consequently provided in every parish, and the old ones put away, so that an universal break occurs which could well be taken advantage of. Nor need the clergy, by thus proceeding, be deprived of their legitimate fees for granting certified copies of entries in the register. Few copies of entries before that date are now required, and, should one be needed, the signature of the clergyman of the parish to which the certificate relates might still be made necessary to constitute such copy evidence, for which signature the usual fee would be paid. To the proposal, then, of transferring the registers to a central office, the objection that it would cause the clergy the loss of their fees should have no validity ; nor that such a forcible divorce of their records from a parish would increase their inaccessibility. Though that might be the case with regard to the parish itself and its next neighbours, to all the rest of England there would be manifest advantage ; for they could much more easily consult it than in its native home, and as well compare it on the spot with the registers of other parishes. Not the least advantage would be the possibility of following a family through all its ramifications in scattered parishes at the same time, and in the same room. Lord Romilly, when Master of the Rolls, proposed to transfer all ecclesiastical documents, including parish registers, from their present scattered repositories to the Record Office ; but there arose at once such a chorus of disapproval from their present custodians, anxious about their fees, that the scheme was abandoned. It is certain, though, that when the public attention becomes more directed to documents of this class, the scheme will not only be revived but carried out. The transference of these records to London need in no wise be considered as interfering with any scheme of publishing parish registers ; nor, on the other hand, will the most extended publication do away with the duty of preserving them in the most

careful manner possible. Even in London, with all the care the parchments would receive from official custodians, there would necessarily be some risk, and certain deterioration. To translate their crabbed handwriting and fading characters into a form more easily read, and to multiply copies of an unique document will ever be a desirable object; and though it is manifestly impossible to publish every register, yet, on the other hand, there are very few worthy of being published in their entirety; of the great mass, selections of those entries likely to be of general interest would be sufficient, though if a register be touched at all, an index at least of every name in it should be given, since entries of extreme importance to individual enquirers might appear in very humble guise. A model of what a volume of registers ought to be is to be found in Colonel Chester's "Westminster Abbey Registers," published by the Harleian Society; and though perhaps few registers deserve such careful annotation and painstaking editing, if the like were done to registers of importance throughout the land, much knowledge would be gained, in addition to what we already possess, of the antecedents of both peers and commoners; in fact, of the whole of the English people.

JOHN AMPHLETT.

TABLE TALK.

THE jelly-fish have at length been shown to possess a nervous system, a point which had been considered doubtful. Grant and Ehrenberg, indeed, had asserted the fact, but Eschscholtz and others had failed to discover any traces of nerves in the largest jelly-fish they examined. Mr. Romanes, by a series of physiological researches, the microscope being only used as an auxiliary instead of being solely relied on, as by former enquirers, has succeeded in proving satisfactorily that jelly-fish or *Meduside* have a nervous system. His experiments were hardly perhaps as satisfactory to the jelly-fish selected for observation as to himself and the scientific world. Everyone knows the umbrella or mushroom form of the jelly-fish. The stem part, it appears, has no tissue elements possessing a properly ganglionic function, which is the pleasing scientific way of indicating that there are no nerve centres in this part of the jelly-fish to exercise control over the movements of the umbrella part or swimming-bell. These movements are regulated from the margin. When Mr. Romanes cut off the margin, the pulsations of the swimming-bell immediately ceased, and were not again renewed, but the severed margin continued its rhythmical pulsations for some time, and as regularly as the entire bell had pulsated before the operation. The whole of the muscular sheet which lines the cavity of the bell is pervaded, it seems, by a dense mesh-work of nerve fibres, which serve to convey the ganglionic impulses from the margin over the whole expanse of the muscular sheet.

THE intelligent affection of the animal creation has of late years been severely questioned. The dog, it is asserted, has drowned a good many more masters than it has saved, by beating them down (in fun) with its forepaws. And now comes an unpleasant piece of canine news from Kaffirland. "Many horrible things have been seen by our volunteers over the Kei, but perhaps the most revolting sight was that of a dog lying gorged by the side of his dead master, upon whose body it had been feeding from day to

day." The correspondent goes on to indulge in the theory as to whether faithful and intelligent animals "degenerate by contact with a savage race." Saddened by this terrible anecdote, I will tell you something which I have hitherto kept locked in my own heart, out of respect for Mr. Jesse and Dr. John Brown on the one hand, and on the other for the memories of Scott and Wordsworth. I was once hospitably entertained for a few days at the farmhouse of a certain "statesman" (as yeomen in those parts are termed) in Cumberland, the mountain district of which is the very home of dogs, and those of the brightest and most intelligent kind, the collies. We were talking of the sad death of the pedestrian Gough, on Helvellyn, who, as every one knows, perished in winter and was found in spring with his faithful dog beside him. With the ardour of youth I quoted to him some of Scott's lines upon the event :—

More stately they couch by this desert lake lying,
Their obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness their dying
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

"It's all very fine," was all the statesman remarked upon it. In my innocence, I thought he meant this for approbation and turned my Wordsworth tap on (with "Fidelity") to the very last drop :—

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot
Or by his Master's side ;
How nourished there through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

"And *that's* all very fine too," observed the statesman.

"Of course it is," said I. "Have you yourself, as an inhabitant of the mountains, any theory upon the question how the dog did sustain life all that time?"

"Theory? No! I *know* how he lived, if that's what you mean, well enough ; he lived upon his master !"

A DUTCH Company is said to have obtained from the Khedive a right of draining Lake Mareotis, and turning to profitable account the land, about seventy-five thousand acres, thus reclaimed. The damage resulting from one of the most high-handed of English proceedings will thus be remedied, since the continued existence of the ancient lake, which at one time was almost dry, is attributable to

the action of British troops while besieging the adjacent city of Alexandria. If patience and ingenuity can accomplish the task, the Dutchmen will execute it. They may obtain in its performance some further preparation for the greater task they are supposed to contemplate of draining the Zuyder Zee, the effect of which would be to add to the existing territory of Holland about six hundred and eighty-seven thousand square acres. Here would be something like a haul for the indefatigable Dutchmen, who, according to Andrew Marvell, were wont to collect

Anxiously small loads of clay
Less than what building swallows bear away,

and who regarded as important

So much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
Or what by the ocean slow alluvion fell
Of ship-wrecked cockle and the mussel shell.

It is curious that our few quarrels with the Dutch, with whom we have had close and long-enduring alliance, should have supplied our literature with some of the best satire it possesses, while scarcely a single line worth preservation has been directed against the French, who during many centuries were regarded as our natural enemies.

A BURSAR in a certain Oxford college, highly distinguished for scholarship, grew tired last year of University life, and though verging on middle age determined to read for the Bar. For this purpose he applied to a famous chamber counsel, who knew more of Law than of the ways of Alma Mater, and set to work as his pupil. The lawyer was delighted with his application to study and its results, and on the conversation at his own dinner-table happening a few months afterwards to turn upon University topics, he thus delivered himself: "As for me, you know, I have never been to college, and on that account, perhaps, have been given to decry such institutions: they are full of abuses, no doubt; but, upon my life, they produce—I mean the mere atmosphere of them produces—some very remarkable characters. I've a man now with me, as a student, nearly as old as myself, not a poor man, as is usual in such cases, far from it—I dare say a very rich one—but who has doubtless got his money by fattening upon undergraduates; perquisites on food and wine, and so on. Yet at his mature years he wishes to learn something; to improve himself; to escape from sordid emoluments. His name is C.; he was the Butler at Christ College."

"My good sir," exclaimed one of the guests, "if you mean that reads with you, he was the Bursar ; and took one of the highest degrees of his year."

"Good Heavens !" ejaculated the host, "I thought a Bursar was a Butler." And he was very silent for the rest of the evening.

THERE has been some discussion in the *Times* as to the possibility of conceiving the real significance of a billion. Many ways of presenting the significance of a billion were suggested, but it may be doubted whether any of these indicate clearly the vastness of the number. For, after all, whatever device we employ to show what the number is, the real difficulty lies in conceiving the number as such. It is easy to show what a billion really means, in terms relating to things separately conceivable,—which by the way is not always the case with the illustrations suggested in the *Times*. (For instance, of what use can it be to say that so many sovereigns set side by side will encircle the earth, when no one is able to conceive the dimensions of the earth?) Thus, if an inch be divided into tenths, and one of these tenths into ten equal parts, we have visibly presented to the eye ten hundredth parts of an inch. Again, if we pace a distance of 278 yards, we have a range of distance which the eye can readily estimate. This distance contains a million of the minute measures first obtained, a million hundredth parts of an inch. We can readily conceive it divided into yards and feet and inches and hundredths of an inch. But we cannot readily conceive the number of these small divisions. Again, we can readily conceive a square having each side 278 yards long, each side divided into hundredths of an inch, and the whole square divided up into squares each having sides a hundredth of an inch long. But we cannot conceive the number of these minute squares,—viz. one billion. Yet again, we can conceive a cube having the large square as its base, and divided into a multitude of cubes each having edges a hundredth of an inch long. But we cannot conceive the number of these minute cubes,—a trillion. The mind fails to conceive such numbers, however presented. We can conceive a length of 278 yards easily enough, and we can easily conceive the division of any *small* part of such a length into hundredths of an inch ; but the mind cannot picture the number of divisions resulting from such subdivision of the *entire* length.

SOME misapprehension, by the way, appears to exist as to the use of the words billion, trillion, quadrillion,—probably because

occasion so seldom arises for the employment of these terms. On the Continent a billion generally means a thousand millions, a trillion means a million millions, a quadrillion means a thousand million millions, and so on. This is unquestionably erroneous; the best proof of which is that with this usage it is impossible to give any reasonable significance to the "bi," "tri," "quadri," &c., of the numbers in question. A thousand is made the multiplier, but a billion is a thousand cubed or raised to the third power, according to the Continental practice, a trillion a thousand raised to the fourth power, and so on. Our English usage is the correct one. According to it a billion is a million millions, or a million squared (that is, raised to the second power,) a trillion is a million billions, or a million million millions, *i.e.* a million raised to the third power, and a quadrillion is a million million million millions or a million raised to the fourth power, and so on; the "bi," "tri," "quadri," &c., implying always the power (second, third, fourth, &c.) to which a million is raised to give these numbers respectively.

FRENCH ignorance concerning things English is colossal. In a recent supplement to the *Paris Figaro*, devoted wholly to London, we obtain some startling information. We are thus told that whenever several Englishmen are dining together, and the moment for drinking toasts has arrived, the *oldest man in the company* rises glass in hand to propose the health of the Queen. We learn that the Prince of Wales is universally proclaimed a "gentleman good fellow," and that when a newspaper correspondent arrives in a foreign capital, he shows his letters of introduction, signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the English representative, who answers immediately by a *ticket of soup*, that is to say, an invitation to dinner. Frenchmen tell me that mistakes as crass as these are constantly made in English newspapers. This I do not believe, since, for one Frenchman with a moderate knowledge of English, there are two Englishmen with a thorough knowledge of French. The *Times* did its best to foster an opinion of this kind when it allowed a flagrant error to creep into the letter of M. Victorien Sardou, in which he disowned all connection with the version of his play of "Patrie," brought out at the Queen's Theatre. M. Sardou at least will have a low opinion of English journalism, as regards its familiarity with things French.

THE startling theory was once advanced that when a planet grew very old and therefore very cold, its sun also no longer warming it, its atmosphere and all gases existing upon it would be condensed

to the solid or liquid form. In a treatise on Saturn, a modern writer (who has since abandoned the idea) suggested that conceivably the Moon's mass may have become so intensely cold that the atmospheric envelope once surrounding it has been condensed into the liquid and thence into the solid form. "It need not," he proceeded, "be necessarily assumed that all the gases on the Moon have been thus solidified. Small seas of liquefied gases may exist upon the Moon's surface; and again, some of the phenomena that have been supposed to indicate the presence of an atmosphere may be due to gaseous envelopes of small extent still uncondensed. We may imagine, for instance, that hydrogen would resist an intensity of cold that would liquefy or solidify all other gases." Since Lord Rosse's experiments show that at lunar mid-day the Moon's surface is hotter than boiling water, we cannot very readily assume that a snow of frozen oxygen and nitrogen has covered the Moon's surface. But we now know certainly that oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are no exceptions to the general rule that every substance elementary or compound may exist, under suitable conditions of temperature and pressure, in any one of the three forms, gaseous, liquid, or solid. Pictet and Cailletet have independently succeeded in liquefying oxygen; and Cailletet has further succeeded in liquefying nitrogen. He has also forced hydrogen to assume the form of mist, that is, he has converted it into drops not separately visible, which is as clear a proof that it can be liquefied as though he had obtained a jet of liquid hydrogen. In liquefying both hydrogen and nitrogen, Cailletet used a temperature of 300 degrees below zero Centigrade (or 508 degrees below zero Fahrenheit). This is 27 degrees Centigrade below what was supposed to be the absolute zero of temperature below which it was impossible to go! The pressure required for nitrogen was 200 atmospheres, for hydrogen 280.

IN spite of the temporary invasion of that Bashi-Bazouk of card games, Baccarat—whose very existence is, in the eyes of all sober denizens of the clubs, an outrage and a scandal—whist steadily keeps its pre-eminence amongst us. The praisers of the past may insist that "the ask for trumps" has spoiled the game, but, at all events, it has put even the most inferior players upon the alert, and in imperatively demanding their attention to one particular point has to some degree secured it for others. There are certainly fewer careless players than before its invention. As a rule the grand old game begets friendships and cements them; but it is, no doubt, attended with certain traits of temper—crucial ones—out of which comes a fair

share of good hating. One man will not sit down at the same table with another, who, on the other hand, though sharing the like antagonism, is often not so delicate, and makes no scruple of cutting into his enemy's rubber. A. and B., both excellent players, were in this unfortunate relation to one another. A., who did not care whom he played with—it was his boast that “he would sit down with the Devil” (his friends added “and beat him”)—would cut in remorselessly at B.'s table, whereupon B. would get up and go. But late last autumn, when the card-room grew thin, and there was a difficulty in finding another table, this persecution grew intolerable to B. “The next time that fellow joins my rubber,” he said, “I *won't* go, and when we cut for partners I'll throw him over. I shall not revoke, because that is not fair, but I shall claim the privilege of a Briton in playing just as I please, and that will be very badly.”

Unconscious of this resolve, A. did cut in at B.'s table, and with the most unfortunate results. When he came to be his partner, B. trumped his best cards, threw his kings away to the other's aces and lost every trick that he could lose. It was funny enough to see A.'s face, who could not, or did not, say anything, because they were not upon speaking terms; but whose eyes, and even his teeth, spoke volumes. Yet something presently happened which increased still more the absurd drollery of the situation. A certain dignitary of the Bar—one of Her Majesty's Judges—who had recently joined the club in question, happened to drop into the card-room that afternoon for the purpose of watching B.'s play, which he had understood to be, in the way of science, “a positive treat.” He was not himself a good whist-player, but he flattered himself he knew how to appreciate skill in another. He therefore seated himself at B.'s elbow, and was favoured with one of the most extraordinary specimens of whist-playing that could be imagined. Though not exactly a diffident person, he had that respect for established authority peculiar to his profession, and instead of saying “This man is mad,” he was heard to softly murmur, “Well, B. may be a great player, but I don't like his ‘coups.’”

This opinion was shared by A. to such an extent that he brought B.'s conduct before the Committee. The Committee agreed with A., and I agree with the Committee; but, nevertheless, I feel indebted to B. for the most amusing twenty minutes—for A. had such great hands as retarded his defeat throughout that period—that I (thank goodness, like the Judge, a mere spectator) ever passed in clubland.

I HAVE been poring recently with more perplexity than advantage over some statistics quoted by Mr. Richard A. Proctor, relative to the "Influence of Marriage on the Death-rate." One conclusion supported by these is that the married state, so far as men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty are concerned, is more conducive to longevity than what has been called in an undue spirit of levity, single blessedness. This might, I think, fairly have been anticipated. Marriage, in the case of men of mature age, promotes, temporarily at least, the steadiness of life and the quietude of existence which are most conducive to health. What, however, is to me wholly bewildering is the wonderfully high death-rate that prevails among those deprived in early life of their partners. One example will show this. In France the mortality per thousand amounts to 6.2 in married men between twenty-five and thirty, 10.2 in bachelors of the same age, and 21.8 in widows. Statistics exhibiting similar results are sent by Belgium and Holland. If these are to be trusted, we must suppose that loyalty to the dead is more common than philosophers and moralists from the time of Hamlet have maintained. If grief over the loss of a mate can raise the average of death to double what it is in bachelors, and thrice that of the happily married, human nature is less sophisticated than is generally supposed. Do we not repeat the assertions of satirists and the epigrams of poets until we begin seriously to believe in them? Old Weller's advice to his son, to "beware of widows," has been held to be the "true word spoken in jest." Surely statistics, such as those to which I point, should make us return to the days of pastoral poetry, and resume the old analogy of the turtle mourning over its mate.

AN experiment on a scale larger than has yet been attempted in the direction of protecting public buildings from lightning is about to be made in Paris. L'Abattoir Général of La Villette, which covers about 80,000 mètres, is to be protected by a series of rods and conductors arranged upon a very elaborate scale. I do not intend to enter into the particulars of these. What I wish to draw attention to is the fact that the French authorities maintain that the balance between the clouds and the earth is obtained by the withdrawal of electricity from the latter to the former, and not, as was previously believed, by the reverse process. As the result of recent observations, I could almost believe that the paratonnerres, of which a large number have of late been erected in France, have indeed drawn much electricity from the soil and from the people also. No alarm need be created as yet on this score, since both have plenty to spare.

IF it should prove that our entire system of drainage is a mistake, it will be the most stupendous mistake in its class that has ever been made. Those who "go down to the sea in ships" have little difficulty in believing what Captain Calvert reports concerning the state of the Thames at the outfall of the sewage. That the floating matter in the Thames off Gravesend and Erith is as pestilential as it is offensive is shown by the fact that fish once caught in those portions of the river have now deserted them. Dutch eel-vessels, which used once to send fish in perforated boxes astern of wherries, are now unable to do so, the water being poisonous to their cargoes. London is not the only town that has made a blunder of this class, nor is "Royal-towered Thame" the only river that has suffered from so obnoxious treatment. It is shown, indeed, that the sea itself is contaminated with the refuse poured into it, and the favourite sea-side haunts of the Englishman are commencing to suffer from the system of discharging into it the matter for want of which our fields are suffering.

Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
Is gross with sand,

says Alexander Smith. It is gross with something worse than sand you will find, if you choose to visit Ramsgate, the bay between Dover Harbour and Shakespeare Cliff, and other localities.

Come unto these yellow sands
And there take hands,

will be an invitation not lightly to be given, as one hand at least will be needed for guarding the olfactory sense. It is indispensable that something should be done at once to remedy a state of affairs, the end of which no one can foresee. Not on the borders of any English river will Dr. Richardson be able, under existing conditions, to plant his city of health.

HAVING seen into the grave the last of his enemies except Garibaldi, Pope Pius the Ninth has at length relaxed a hold upon life which may almost be described as grim and relentless. His death has taken place under conditions of storm and convulsion appropriate enough to the important part he has played in history. If

No rough-bearded comet
Stared on *his* mild departure,

the accompaniments of war and suffering were impressive and terrible

enough to light up his death-bed with lurid grandeur. He was, however, a small man for the rôle that was thrust upon him. Kind, meek, and amiable in nature, he had that sheep-like obstinacy of disposition which of all human qualities is the hardest to conquer. The "*non possumus*" with which he answered all entreaties to submit to a compromise which should reunite the Papacy to the Italian kingdom, the formation of which is described in the present number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has received a species of proverbial application. It is difficult now to realise the kind of rapture with which the population of Rome greeted his first measures reforming the Papal administration and service, and the amnesty he pronounced upon all political prisoners. It amounted to an absolute regeneration of the people. In his admiration for his new ruler the Roman laid aside his vices and his crimes. A contemporary observer not too friendly to the Papacy, describing Rome, reports: "You hear of no more crimes or disorders in Rome. The example of the ruler and the fear of displeasing him have animated every heart and ameliorated all classes of the people." This is not the place in which to discuss the events of his life, or to show the manner in which the menaces of Austria, the proclamation of the French revolution, and the excesses of a portion of the Italian Radicals drove the timid ruler into Conservatism and effected the "rift within the lute." How wide a breach was subsequently established is matter of history. At the outset of active life Pius the Ninth was a soldier, and served as one of the guard of nobles of Pius the Seventh. The two Popes thus intimately associated cover between them a period of the world's history which goes back to the last Jacobite insurrection in England. What changes the world has seen since then cannot easily be conceived. It may be consoling to those, however, and they are not few, who believe in the vitality of the Papacy and its aggressive tendency, to think that every great movement has ended by limiting its powers and widening the breach between it and the people. The next wearer of the tiara will succeed to a diminished empire and a less potent sway.

SYLVANUS URBAN.



SECRET



THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

BAFFLED.

FOR one who has ever lived long enough in London to make it a home, there is something in the stir and bustle of its streets, the shifting variety of its faces, the very tread of busy feet on its pavement, that brings his mind, as it were, to its proper bearings, causing him to appraise himself, his affairs, and his interest at their real value, and reminding him that any one individual, though the centre of his own circle, is but an insignificant unit in the great scheme.

Before John Roy had rattled through half-a-dozen streets, and shaved as many lamp-posts, in a hansom cab, he began to take a clearer view of his position, and to suspect that he might have been in a greater hurry than behoved a man of his experience, who had seen so much of life. It was unwise thus to jump, without inquiry, to conclusions. It would have been better to put his pride in his pocket, and get what information he could from the railway officials at his own station concerning his wife and her supposed travelling companion, before he rushed up to London, breathing blood and gunpowder, on an expedition that might turn out a fool's errand after all!

Such reflections came too late. He had arrived in town by the early train for a particular purpose, and he must carry it through. Obviously, the first thing to be done was to dress at an hotel and go down at once to his club.

Yet, for all his knowledge of the world, it seemed strange to this man, whose mind was pre-occupied with matters of life and death,

that half-a-dozen acquaintances whom he had not seen for years should greet him, as if they were in the habit of meeting every day, with a careless nod and a growl at the east wind. Truly, your London welcome is the reverse of gushing, and an earthquake would hardly affect the well-bred placidity of St. James's Street if it took place east of Temple Bar.

Club usages and club manners are of themselves. In other phases of life, men may seem pleased with the society of their friends and even interested in their welfare ; but as soon as they have passed the hall-porter and received their letters, such exuberance of natural feeling is at once discarded. As a huntsman puts on his kennel-coat when he goes amongst his hounds, so the members of these social institutions think well to clothe themselves from head to foot in an indifference which, but for its exceeding carelessness, would not be far removed from disgust.

Like most reserved people, John Roy was somewhat impressionable. It is not too much to say that he felt both discouraged and disheartened as, entering the morning-room of the Junior Amalgamated, he scanned nervously the array of hats and newspapers representing the members of that exclusive association. Where all faces were hidden, it was difficult to identify a friend ; and his spirit sank, while he reflected how severely he must put that friend's attachment to the test. Shy, awkward, and perplexed, he walked stiffly to the fireplace, feeling, like a thorough Englishman, that his present ordeal was the most unpleasant part of the whole business. A true Briton stands fire better than inspection, quailing pitifully before a battery that consists of impassible faces and calm, inquiring eyes.

On the hearthrug he brushed against a gentleman in an easy chair, completely hidden behind the broad sheet of the *Times*. Turning to apologise, he found himself face to face, of all people in the world, with Lord Fitzowen.

It would feebly express John Roy's discomfiture to say you might have knocked him down with a feather. He stood with his mouth open in dumb surprise.

The other nodded, yawned, rose and stretched himself.

"How d'ye do, Roy?" said he. "Why didn't you come up yesterday with me and St. George there? I found him at the station. I suppose you won't go away again now? Have you brought Mrs. Roy?"

No man could put on this assumption of complete innocence had he been the cleverest actor that ever wore paint: besides, "St. George there," who was in the room, could have attested the veracity of Fitz-

owen's statement, and John Roy felt utterly at a loss. There was nothing for it but to regain his composure as best he might, and shake by the hand the man he had meant to shoot through the head, with such overdone cordiality as should serve to cover his own confusion.

"It's only a flying visit," he stammered. "Business and that kind of thing. Going down again this evening. Town rather empty still. Nothing to keep one here just now."

"Nonsense! Stay till to-morrow. Dine with me quietly—*en garçon*. Nobody but St. George. I've a box at the Deucalion. We'll see the 'Ugly Duck'—it's rather a good burlesque—and bring what's-her-name back to supper. It wouldn't be bad fun."

Such evidence being circumstantial, and therefore of the best kind, became more conclusive with every word. It was beyond all bounds of probability that a gentleman who had run away with his friend's wife less than twenty-four hours ago, should be entertaining bachelors at dinner, asking actresses to supper, and otherwise partaking of those amusements on which feminine influence of any kind puts an immediate extinguisher; nor was it credible that he should calmly invite the injured husband to participate in such demonstrations of independence and self-government at a moment's notice, without any hesitation or embarrassment whatsoever. Again John Roy excused himself, though in his heart half tempted to accept, so completely had the atmosphere of London changed his sentiments in the space of two hours.

"I see," said Fitz, laughing good-humouredly; "Mrs. Roy won't stand it! Quite right. Give her my kind regards. After all, you have the best of it. There is something very superior and respectable in being a married man!"

With whomsoever Nelly had run away, the culprit was clearly not Lord Fitzowen.

John Roy walked out of the Junior Amalgamated a good deal easier in mind than he walked in; yet, strange to say, conscious that his displeasure against his wife was stronger now than while he believed her criminal conduct had estranged her from him for ever. She seemed a belligerent then, declaring open war; now she was only a vassal who had rebelled.

Turning matters over in his mind, he made sure she had taken refuge with her aunt. He would go to Corner Street at once, and bring her back, but in such a manner as to make her feel the whole weight of his dissatisfaction, and prevent her from ever having recourse to such refractory measures again.

He was soon at the Corner Hotel: it had never appeared so close,

dirty, and uncomfortable before. Again came over him the unwelcome feeling that he had descended too low in his choice, and that from the very beginning his marriage was a mistake.

This untoward mood seemed only aggravated by his reception. Mrs. Phipps, in the dingiest of caps, no sooner heard his name than she rushed at him open-armed, then curtsied and looked foolish, seeing that he eluded her embrace.

This good lady's face was browner and more oblong than ever, her dress more faded, her forehead more shiny; her general appearance, he thought, had changed sadly for the worse.

"Why, you're quite a stranger, Mr. Roy," she exclaimed. "Now do set down and rest yourself. You'll take a glass of wine, I hope. But first and foremost, how's Nelly? You've brought her with you in course?"

He was taken aback, and looked it. "Nelly!" he repeated. "Is she not with *you*? I came here to look for her."

Mrs. Phipps dropped into an arm-chair with a plump that spoke volumes for her confidence in its strength.

"You come here to look for her!" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Roy, whatever do you mean?"

He was vexed beyond measure. "Mrs. Roy has chosen to leave her home, madam," he answered harshly, "and were she not dead to all proper feeling she would have come straight here. Had I found her under your protection, I might have been prevailed upon to look over such conduct in consideration of promised amendment for the future. But she has taken her own line, and I shall now feel justified in taking mine."

"Mr. Roy, you drove her to it!"

"I have no wish to exchange recriminations, Mrs. Phipps. If you choose to support your niece in her outrageous defiance of all social laws, of the customs, even the decencies of life, that is your affair. I shall decline to communicate with either of you, except through a solicitor."

"You drove her to it, Mr. Roy! If it was my last breath, I'd say it. When she left this house to get married—and a black day it seems to have been—there wasn't a better-behaved young woman in all London than Nelly, nor a better principled, nor a better brought-up. There may be faults on both sides. I'm not a-going to say as there isn't. But when you come to leaving a home like yours, and going out alone into the wide world, nobody shall persuade me but what I told you before is gospel truth, and you drove her to it, Mr. Roy. You did, as sure as you stand there!"

Mrs. Phipps, who loved her niece, seemed a thorough woman, insensible to argument, but staunch in her affections. It was no use disputing the point, and John Roy was forced to content himself with as dignified a retreat as could be made under the circumstances, for his hostess followed him, even to the street-door, with a volley of reproaches that gathered violence and incoherence at each successive discharge. The storm no doubt was succeeded by a torrent of tears, and the poor woman herself, in the midst of her dismay and anxiety, regretted bitterly that she had "spoke up," as she called it, with so much freedom ; but her visitor had placed a quarter of a mile between them before this inevitable reaction, and it was too late to call him back.

He felt sadly perplexed. Nelly was gone, there could be no doubt, but where? If she had fled with Lord Fitzowen, he would have known how to act. If she had taken sanctuary in her aunt's hotel, he could have extricated her from that unsavoury refuge, with a certain loss of dignity, perhaps, but with an undoubted accession of authority for the future. In either case his course would have been clear. But now she had baffled him completely. How could he return to Royston Grange without his wife? how reply to the inquiries of a whole neighbourhood that she had gone away from him, he didn't know where! He must have time for consideration. He ought not to be in a hurry. To-morrow or next day something might turn up. He had better stop in London, he thought, wishing heartily that he had never left it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

WHAT should he do with himself in the mean time? He looked at his watch. It was a little after four. The Academy had not yet opened, Hurlingham was too far off, Prince's was sure to be empty at this hour, and, with the thermometer scarcely ten degrees above freezing, nobody would be in the Park. There was still a long blank to fill up before the earliest possible dinner, and the only choice of pastime lay between a visit to Christie and Manson's and a Turkish bath.

He had almost decided in favour of the latter, when a victoria pulled up with a jerk so close to the kerbstone, that its stiff leathern wing brushed his elbow, while a lady bent on shopping, and enveloped in furs, landed on the pavement under his very nose.

"Good gracious, Mr. Roy!" exclaimed a voice that had haunted him for many a weary day since he heard it last, and that he had not quite forgotten even now. "Is it you or your ghost? What ages since we met! I can't say how glad I am to see you again!"

It was Lady Jane, and nobody else! The Lady Jane of whom he had taken leave long years ago, under the elms in Kensington Gardens, with a few hurried words of sorrowing kindness and good-will, sorely curtailed because of that matron's proximity to whom Jane had been temporarily intrusted, and who "stood in" with the lovers, but only to a limited extent.

Now, the one was a prosperous widow, already out of black; the other, a husband, whom we may term unattached, smarting under a sense of conjugal ill-usage, and disposed to separate himself conclusively from his wife.

Lady Jane could not but feel gratified by the confusion of his manner while he returned her greeting. Though a woman's empire have been swept away ever so completely, she likes to think that its glories are not wholly forgotten. What is it all but a dream—an illusion, of which, perhaps, memory is the sweetest and most substantial charm!

"I—I hope you're quite well," stammered the gentleman; "I didn't know you were in town."

"How should you?" she answered kindly, and with perfect self-possession. "It is a century since you and I have forgotten each other,—or tried to, at any rate."

The last very faintly, and with a downward look that used to be most effective. "When at close quarters aim low!" was her maxim, and Lady Jane's fire could do execution still.

"Do not say forgotten," he replied, trying to recover himself, as behoved a man of the world. "It's not so very long, after all; and to look at *you*, it seems as if we had been walking together only last week!"

"You always used to flatter one," she answered coquettishly. "Now, will you come and see me? Don't say no, for the sake of old times."

"When?"

"Any day. To-day, if you like. I am always in at five. I am on my way home now. Twenty-seven in the next street. I shall expect you in a quarter of an hour."

There were but a few minutes to talk, and they passed quickly enough. He walked like a man in a dream. He felt as if his Mexican

life, his return home, his vegetation at Royston Grange, even his marriage to Miss Burton, were fancies of the sleeper that had disappeared with morning light. Yes, he was awake now, and nothing seemed real but Lady Jane.

Very real, too, and more substantial than of old. Face and figure were both rounder and fuller than when last they parted, all those years ago ; but, like many English beauties, the first love's maturity was handsomer than her girlhood, and, had it been otherwise, what matter? The charm was in her eyes and voice ; still, it woke up feelings that had only slept while he believed them dead. John Roy began to think that, without knowing it, he might have been in love with two women at once all the time.

"Lady Jane at home?"

"Yes, sir;" and mounting a dark staircase, pervaded by a heavy odour of hot-house plants, he found himself bowing over her ladyship's white hand, with more of deference and even devotion than is absolutely essential to politeness in a mere morning call.

But he began to talk about the weather nevertheless, forgetting, in his perturbation, that when conversing with a lady it is only good manners, and saves a deal of trouble besides, to let her "make the running" from end to end.

She wasted little of her energies on the east wind. Before his tea was cool enough to drink, she asked him pointedly whether he found her much altered, and wondered that he recognised her at once!

"I should have known you anywhere," he answered. "Do you think I forget so easily?"

The cream-jug in her hand shook a little, perhaps by accident.

"What is all one's life," she returned, "but trying to forget? It's the lesson everybody has to learn. I fancy it comes harder to women than men."

"You succeeded pretty easily. You didn't want much teaching ; perhaps you've a natural talent independent of education."

"Why do you say that? It's unkind. If I wanted to be rude, I should say it's untrue. How can you tell what I have thought or not thought, done or not done, since—since we were both young and foolish? You've not taken much trouble to find out."

She had ingeniously turned the tables, and put him on his defence. He looked foolish, and replied vaguely, "Did you ever expect to see me again?"

"No. But I *hoped* it!"

"Lady Jane, were you *really* glad to meet me? Do you mean that you still—that you still——"

"Let me give you some more tea. No? Well, sit down again; don't go away yet. I want you to tell me all about your wife."

His face fell, and he fidgeted in his chair. With a woman's tact, she saw there was something wrong, and continued in the same easy confidential tone—

"I was pleased—yes—I think I was *really* pleased to hear of your marriage. I had a great mind to write and congratulate you."

"Why didn't you?"

"Well, there were reasons. If my poor husband had been alive, I should have done it frankly enough. Matrimony is the best and happiest state for people, after all."

"I am glad you found it so. It is not everybody's experience. I am rather of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that marriages would turn out better if they were arranged by the Lord Chancellor."

"Mine *was*. At least, we could do nothing without his consent. My poor husband did not come of age till he was five-and-twenty. It made a great many complications, and at one time I very nearly changed my mind."

"But it answered? You were happy together, I suppose?"

"We got on very well. Yes—I can't say it answered badly. He did everything I told—I mean, I asked him. Still, Mr. Roy, when people are to pass their whole lives together, it's a fearful risk. However little one expects, one is sure to be disappointed."

"But you married a man in your own station; that is a great point. You never could have borne with somebody you were ashamed of. Mr. de Banier came of a very old family, I believe?"

"Very. But—but his father was in a trade all the same. No; I shouldn't say the De Baniers were exactly in our own set. Do you think that matters so much?"

"I think it is the most important consideration of all."

"What! More important than that people should like each other? You used not to be so practical. Do you remember our argument on that very subject at Lady Yorkminster's ball?"

"Do *you*?"

"Every word of it. I could tell you the very names of the couples that passed us on their way to the tea-room. I could tell you the number of the dance we sat out. I believe I've got my card still. You had a white flower in your button-hole, and I wondered whether it was given you by my cousin Blanche."

"What a memory you have! Is it of the head or the heart?"

"Nonsense! Tell me about yourself. When did you come to town? Where are you staying? I am dying to know Mrs. Roy."

He hesitated; but she looked so kind, so sympathising, and withal so handsome, that he took the plunge.

"Lady Jane," said he, "I don't mind your knowing the truth. The fact is, we—we—don't get on very well together, and Mrs. Roy is not with me at present."

She tried to seem sorrowful and commiserating, but there was a latent sparkle in her blue eyes, a something of satisfaction in her tone, while she answered, "I am so grieved to hear it. Don't you think, Mr. Roy, if you tried patience and kindness, she might be brought to reason? I can't understand anybody quarrelling with *you*!"

There is an *esprit de corps* in the sex which prompts every woman ostensibly to stand up for another. It takes but little persuasion, however, to satisfy her that the erring sister is wholly in the wrong.

"I have my faults," he answered, "but I don't think I am inclined to be hasty or unreasonable. Lady Jane, I will trust you entirely, and I feel sure you will not abuse my confidence. In the first place, were you surprised to hear of my marriage?"

"A little. I thought—I thought—never mind what I thought."

"Well, it seems to be one's fate to make some great mistake in life sooner or later. I wonder whether the lady I chose was the least sort of person you would have expected me to marry. I did a foolish thing, and now I have to pay for it."

Sympathy and curiosity, two very strong motives, prompted her ladyship to discharge a volley of inquiries, but she possessed a large share of that discretion which is only acquired in the uninterrupted training of society, and contented herself with a kindly glance and a sigh of commiseration.

"My wife," he continued, "though well-born and well-educated, is not—is not exactly one of the people you are accustomed to meet. In short, she don't quite understand the ways of society. You see, she has never lived much in the great world."

"Has she been presented at Court?" interrupted Lady Jane earnestly. "That is where the line should always be drawn. I heard she had *not*."

"Then you *did* hear about my marriage?"

"Of course. I was interested, and I asked. Can you wonder?"

"I never wonder. Still, there is such a thing as an agreeable surprise. I thought I had passed out of your life, and that even my name never came into your head."

"You thought nothing of the kind. Do you suppose a woman

gives up her—her friendships in that way, even under the hardest pressure, without scruple or regret? How little you understand us! Well, well—that's over and done with now! Let me hear all about it, Mr. Roy. Were you *very* much in love?"

"With Lady Jane? Yes; I am sure I told her so often enough."

"And she believed you. One need not be ashamed of the truth now. But you understand what I mean. Were you very much in love with your wife when you proposed to her—let me see, only the end of last summer? or was it one of those scrapes men get into from sheer laziness, and want of moral courage to say No?"

He had chivalry enough to scorn the loophole she left for his escape.

"Yes, I *was* in love with her," he answered rather sadly. "I thought she would have made me happy. Never mind, I can do without her. I dare say it's all for the best."

"Poor Mr. Roy!" murmured her ladyship, "I am sorry. You know I am, don't you?"

"I know you have a kind and sympathising nature, Lady Jane," he answered, putting on his gloves as with intention of presently taking leave; "that is why I am inflicting my troubles on you now. It's not a long story, and I will begin at the beginning. Last summer I went to Beachmouth, simply because I was bored at home, meaning to have a dip in the sea, spend Sunday, and go back. Lady Jane, I stayed there three weeks."

"You found the Sundays so amusing, I conclude."

"Every day was a holiday. Each seemed brighter than the last. I never was so happy in my life. Never—but once."

"I am not going to ask you when that was. Go on."

"The very first evening, I was struck by the appearance of a lady staying at the hotel; and next day, through the merest accident, I succeeded in making her acquaintance. I found her frank, pleasant, unaffected, and handsomer even than I thought."

"Dark or fair?"

"Dark, with beautiful black hair."

"How odd! you never used to admire dark women. Well, how long did this seaside romance go on before—excuse me, Mr. Roy—before you made a fool of yourself?"

"Not long. We met half-a-dozen times a day. I thought she seemed to like me, and soon hardened my heart to ask whether she really did or not. Then she told me all about herself, making no

secret of her birth and bringing up. Her father was a bookseller, and her aunt kept an hotel."

"Mr. Roy, how could you?"

"I *could* and I *did*. We were married in London, and I carried her off to Royston Grange, firmly persuaded that with a few hints, and a little practice among our country neighbours, she would make as good a lady as if she had been registered in the stud-book—I beg your pardon; I mean the Peerage."

"They never do. You see it didn't answer."

"That was no fault of mine. I took the greatest pains—explained everything, rehearsed everything. She wasn't obstinate, she wasn't exactly stupid; but somehow she seemed unable to take it in. After a time she lost her spirits, grew pale and silent; but declared there was nothing the matter, even while she looked up from her work with eyes full of tears."

"Poor thing! Perhaps she was unhappy."

"She *was* unhappy, Lady Jane, but not about *me*. Yesterday, at a moment's notice, she left her home during my absence, as far as I can learn, without a companion of any kind."

Lady Jane pondered. "Have you reason to suspect that she—that she cares for anybody in particular?"

"I had, and now I have *not*. I am puzzled—I am at my wits' end. She left no letter, no message. I am not even sure that she is in London. A man can't well advertise for his wife—can't have her cried like a lost dog. Lady Jane, what would you advise me to do?"

"Nothing!" answered her ladyship with decision. "That is always safe. Go about among your friends—show yourself everywhere. If people ask after Mrs. Roy, say you have come up to take a house, and she is to join you in London. Then they will insist on their own favourite situation, and that changes the subject. In the mean time, confide in nobody but me. You may be sure I have your welfare at heart. When shall I see you again? Come and dine here to-morrow. My sister is in town; I'll ask her to meet you, and we will go to the French Play. Good-bye, Mr. Roy, but not for quite so long as last time. To-morrow, at half-past seven. Don't forget."

He bent over the hand she gave him till his lips almost touched her rings, and walked downstairs, thinking the world a much better place to live in than it seemed an hour or two ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

LIKE Hagar in her banishment, Nelly felt utterly desolate and forlorn when she turned her back on the home that had once seemed such a paradise, in which but a few weeks ago she had promised herself long years of wedded happiness and love. Like Hagar, too, she was faint and weary from physical exhaustion. Mr. Roy's displeasure had taken away her appetite for breakfast, and she forgot all about luncheon, though it was ready on the table when she went away. It cost her a painful effort to preserve composure before the servants at the hall-door, and she parried with difficulty the curiosity of her maid, who could not understand why Mrs. Roy had packed a trunk with her own hands, or how that lady could possibly dispense with her ministrations for a single night.

At the station, too, where she arrived long before the train, her footman seemed exceedingly loth to be dismissed with the carriage as ordered, and proposed, though hardly in good faith, to return on foot the whole way, rather than not see Mrs. Roy's luggage into the guard's van with his own eyes. When these objections had been overruled, and the trot of the dear horses died out on the far high-road, our outcast felt very forlorn indeed. Behind her was the still fondly beloved patriarch on whom she could not bear to think; before her, a future too vague and gloomy to contemplate; while about her brooded the desolate silence of an unfrequented railway station.

Poor Hagar turned into the ladies' waiting-room to cry. No doubt it did her good, but, looking in the glass over the fireplace, she could not but observe that her eyes were swollen and her nose was red.

Presently a spectral arm, shot out from the signal-post, denoted the arrival of her train. It was time to emerge and take a ticket. She shrank back to her hiding-place, nevertheless, in considerable vexation and dismay when she caught sight of Lord Fitzowen on the platform, laughing and talking with a young man of his own age, in dress, manners, and appearance an exact counterpart of himself.

"Of all people on earth," thought Nelly, "this is the last I wanted to meet. How can I explain to him why I am here and where I am going? Besides, I look perfectly hideous. He is sure to see I have been crying. Good gracious! If he was to ask me the reason, and I couldn't keep from bursting out again! What would his friend think? What would he think himself? No. Here I shall stay till I've seen them safe off. After all that has passed, rather than travel

by the same train with Lord Fitzowen, perhaps in the same carriage, I would never go near London again !”

So she flattened her face against the window, and watched the two gentlemen into a first-class compartment, labelled “Smoking,” with eager eyes and a beating heart, waiting impatiently enough till the train panted on and disappeared.

Then she drank some water from a dusty carafe, sat down, and collected her energies to think out the whole situation. Once, in momentary weakness, she half resolved to walk back on foot to Royston Grange, and be reconciled with its master ; but her heart was still too sore, and she dismissed the idea almost as soon as it arose.

Consulting a time-table, aided by a sympathising railway porter, she made up her mind to go down the line to a certain junction some thirty miles distant, where she could meet a late express, that, from inability to keep its time, was called, in contumely, The Flying Dutchman ; and so proceeding to London, she would arrive there in the middle of the night ; but this intricate plan of operations she was unable to carry out. At the hour when she should have been taking her seat in The Dutchman she was in bed at an hotel, where she had resorted to get some tea, with a headache that incapacitated her from standing or even sitting upright.

“What does it matter ?” thought poor Nelly. “Nobody expects me ; nobody cares if I am alive or dead ! Auntie has got accustomed to do without me, and nothing would please Mr. Roy better than to be quite sure he would never hear of me again.”

She did them both injustice. Mr. Roy was seeking her in London before her headache allowed her to get out of bed ; and when, on the second day after her departure from Royston Grange, she arrived at the Corner Hotel, it needed but one look in her relative’s face to be assured of Auntie’s overpowering anxiety and her delight at the wanderer’s return.

“So he came *here* to find me ?” repeated Nelly for the twentieth time, when she had taken her bonnet off and settled down in her own old place. “Did he look disappointed ? Did he seem sorry, Auntie, or what ?”

“Sorry ?” returned Mrs. Phipps—a practical person, who called spades and everything else by their right names. “Not a bit ! Angry, if you like. There was a precious blow-up, I can tell you. I gave him a piece of my mind, and he went away in a huff.”

“He’ll come again,” said Nelly. “He must, if he’s in earnest. Don’t you think, Auntie, he is sure to come again ?”

“I hope not,” replied her aunt. “You’re better without him, my

dear. I never thought much of them consequential, stuck-up ways of his. When he made you a lady, why didn't he treat you as such? No, no, you're better without him, Nelly, depend upon it. You've got a comfortable home here as long as you like to stay, and for my part I hope he will never darken our doors again."

Nelly did not quite agree, yet she often asked herself how she would decide if her husband were to propose that she should come back and live with him once more. Hurt, vexed, humiliated, she could yet have forgiven him only too readily; but, because she loved him so dearly, it seemed better that she should never see him again. As the nightingale is said to lean her breast against a thorn; as the horse, most assuredly, in his gallant, generous nature, presses down and crouches on the stake that drains his life-blood away, so does woman seem to derive some mysterious and morbid gratification while hugging her keenest sorrows tight to her bosom, and immolating herself at the altar of an unworthy idol, that looks down on the sacrifice calm, pitiless, and imperturbable, with a stony smile. But whatever might have been her decision, she would have liked at least the option of refusing. And day by day Nelly's step became heavier, and the colour faded from her cheek, as visitor after visitor poured into the hotel, but no Mr. Roy.

He was differently employed. Putting off, from week to week, his intention of going back, he left Mrs. Mopus, much to her contentment, in sole command at Royston Grange, while he amused himself with the gaieties of early spring in London, and devoted his spare time to the dangerous society of Lady Jane.

It was not long before people began to talk. "So sorry we could not come to you, my dear; we dined with Lady Jane de Banier.—Whom had you? Mr. Roy, of course! It's really getting too barefaced. She has not been a widow eighteen months, and there she is, flaunting about in colours, and I don't know what all, with a married man! It's true, my dear, I assure you. There's a wife hidden away somewhere in the country. Lord Fitzowen has seen her, and declares she is perfectly beautiful. Jane ought really to be spoken to. One *must* draw a line; and if nobody else has courage to give her a hint, I will do it myself."

So Jane *was* spoken to, with the usual result. She resented such interference warmly, and became only the more engrossed with her present fancy, that it was represented as injurious to the future of her children, and hazardous to her own good name. "I suppose you would have me go about in a yash-mak, with a guard of what-d'you-call-ems," protested her ladyship, tossing her head in high dudgeon.

"Thank you, I'd rather not! I am a Christian woman in a Christian country, and I think I am the best judge of my own conduct."

Then she had a quiet little cry, and sat down to write an incoherent note to Mr. Roy, entreating him not to come near her again, which brought him to her door in a violent hurry within half an hour of its delivery.

It must be admitted, however, that although her friends expressed great dissatisfaction among themselves, they dined with her readily enough, notwithstanding the obnoxious Mr. Roy, issuing their own invitations to the imprudent couple freely in return, so as to afford them every opportunity of meeting at home and abroad.

Ere long the one was never asked to anything without the other, and an easy-going world made up its mind to recognise this indiscreet renewal of former intimacy as "an established thing."

Society has compiled a code of its own for which it is answerable to itself, and has ruled that "one person may steal a horse while another must not look at a halter." The principle is sufficiently elastic, and it has been so liberally extended of late that the horse-stealers are increasing every day. I do not mean to imply that Lady Jane was one of these. Her conduct, though imprudent, originated in the only natural and healthy impulse of her artificial life. In girlhood she had liked John Roy honestly enough—had loved him, indeed, in so far as she was capable of that unworldly sentiment. She gave him up perhaps too readily, but who knows what amount of pressure was put on her in her own family? The female department has its secrets in the households of Mayfair as of Stamboul. I dare say she often lay awake crying, and envied the sweeps or the milkman when her mamma thought she was sound asleep. I dare say, while she stood at the altar in that love of a wedding-dress (*corsage Louis Quatorze*), she glanced approvingly at her bridegroom, who was as spruce as a new pin, and admitted that she liked him better than anybody in the world—"bar one!"

So she made Mr. de Banier a good wife enough, managing his house, ordering his dinner, and contradicting him no more than was absolutely necessary before his servants or his guests. She nursed him, too, kindly and tenderly through his last illness, and, perhaps, never felt so attached to him in her life as the day the doctor gave him over.

For weeks after the funeral she refused to see a soul, going softly about the house with a pale face and red eyes; so that the very maids declared they "never thought her ladyship had been one to take on like that!" And she put up a monument to his memory,

unequalled in hideousness, that cost the best part of a thousand pounds.

When she found herself a rich widow, still handsome, in the prime of life, was she to be wholly debarred from those pleasures of the heart she had given up so dutifully to obey papa and mamma? Lady Jane thought not. She saw men in society every day on whom she might have set her affections with the certainty of a return; but she had always been fastidious, and now seemed more than ever hard to please. This one was vulgar, the other overbearing, a third hunted, a fourth smoked, and the vacant situation had not yet been filled on the afternoon when she went out shopping in her victoria, and met Mr. Roy.

She experienced a want in life, which the society of her children—two slips of girls and a fat-headed little boy—proved quite inadequate to supply. There are women for whom the interests of a nursery can be the end and aim of existence; but Lady Jane, though a kind, even an indulgent mother, was not one of these. She had dreamed her dreams, as the most practical of us will; had even imagined an ideal of her own, an impossible person, full of antagonistic qualities, good and bad; which misty phantom she dressed in the remnants of her old, worn-out attachment, and believed that it reminded her of Mr. Roy: was it likely that she should let him go, when he came once more within range of her attractions,—a lonely man, ill-used, disappointed, with a history, and, perhaps, none the less desirable that he hung just out of reach, and was not exactly free?

I am little surprised, for one, that she should have asked him to tea, and then to dinner, and afterwards to come and see her whenever he liked. Finally, that she made her servants understand she was always at home to Mr. Roy, and to nobody else when he called.

"Love is of man's life a thing apart," says Byron. I fear that with the ruder and less sensitive half of our species, this delightful fallacy requires certain favourable conditions, both of body and mind, to become the one engrossing occupation of both. Love-in-idleness, however, is a plant that needs but little care or culture to arrive at rich maturity. Like the young trees of the thrifty Scotsman, it is growing while we are sleeping; and a man who has nothing to do finds plenty of time for folly when the occasion offers.

John Roy, neglecting his duties as a country gentleman and landowner, living vaguely from hand to mouth, as it were, at a London hotel, undecided how to act, with no certain task for to-day, no definite intentions for to-morrow, was of all people in the world :

most likely to drift into some egregious absurdity, from a mere sense of helplessness and discouragement, a morbid conviction that it was impossible for him to keep straight ; and even if he did, by painful self-denial, succeed in following the right road after all, what was the good !

But he was by no means happy ; his self-love had been grievously wounded ; and Lady Jane's continued preference, however flattering, could not heal the sore. It was pleasant, no doubt, and not very expensive, to send her bouquets, and paper-cutters, and stalls at the French Play. He experienced a certain excitement in watching for her appearance at a party, in catching her eye across a room, with the consciousness that there was a something between them in which the bystanders had no share ; and in putting her affectionately into her carriage when she went away. Still there was also a sense of sameness about the whole affair ; he was going over the old ground that had been traversed often enough before ; and a path even of roses may become wearisome when it has to be trodden again and again. We catch ourselves saying precisely the same things to Mary that we said to Jane ; Susan's pressure of the hand is exactly like poor Henrietta's ; and how can we send cut flowers to Margaret without repeating the message that used to be forwarded with her posies to Kate ? Sometimes he admitted that, even if he *had* married Lady Jane, he might have got tired of her. Did he ever feel tired of Nelly ? No ! A thousand times no ! Annoyed, irritated, provoked, fancying he wished he had never seen her,—but weary of her ?—certainly not. In his married life there had been nothing irksome, nothing out of character, nothing of that continued sense of effort which is so exhausting to a man in a false position, and which made him feel something akin to relief, rather than disappointment, on those rare occasions when he passed an afternoon without dancing attendance on Lady Jane.

How could he be happy while continually at war with himself ? Now he would seek Nelly out, no matter where she was hiding, humble himself at her feet, and entreat her to return to a home that should never be entered but by their own two selves. Anon he resolved to take legal measures for a separation, nay, move heaven and earth for a divorce, that he might put an end to this unsatisfactory state of things by a marriage with Lady Jane. And still he lived on from day to day, settling nothing, doing nothing, alternately making and breaking resolutions of amendment, but calling, nevertheless, at No. 27 as persistently and nearly as often as the penny post.

CHAPTER XX.

A BLUE-JACKET.

IN the mean time Nelly settled down to her former habits at the Corner Hotel, much to the gain of that establishment in matters of cleanliness and comfort. Mrs. Phipps, who had missed her sadly, while protesting against her own selfishness, could not but rejoice to have her back, estimating at its real value her niece's supervision of a continually changing household. Mrs. Roy, who now chose to call herself Mrs. John, as a compromise between the assertion of a married woman's dignity and the independence of an *alias*, resumed without a murmur the old leathern stool on its three high legs, the folio volumes ruled in red ink, the long quills, the bunches of keys, and other appliances of that authority which was exercised from her seat of government, a glass cage off the entrance-hall, secluded from the light of day.

Servants and tradespeople saw little difference in her demeanour. Punctual, exact, methodical, always decided, while always courteous, she might be graver in manner and slower in gesture than of old, but that was all. "Mrs. John had known trouble," they observed, "along of a good-for-nothing 'usband." Such a calamity, being in no way remarkable, demanded little pity and less surprise. Only her aunt looked below the surface. Mrs. Phipps, vexed and saddened, told herself that Nelly was breaking her heart for an unworthy object, as she phrased it, "out of sheer nonsensical trumpery and trash."

It was not long before the good woman boiled over and spoke out.

"You'll do yourself a mischief, my dear," she expostulated, when, coming down to breakfast earlier than usual one morning, she found Nelly reading the Bible, bathed in tears. "I wonder as you haven't more pride, I do. If it was me, I'd never so much as waste a thought on a man who could conduct himself like Mr. Roy, except to thank my stars I was well rid of him. I've no patience with you, nor him neither. A haughty, arbitrary, unfeeling, unprincipled Herod. That's what he is, and I wish he may be punished *like* Herod, and worse!"

"Why should you blame him, Auntie," answered Nelly, "if I don't? Didn't he come here after me, and couldn't I go back to him any moment if I chose? But I *don't* choose. It would only be misery for him and for me. Think what a dreadful thing for a man to be ashamed of his wife."

"Ashamed, Nelly? How can you speak so random? There's shame enough, I'll not deny it, but none on *our* side. In my opinion, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Queen, or the Lord Mayor, or somebody should have the power of undoing such a marriage as yours, just as if you had never been asked in church at all."

"Suppose I don't wish it undone?"

"Suppose the moon was made of green cheese! You ought to wish it—you ought to insist on it; and if I had to pay twenty lawyers, twenty times over, I'd spend my last shilling, but I'd see you righted. You've no spirit, Nelly, no more hadn't your poor mother. I only wish it was *me*. If they could keep me down like that, I'd let 'em."

"It's no use worrying, Auntie. People think so different. Why are both of us to be miserable? Surely one's enough. I dare say I expected too much. I have been disappointed, and must bear it the best way I can. I've always got *you* left, and a happy home here, haven't I, as long as I like?"

"Happy home, indeed! Yes, it *was* a happy home before I let you go to that sinful place Beachmouth, and I wish the sea would rise to-night and wash clean over it, I do! Forgive and forget, says they, but I am one of them that can't forgive, and won't, even though I might forget. Nelly, Nelly, how can you look me in the face and mention the word *happy*, with your eyes as red as a chimney-sweep's, and all your beautiful colour gone?"

"Nobody is quite unhappy who is doing right, Auntie. I may be a little low and out of spirits now, I don't deny it; but perhaps it's my own fault, thinking too much of things that cannot be helped. It will wear off after a time. Don't distress yourself about me. And, Auntie dear, if Mr. Roy *should* come and ask to see us, don't you fly in his face and be so short with him as you were last time, for my sake."

"Why, Nelly, you are not going to say you'd go back?"

"No, dear. I hardly think I should if he asked me ever so. But we won't speak of that. Who can tell what is going to happen, or where we may all be this day week? I don't care to look forward much. I'm quite content to stay as I am, only if you see me rather down sometimes don't you take notice. I'm such a silly that a word of kindness sets me off crying in a moment, and I can't stop."

"Crying, indeed!" concluded Mrs. Phipps. "I'd set some folks crying to a pretty tune if I had my way. There, Nelly, you could always coax your old aunt to do whatever you asked, from the time you was in short frocks. I'll say no more; and if I could only see

you look a little brighter, with a bit of colour in your cheek, there wouldn't be a happier woman than me between here and St. Paul's."

So the good lady retired to the basement, where she could forget her vexation among those domestic implements she delighted to see in use; while Nelly ruled another column in the ledger, and made out their week's bill for a family on the second floor, with unfailing accuracy of mind and finger, but with a heavy heart longing to be far away.

"Quite a superior person that Mrs. John," said the ostensible head of the family on the second floor to its actual ruler. "So quiet, so ladylike, {and—handsome I should say, my dear; shouldn't you?"

"I hardly looked at her," replied his wife, whose feminine eye had scanned every feature of Nelly's face, every article of her clothing with critical inspection. "Possibly she may be attractive to people who admire that style. I confess I cannot interest myself about a barmaid!"

"Of course not, my dear," was the meek rejoinder, equally sincere. "I only caught a glimpse of her by accident. I dare say I was mistaken. Can I do anything for you in the Haymarket? I thought of going as far as the club."

Must I admit that he lingered in the passage, asking for letters he had no reason to expect, so as to have another look at Mrs. John, only through the blurred and dingy panes of her glass cage?

Nor was this worthy gentleman—a roundabout person of mature age, under strict control of his wife—the only visitor who appreciated her attractions. Every stranger of the male sex coming to engage rooms, whether he went away disappointed or remained rejoicing, paid his tribute of respectful tones and admiring glances to the pale, sad, handsome woman who seemed to superintend this establishment. Friends of Mrs. Phipps, suddenly remembering they had been shamefully negligent, began to make afternoon calls with increasing frequency, lingering and loitering in hopes of being invited to tea, until some of the more persistent discovered that the aunt presided alone over this agreeable refreshment, and the niece was satisfied with a solitary cup and plate in her glass house. She kept them at a distance all alike, and, if not unconscious of their admiration, accepted it with calm disgust, as a necessary adjunct to the situation, like blacks in the milk-jug or beetles on the kitchen floor.

So the weeks dragged on. Easter set in as usual with sleet and snow; the sweeps were too cold to dance with any attempt at merriment on May-day; and her Majesty's drawing-room was held in

pouring rain, that ladies clothed in virtue and loyalty, but otherwise most insufficiently clad, only hoped might be the forerunner of a thaw.

Everything seemed dismal enough. Tradesmen "supposed we should have a dull season," there was no news at the clubs, and those who make dinner-conversation asserted incredible statistics of houses to let and coachmen out of place.

But people thronged into town, nevertheless. The authorities seized this opportunity to pick up the principal thoroughfares, so that London, in its main streets, became impassable for many hours of the day. Only by exercise of exceeding patience and dexterity, could the driver of a four-wheeled cab thread his way along the Strand, and when one of these vehicles stopped at the door of the Corner Hotel, Corner Street, the cabman grinned his thanks for an extra shilling, as having obeyed his fare's injunctions to "steer small."

Mrs. Phipps happened to meet this fresh arrival in the entrance. At the first glance she made a bounce that seemed to lift her a foot from the ground, and it is no reflection on her sense of propriety to affirm that she resisted with difficulty a strong impulse to fling her arms round his neck and hug him to her breast.

"What cheer, Mr. Brail?" she exclaimed, between laughing and crying, in the exuberance of her welcome. "What cheer? as you taught us to say before you sailed, and now I can't believe my eyes to see you back, and you looking so well and hearty, not a pin the worse!"

"The worse!" he repeated, taking both her hands; "why should I be the worse? Such a welcome as a man seems to get from all hands when he sets his foot on shore might bring him into port again though he had cleared out for the other world. England, home, and beauty, Mrs. Phipps—that's the ticket! *This* is home, and *you* are beauty. Now, can you give me a bed?"

"Ah! you're the same man still! I'm sure I wonder how you keep your head on without somebody to hold it down! It wouldn't have been *you*, of course, to have thought of writing beforehand."

"I knew you would like a pleasant surprise, my dear lady. I must have a bed here in the old shop, and that's all about it!"

She looked affectionately in his frank, open face, tanned by exposure to the colour of mahogany, contrasting well with his short, crisp, light-brown hair, bearing sailor written on every line, and in thorough keeping with his square, sinewy figure, his loose, powerful limbs.

"I'm full," she said, "up to the attics. I sent away a French

family not an hour ago; but I would rather turn out myself, and sleep on the kitchen dresser, than not make room for *you*. Where is your luggage?—your traps, as you call them. Leave them there in the passage, while I go and ask Nelly what's to be done."

"Nelly! Miss Burton! Is she here still? Not spliced yet, nor *you* neither, Mrs. Phipps! That's even more extraordinary! If I'd known you were going to keep single for my sake, I would never have stayed away all this time cruising after the North Pole!"

"Go along with you!" she answered, pushing him into her sitting-room. "You're no better than you always was, and you'll never mend your ways now; but bad as you are, I've lain awake many a stormy night thinking of you, and I am more than pleased, young man, I am humbly thankful to see you back at home once more!"

Collingwood Brail, Esq., Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, lately of her Majesty's ship *Aurora*, paid off after the Arctic Expedition, had frequented this Corner Street Hotel since the time when he used to run up from Portsmouth on a week's leave, as mischievous a midshipman as ever nibbled a biscuit or cut a brother reefer's hammock down by the head. His frank boyish manners and kindly disposition wound themselves round the heart of his landlady, who darned his stockings, mended his shirts, and overhauled his kit generally on so many occasions that she began to consider him almost as a son. Once when, after a long stare at the monument to Sir John Franklin near the Duke of York's column, he found his pocket picked of every shilling he possessed, she insisted on keeping him till his leave expired, without sending in her bill, and then lent him a five-pound note to take him back to his ship. She was fond of relating how, in process of time, he returned the amount of his debt in full, not forgetting gratuities to the servants, by the hand of a staid messmate, who did not conceal, perhaps, that the scraping of such a sum together out of daily pay was indeed, as young Brail described it, "a tight fit." After he was "made," he wrote to her from the Tagus—she had not an idea where it was, but prized her ship-letter all the more, producing it with great importance at tea-parties and such occasions of festivity, where it formed the principal topic of conversation.

"It's not out of sight out of mind with the blue-jackets," she would say, wiping her eyes; "and the warmest hearts you will find in this world of ours, take my word for it, are the hearts of oak!"

Many a time when a gale of wind swept over London, bringing showers of soot and dirt, with here and there a chimney-pot crashing into the street, her blood ran cold to realise the dangers her w

sailor-friend must encounter ten thousand miles off, where, perhaps, he was pacing the deck, impatient, in a dead calm, whistling for the breeze.

She could never be brought to understand this, entertaining a profound conviction that day and night a seaman was always battling for life; and she regarded every member of the profession as a hero and martyr, with a turn for conviviality and light comedy, that rendered him the pleasantest companion in the world.

Next to her niece there was nobody for whom she entertained so strong a personal regard as Collingwood Brail.

And the man deserved it. Every inch of him was gentleman and sailor—the finest combination in the world. Plain and downright in conversation, but of a pleasant good-nature that made it impossible to be rude, he would differ with you frankly, but never put you in the wrong; utterly devoid of affectation in dress, manner, and sentiments, he was scrupulously courteous and polite, without yielding a jot of his own independence or self-respect. Exceedingly deferential to women, he did not seem to imply that they belonged to a different order of beings either above or below his own; and to offend one by word or deed would have appeared to him no less unmanly than to hurt a child. As in person he was strong without being clumsy, active without being restless, so, morally, he possessed good sense without pomposity, and courage without bravado.

Then, besides these solid qualities, Mr. Brail had a hundred trifling accomplishments, due to his nautical training, invaluable in social life. Nobody organised a pic-nic, even to the tying-up of the hampers, with such facility and such success. It seemed as if he could turn his hand to anything, whether it were picketing the horses, lighting a fire in the copsewood, or washing plates and dishes when all was done, and he had danced a hornpipe in and out the crockery without damage to a single article. In a country house, too, he was never late for breakfast, never sleepy at night, dressed quicker and turned out neater than any dandy in the company; shot well if he was asked, fished if they wanted him, rode to hounds with unbounded nerve, if little judgment; and under any conditions would have thought it as disgraceful to confess he was a pickpocket as to admit he was bored!

With the success he achieved in his own profession we have nothing to do, but it is easy to understand how such a character would be welcome everywhere to men, and exceedingly popular with women. When Mr. Brail paid one of his visits to Corner Street as a lieutenant of a year's standing, he found no difficulty in obtaining his share of

those gaieties which are supposed to enliven the London season. It was at a flower-show in the Horticultural Gardens that our light-hearted sailor lost his liberty for good in a casual introduction to Miss Bruce. Never before had he found himself unequal to such social occasions, or utterly undone and consumed by a pair of bright eyes that only meant to enliven and to warm. It was all up with him in less than ten minutes. A handsome girl bending over the azaleas; a crafty old lady enjoying his discomfiture; an introduction; a bow; a walk to the next tent, and he was a free man no longer. To use his own words, "He hauled down his colours at the first shot, and for that kind of service never had the heart to hoist them again!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

A LIEUTENANT in the Royal Navy, by no means laid on the shelf, could have but few opportunities of ingratiating himself with a young lady in that class for which the amusements of a London season constitute the great business of life during four months of every year. The fact of her being an heiress, and only daughter, seemed but to place her more completely out of reach; and Collingwood Brail, walking pensively home to Corner Street, had the good sense to tell himself that, for all its romance, this late vision of love in the azaleas must henceforth be looked back to as a dream.

The image of that handsome, high-bred girl, in her light summer-dress, herself so like a flower, would haunt him for years. That could not be helped. He would think of her when he walked the deck, keeping his watches in the golden tropical nights, while topsails and courses were bleached in the moonlight, and the ship almost steered herself, smooth and easy, on an even keel. Yes, there could be no harm in thinking of her at all times and seasons, in harbour or at sea, always the last thing before going to sleep when he turned in. She would never know it. What matter? A man must do his duty according to his rating, fore and aft, below and aloft. It was no use whining! As for getting spliced to such an angel, he might as well expect to be a rear-admiral in next week's *Gazette*. No. He must stick to his profession, and make up his mind not to see Miss Bruce again.

But on his table lay a smooth, glazed card, such as he disrespectfully termed an "invite to a hop," setting forth, in

language, that Mrs. Lightfoot would be at home the same evening at ten o'clock, with the word "dancing" added in fine Italian characters, lest visitors should be taken unawares. He had no earthly reason to suppose that this hospitable lady numbered Miss Bruce among her acquaintance; but after "holding on," as he called it, in profound reflection for five minutes, he rang the bell, ordered his pumps to be polished up to the nines, and hardened his heart to go.

Mrs. Phipps, who had herself starched and folded his white neckcloth, inspected him critically before she let him out, observing, with her usual freedom, that "if the young ladies didn't flock round this handsome sailor like flies to a jam-pot, they was a good deal changed since *her* day, and changed moreover for the worse!"

Fortune, while captious and uncertain, is so far a woman that she favours those who trust her without reserve. Before young Brail had been five minutes in the dancing-room, Miss Bruce entered it with her chaperone, and, to the credit of our blue-jacket be it said, he hesitated not one moment, but, like the gallant tar immortalised in verse,—

He stepped up unto her, and made a congee,
And axed of her pardon, for makin' of so free:

leading her off in triumph to a quadrille, which, on first acquaintance, is perhaps a more eligible dance than a waltz.

Modest and unassuming, Collingwood Brail was by no means shy. Like most of his profession, he had plenty of self-confidence, of self-consciousness none at all. Miss Bruce, rather tired of the conventional dandy, who may or may not be amusing, but is invariably egotistical, found her new admirer a most agreeable partner; so much so that she consented to accompany him to the tea-room, unconsciously riveting his fetters with the slim white hand she ungloved while giving him a bunch of film and gossamer, that represented fan and handkerchief, to hold in his own. These little graces completely finished him. She had made him fast now with a double turn, and from that moment Mrs. Lightfoot's ball, its lustres, music, and decorations, with all his other partners, ceased to have any intrinsic value whatever, rendered precious only as contributing to the greater glorification of Miss Bruce.

She danced with him once more after supper, and in that blissful measure he contrived to make himself acquainted with her tastes and usual haunts; but his leave was nearly out, and he only met her again, by one of those accidents which happen so often, at the Royal Academy, after parading that exhibition for three mortal hours, till his head swam and his eyes ached, while hat and boots felt so tight

that he could hardly bear to keep them on. Here she gave him a moment of intense happiness by stopping before a sea-piece, ordering him to explain its details, and professing an interest in everything pertaining to ships or sailors that set his pulses tingling with delight. Such confidential interviews fleet only too fast, but he managed to hint that those who went to sea carried with them many sweet memories from the shore ; and though she looked down and made no answer, she seemed to think they left behind them pleasing recollections in their turn.

While he walked along Piccadilly, he felt as if he had hazarded a declaration in form ; but catching sight of her sweet face, half an hour later, in an open carriage bowling through the Park, a chill crept round his heart with the conviction that after all they lived in separate worlds, and that when out of sight he was no more to her than the crossing-sweeper in the street.

There are hot and cold fits in these maladies both equally unreasonable. It is strange that the more experience men acquire in such matters, the less subject are they to attacks of diffidence and despondency, estimating their chances of winning in an inverse ratio to their own value and appreciation of the prize. In the first flush of manhood, they believe no woman thinks them worth looking at ; in the decline of middle age, they fancy themselves objects of interest and admiration to all. My own observation leads me to conclude that in love-making, as in other hazardous amusements, confidence is a prime element of success. A rider should leap without misgiving to the saddle, a swimmer trust himself fearlessly to the wave ; and he who would advance in the good graces of a lady, old or young, must be persuaded of his eventual success—above all, must spare her the exertion of meeting him half-way. However premature the advances of an admirer, no woman is quite taken so much by surprise as she would have him think.

But Mr. Brail's captain was one of those smart officers who insist on duty being done ; and within twenty-four hours of our young lieutenant's visit to the Academy he had touched his hat to her Majesty's quarter-deck, and reported himself "come on board," with little chance of setting foot on English ground again till the ship was paid off. He might not have revisited London during the whole time she remained in commission, but that he was allowed to volunteer for the Arctic Expedition, and, on being transferred to the *Aurora*, made another trip to the metropolis for completion of his kit. Of course he put up in Corner Street, and equally of course he so disposed his leisure as to meet Miss Bruce more than once, perhaps two or three times, always in rooms full of people

vigilantly guarded by her friends. It was love-making under difficulties, I admit. "A cat," they say, "may look at a king," but she must not stare too often or too long; and poor pussy would soon be made to know her place if her eyes expressed half the affectionate admiration she felt. I protest these two young people never exchanged a word that might not have been entered on the ship's log, and yet each was conscious of some mysterious interest in common, some vague and delightful illusion, shared by the other, and forming the happiness of both.

Once he plucked up courage to ask for a flower—forty people were looking on—and she refused. "I should like to give you something better," she murmured, with a glance over her bouquet that was well worth all the posies ever gathered in a garden; and from that moment a faint ray of hope began to tremble in the darkness, like the false dawn he had so often welcomed in his morning watch, because he knew it was a sure forerunner of day. Their farewell, half-an-hour later, sounded commonplace enough.

"Good-bye, Miss Bruce! I shall not see you again before I sail."

"No, indeed! I am so sorry for you, Mr. Brail. How cold you will be. Good-bye!"

But cold as it was in latitude 84° he contrived to keep that farewell warm in his heart, because of the wistful look that accompanied it, and a little tremble in its accents detected by no ear but his own.

And now he was back in England, hearty, safe, and warm, pointed at wherever he went as one of a handful of heroes, proudly conscious that he had done his duty, and delighted to look in the homely, honest face of his hostess once again.

"So you come to see me *first*!" said Mrs. Phipps in a tone of exceeding triumph, when she had pushed her visitor by main force into her own particular chair. "Not before your mother?—now, don't say it. I know you better than that."

"My mother was on the jetty when I came ashore," he answered, laughing. "I had the greatest difficulty in preventing her from treating the boat's crew with new rum, and making every man-jack of them beastly drunk!"

"Have you brought her to London? Why didn't she come here?"

"Because I left her at home. I am going back in a day or two, but I was bound to get to London at once. I didn't even go round by Nether-Warden to see the old ladies, I was in such a precious hurry to shake you by the hand."

Mrs. Phipps wiped her eyes. So conclusive a mark of friendship could not but be gratifying, and no doubt the lieutenant was sincere,

he learned from his aunt's letters that the usual inmates of *Warden-Towers* had gone to town for the season.

"You'll take some tea, my dear?" continued Mrs. Phipps, full of affectionate hospitality. "It will be made directly the kettle boils. Nelly! Nelly!" she continued, throwing up the window of the glass case in which Mrs. John sat over her accounts, "you're wanted in the parlour this minute. Never mind the washing-book just now. Here's somebody come to see you that's dropped from the clouds!"

Mrs. John's heart made a great jump, and then stood still. She was white to the lips as she emerged from her hiding-place, and her knees so shook that she could with difficulty stand upright. It was wonderful how quickly she recovered her composure, when, on entering her aunt's sitting room, the Arctic navigator grasped her cordially by the hand. Even to herself the greeting she offered seemed cold and restrained. It needed a strong effort to conceal her disappointment and infuse a little heartiness into her tone.

She had expected something so different! A sad, forgiving face, loving, reproachful, yet more in sorrow than in anger, and a husband's arms open to take her back in silent welcome to his heart and home.

The sailor only thought she looked worn, worried, and in weak health, attributing her pale cheeks to a London atmosphere, and deciding that she wanted nothing to set her up again but a good long cruise in the country for change of air.

"Why, Miss Burton!" he exclaimed, with friendly interest and concern, "you've not been ill, have you? Handsome you always were, and always will be, but, my dear young lady, what have you done to lose all your roses since I saw you last?"

"You must not call me Miss Burton," she replied, with the ghost of a smile. "I go by the name of John now—Mrs. John—do you think it pretty? Hasn't auntie told you I've got married while you were at sea?"

"Married!" he repeated. "Spliced! you take away my breath! And yet," he added gallantly, "I don't know why I should be surprised, except at your finding anybody good enough. Well, I hope you are very happy, and I'm sure I wish you joy with all my heart!"

He took both her hands, and wondered to feel them lie so cold and listless in his own.

Nelly had plenty of courage. Her frank, open disposition made her only too ready to take the bull by the horns, and it was her nature to trust a friend without reserve.

"Mr. Brail," said she, "joy does not come by wishing, and whether it's our own fault or not, very few of us seem meant to be happy in this world. I am married, as I told you. I can't bring

myself to wish it undone, and yet I know it would have been better to remain as I was. I had rather hear your adventures than talk of myself. Now sit down again in that easy-chair till aunt comes back with the tea, and tell me about the North Pole—wasn't it very cold?"

He could not help laughing. "Cold! yes, of course it was cold, else there wouldn't be such a lot of ice. It's very odd, since I came ashore everybody has asked me the same question. I feel sure my aunts will want to know if I wore flannel next my skin, and had my bed warmed every night! Cold and lime-juice, lime-juice and cold, that's all a landsman can make of the expedition. Good things in their way, but a man may have a surfeit of both."

"We heard you had too much of one and too little of the other," said Nelly, who sometimes read a morning paper, chiefly, I believe, to see if Mr. Roy was mentioned in the fashionable intelligence.

"Ah! now you want me to tell tales out of school! Don't believe what you see in the newspapers, Miss Burton—I beg your pardon, Mrs. John. There's many a lubber sits in a warm room with a pen in his hand professing to teach me my duty two thousand miles off in a gale of wind on a lee-shore, and all the while it would puzzle him to take a Thames wherry from London to Southwark! When I see a statement in print, my first impression is not to believe a word of it."

Nelly stared—never having considered the great invention of civilisation from this point of view, but felt inclined to agree with the out-spoken seaman nevertheless.

"I'll believe all *you* tell me," she observed, "only begin at once. Aunt will be here with the tea in five minutes, and I've heard nothing yet."

"First, will you answer me a question?"

"Of course, if I can."

"Is there much going on just now in the way of—in the way of—well, gaiety, I suppose you call it, Mrs. John?—dances and parties, and that kind of thing?"

"I am the last person to ask," she answered, half surprised, half amused. "I can give you the *Morning Post*, if you like, and you can see for yourself. You may believe the fashionable column, though it *is* in print."

"All right," he said. "Now I'll be as good as my word. I am ready to tell you everything you want to know."

While he spoke, Mrs. Phipps entered the room, followed by a maid with a well-spread tray, and the account of the Arctic Expedition was deferred till after tea.

(*To be continued.*)

*"THE CHARTER OF OUR POLICY"
AND THE TERMS OF PEACE.*

IN his speech in the House of Lords, on the 26th of January last, Lord Beaconsfield said : "The charter of our policy with regard to the politics of Eastern Europe is the despatch of May." In that despatch Lord Derby laid down on behalf of her Majesty's Government four points which specially affected British interests, and therefore vitally touched the conditions of our neutrality. These were Egypt, the Suez Canal, the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and Constantinople. Egypt and the Suez Canal must be kept outside the theatre of Russia's operations ; no alteration must be made in the *status quo* of the Straits without the consent of England ; and "her Majesty's Government could not view with indifference" a change of masters at Constantinople. As to Egypt and the Suez Canal, an impartial neutrality would surely have laid on the Sultan the same embargo which it laid on the Czar. As a matter of fact, however, the Sultan was allowed to embrace Egypt and the Suez Canal within the area of his operations against Russia, while the Emperor of Russia was prevented, by the conditions of neutrality laid down by Lord Derby, from defending himself in that quarter. Nevertheless, the Russian Government overlooked this unfairness, and frankly accepted Lord Derby's somewhat one-sided conditions. In his reply to the despatch of May 6—"the charter of our policy"—Prince Gortchakoff promised to exclude Egypt and the Suez Canal from the field of warfare, and to submit whatever arrangement Russia might propose in regard to the Straits to the final decision of the great Powers. As to Constantinople, while reserving the right to occupy it for military purposes if necessary, Prince Gortchakoff declared that it could not be allowed to fall into the hands of any of the great Powers, and that its future destiny, if the issue of the war should raise that question, must be decided by the common voice of Europe.

Before the receipt of Prince Gortchakoff's despatch, however, Mr. Cross delivered the oft-quoted speech in which he appeared to deny to Russia the right of "approaching" Constantinople, and still more

of occupying it, even temporarily. Russia had no official cognizance of the Home Secretary's speech, and was in no sense bound by it. But the Emperor of Russia and his Government were evidently most anxious to have a complete and friendly understanding with England. They determined accordingly that the ambiguity which Mr. Cross's language had cast over "the charter of our policy" should be cleared up without delay. Count Schouvaloff was in Russia at the time, and immediately on his return to London he made a clean breast of the Russian terms to Lord Derby. In the important Memorandum which contains what may be called "the charter of Russian policy," the Emperor repeats his promise about Egypt, the Suez Canal, and the Straits. But—

With regard to Constantinople, our assurances can only refer to taking possession of the town, or occupying it permanently. It would be singular and without precedent, if, at the outset of war, one of the belligerents undertook beforehand not to pursue its military operations up to the walls of the capital. It is not impossible that the obstinacy of the Turks, especially if they knew themselves to be guaranteed against such an eventuality, may prolong the war instead of bringing it to a speedy termination. When once the English ministry is fully assured that we shall under no circumstances remain at Constantinople, it will depend upon England and the other Powers to relieve us of the necessity of even approaching the town. It will be sufficient for them to use their influence with the Turks with a view to make peace possible before this extreme step is taken. . . . England appears to fear lest the spreading or consequences of the war should lead us to threaten Bassorah and the Persian Gulf. It is not at all to our interest to trouble England in her Indian possessions, or, consequently, in her communications with them.

There are those, I am sorry to know, who proclaim aloud that the solemn assurances of the Emperor of Russia and of his Government are not to be believed. But the necessary corollary of that opinion is, that we should break off all diplomatic intercourse with Russia. Indeed, according to these wiseacres, we ought never to have held such intercourse with her; for their impeachment of her honesty and veracity extends back into the twilight of Russian history. It is not necessary to answer absurdities; but, as a matter of fact, the Emperor gave hostages for his good faith on this occasion. He exposed his plans, and thereby gave Lord Beaconsfield an opportunity of defeating them, if he thought them incompatible with "the charter of our policy." "What is necessary to England," said the Emperor, "is the maintenance in principle of the Ottoman Empire, and the inviolability of Constantinople and the Straits." It may indeed be questioned whether "the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire," either in principle or in fact, is "necessary to England." But the Czar may be excused for believing what English statesmen and publicists were constantly

dinning into the ears of Europe. He accepted our Government's definition of English policy, and he promised to respect it.

Has that promise been violated by the terms of peace agreed upon at San Stefano? "We may briefly compliment General Ignatieff's skill," says the *Daily Telegraph* of March 5, "by saying that, without affording England a technical *casus belli*, he has undermined every single British interest laid down in the 'charter of our policy.'" And then follows the usual rodomontade about "the sacrifice of his master's honour." But the terms of peace agreed upon between Count Ignatieff and the Turkish Government are substantially the same as those communicated to the English Government in the early part of last June. They differ in no essential respect, and certainly not on any point which touches "the charter of our policy." Russia engaged "not to touch" Egypt or the Suez Canal: she has not touched them. She promised to reserve the question of the Straits for the decision of a European Congress: she has reserved it. She stipulated for the right to occupy, while she disclaimed the intention of holding, Constantinople: she has resisted the temptation to occupy Constantinople, though urged thereto by a victorious army, and provoked by the forcible entrance of the English fleet into the Sea of Marmora.

But we are told that the terms of peace place Turkey at the mercy of Russia. Be it so. But that objection applies with equal force to the terms of Russia as revealed to our Government last June. In fact, not a single objection can be made against the terms of peace ratified at San Stefano, which are not equally applicable to the terms of peace communicated to our Government nine months ago; and for the simple reason that the Emperor of Russia, with singular moderation, has offered to Turkey, at the end of a campaign which has crushed her, the same terms, with scarcely an alteration, on which he offered to make peace with her before he crossed the Danube. And this, though he expressly reserved the right of raising his terms in the event of his army being obliged to cross the Balkans. On the other hand, Lord Beaconsfield's Government, far from resenting the Russian terms as an infringement of "the charter of our policy," expressed "satisfaction" at their moderation so long ago as the beginning of last August.¹ If, then, Count Ignatieff has "undermined every single British interest laid down in the 'charter of our policy,'" he has done so not only with the full knowledge, but with the express "satisfaction," of the British Government.

But let us look at these "undermined" interests, and see if we can

¹ Parl. Paper, Turkey, 9 (1878), p. 3.

discover the damage they have received. They are four in number: and with respect to two of them (Egypt and the Suez Canal), Mr. Cross, in his famous speech, said truly, that if either were attacked by Russia, "it would not be a question of the interests of England, but of the whole world." As Russia is not very likely to challenge the hostility of "the whole world," we may safely consider that two at least of the British interests which make up "the charter of our policy" have escaped the "undermining" craft of the wily Ignatieff. There remain Constantinople and the Straits. But the importance of Constantinople and the Straits to England depends on their being used as a base of operation against India. Destroy the *nexus* between these two ideas, and you destroy the special value of Constantinople as a factor in British policy. England will be less interested in its fate than almost any of the great Powers of Europe.

Now, if Russia has no designs on India, her possession of Constantinople would not greatly concern us. Has she any such designs? "It is not at all to our interest," says the Memorandum of Russian policy communicated to our Government last June, "to trouble England in her Indian possessions." Nor would it be at all to the interest of Russia, I believe, to possess herself of Constantinople. Let us examine the question, then, by the test of Russian interests.

And, first, as to India. It is the settled belief of a large section of Englishmen that Russia is pursuing her conquests in Central Asia for the purpose of pushing her frontier to some convenient point from which she may be able to invade India. In considering the possibility of such an enterprise, it is necessary to remember that the conditions of warfare have greatly changed since the oriental expedition of Alexander the Great. An army now requires a very different train from that which would have sufficed for the days of spears and bows and arrows. The campaign which has just ended has lasted more than nine months, reckoning from the crossing of the Turkish frontier to the signature of the armistice at Adrianople; and it has required the active service, from first to last, of at least 400,000 soldiers. Yet Turkey lies close to the enemy's frontier. No hostile population intervened, and no physical barriers of any moment had to be surmounted. We may safely assert, therefore, that a prudent commander would not undertake the conquest of India from any base of operation open to Russia with an army of less than 500,000. Half that number would probably be required to keep open his line of communication. But let us suppose, for argument's sake, that an army of 200,000 would give Russia a bare chance of success. That host, with all its necessary equipments, Russia would

have to transport through hundreds of miles of what is, to a large extent, a trackless waste. Through most of it there are no other roads than camel paths. An army of the size I have supposed would therefore require, according to the estimate of military experts, a transport service of about 400,000 camels, 300,000 horses, and 1,500,000 camp followers. The territory to be traversed is poor, and singularly ill-suited to supply the wants of so huge a multitude. But let us suppose that by some miracle the difficulty could be overcome. Even under the most favourable circumstances the invading army would take many months to traverse the distance between its base and our frontier. And what should we be doing meanwhile? We should be doing two things. We should be making preparations to meet the attack on a scale commensurate with the occasion and with our vast resources, and our agents would be busy stirring up disaffection in the rear of the invaders and hampering their communications over an extent of roadless territory so vast as to be incapable of being effectively guarded. Considering the difficulties and dangers Russia had to encounter in invading so puny a Power as Khiva, it is easy to estimate the risks she would have to face in a march to India. Financially the enterprise would be most ruinous. According to Major Wood, a competent authority, every round shot now brought to Central Asia costs Russia £2 in transport alone. What would a park of artillery cost by the time it reached the frontiers of British India?

But let us postulate another miracle, and assume that the Russian Army escaped all the perils and difficulties which I have indicated, and which, in fact, would be inevitable. Let us suppose that it arrived 200,000 strong, and thoroughly equipped, at the base of the range of lofty mountains which guard our Indian Empire. I believe I am correct in saying that the only practicable route for any invading army that Russia could send against us in India would, according to the best military opinion, be through Afghanistan. This would limit such a force as I have supposed to the choice of one of two passes—the Kyber and the Bolan. A British army received, a generation ago, a memorable lesson as to the difficulty of traversing the Kyber Pass in the face of a comparatively insignificant foe. The passage of the Bolan Pass would be hardly less perilous when disputed by a determined adversary. The mouths of these passes are in our possession, besides a series of detached forts and military stations scattered along our frontier at the foot of the mountains. Here, supposing it to advance so far without molestation, the Russian army would find us fresh and ready to give

warm reception; behind us boundless resources in men and money, plains seamed by railways, and an ocean owning our undisputed sway. Defeat to the Russian army under such circumstances would be absolute ruin. Its prestige gone, swarms of enemies would rise up behind and around it to cut off its retreat. And the blow of so great a disaster would reverberate far beyond the Indus; it would imperil not only the Asiatic position of Russia—it would shake her to her centre even in Europe.¹

Let us, however, make another concession for the sake of argument. Let us suppose that our arms received a check in our first encounter with Russia. This, no doubt, would be a serious mishap, as it might encourage disaffection on the part of some of our native population. But we should have made ample preparation for such a contingency, and, with the certainty of being able to rely on the loyalty of our most warlike tribes in the emergency, we should be able to dispute the advance of Russia step by step, while at the same time harassing her in the rear.

But if, contrary to all reasonable calculations, Russia should succeed in breaking our power in India and driving us to our ships, even in that case she would be only at the threshold of her difficulties. Having got rid of us, she would have to begin afresh the conquest of India for herself. Her only chance against us would lie in the seduction of some of our Indian subjects from their allegiance, thus turning their arms against us. But it is safe to say that no appreciable section of the people of India would help Russia to break our yoke for the purpose of having her own imposed in its stead. If they assisted her to get rid of us at all, it would certainly be in order to get rid of foreign rule altogether. So that Russia, after driving us out of the country, would find herself surrounded by hostile populations—both those who helped her against us and those who fought on our side—all eager to drive her after us.

The defeat of the English rule in India, therefore, supposing it possible, would be only the beginning of Russia's troubles. She would have to subdue India to her own rule and reorganize its civil service; and no one who will take the trouble to think out the problem can doubt that long before its solution India would accomplish the ruin of Russia. The task is one which, under such favour-

¹ It may be as well to state that the whole of this article was written before I saw Mr. Laing's able article in the *Fortnightly Review*. In fact, I used the same line of argument against a Russian invasion of India in a volume entitled *The Eastern Question: its Facts and Fallacies*, which I published a year ago.

able conditions as Russia could not expect, has taken ourselves more than a century to fulfil.

Thus we see that, when the theory of a Russian conquest of India is dragged out into the light and confronted with what the late Emperor Napoleon used to call "the irresistible logic of facts," it is found to have no more substance in it than a nursery bogey. Lord Hardinge, who afterwards succeeded the Duke of Wellington as commander-in-chief, characterised the fear of a Russian invasion of India as "a political nightmare." "Lord Hardinge is quite right," said the Duke, when this was reported to him. "Rely upon it, you have nothing to fear from Russia in that direction."

So much as to the possibility of Russia conquering India if she wished it. But does she wish it? She is a country which is supposed, even by those who fear and dislike her most, to understand her own interests uncommonly well. Would it, then, be to the interest of Russia to acquire India, even if she could do so without firing a shot or sacrificing a man? My belief is that, on the mere ground of an enlightened self-interest, Russia would decline the perilous gift of India, if England were to make her the offer of it. I will go further, and hazard the opinion that there is not a single State in Europe which would accept India at our hands. Indeed, I doubt whether we should accept it ourselves at this moment if it were offered to us by a foreign Power. Being there, we must of course make the best of our position. We have contracted responsibilities towards the people of India which we are morally bound to discharge, even at the cost of some detriment to interests which are purely British. But it may be questioned whether our profit from India is not more than counterbalanced by the loss. India gives employment to some portion of our educated population, and a change of rulers might possibly affect a certain class of British merchandise injuriously for a season. On the other hand, the possession of India adds considerably to our annual expenditure, and cripples us seriously as a European Power. The protection afforded by the "streak of silver sea" may be sneered at; but it is a very real protection. Not only does it make this country almost invulnerable to attack; it affords at the same time a good security against any reasonable motive for attack. States whose frontiers touch each other have the materials for a quarrel ever ready to their hands. Their relations are always liable to be disturbed by questions of boundary, or of race or religion. There is scarcely a State on the continent of Europe which would not gladly rectify its frontier at the expense of its neighbours. The frontier of England was made by nature.

cannot be altered by man. Were Ireland separated from France by no stronger barrier than a narrow river or a mountain range, it might at this moment be a French province. India is our great weakness as a military power. It keeps our relations with Russia—most needlessly, as I think, yet as a matter of fact—in a state of chronic friction; and if we were engaged in war with Russia or with any other Power, half our strength would be neutralized by the necessity of keeping a large army in India to prevent a rising of our Mussulman population.

These are considerations which would certainly prevent any English Government from running even a moderate risk for the acquisition of India, though India is undoubtedly more profitable to us than it would be to any other Power. Yet a number of sane people among us are dominated by an insane fear that Russia would risk her existence to wrest India from our grasp. Of what use would India be to her? It would be more likely to impoverish than to enrich her exchequer, and in the event of war with this country India would be a source of much greater weakness to her than it is now to us, with our undisputed command of the sea. Nor does Russia need any outlet, as we do, for a redundant population. On the contrary, her population is far too sparse for the area over which she rules. In short, if the enemies of Russia could devise a scheme more certain than any other to lead her to ruin, it would be to tempt her to engage in the desperate hazard of a war of conquest in India. So that, in refusing to believe that Russia harbours any design of the sort, I am not crediting her with any transcendental unselfishness or any extraordinary freedom from political ambition. I am crediting her with nothing more than the possession of reasoning faculties, and a lively sense of her own interests. Even the most timid or most violent of Russophobists do not believe that Russia is a nation of lunatics; yet they speak and act as if this were their settled conviction.

But it may be answered that Russia, without intending to acquire India for herself, would be likely to use her position in Central Asia or Armenia to intrigue against us in India. And this will certainly be the case if we succeed in convincing Russia that British interests are in eternal antagonism to Russian interests. In that case it will be the interest of Russia, as of any other Power in similar circumstances, to do us all the mischief she can. But I have shown that there is no necessary antagonism between the interests of Russia and our interests as rulers of India. Where, then, does this conflict of interests lie? In Constantinople? Now, I do not wish to see the

Russians in possession of Constantinople (I do not mean a temporary occupation, which is a different matter), for the same reason that I should not wish to see the French, or for that matter the English, in possession of it; namely, because they have no business there. I wish to see Constantinople restored to those who are politically the residuary legatees of its present possessors. The Turks have never established a righteous claim of ownership either to Constantinople or to any other territory under their withering rule. The so-called right of conquest is simply the right of the sword; and that is a right which is never legitimate unless sanctioned by justice. A people deprived of the elementary rights of justice and humanity, which is the condition of the Rayahs of Turkey in law and fact, owe no allegiance to the governing Power, and are justified in rising against it as often as a fair chance of success presents itself. Length of time cannot convert brigandage into a legitimate rule or consecrate slavery into lawful ownership. The rule of the Turk has ever been that of the brigand and the slave-owner, and it was one of the cardinal blunders of the Treaty of Paris to admit him into the society of civilized States. Constantinople, therefore, has never belonged to the Sultan as of right; and if it cannot at present be made the capital of a Greek or Slav State, or Confederation of States, it might surely be made a Free City under the protection of Europe.

But if I were a believer in the sordid gospel of British interests before all things, and at the same time feared a Russian invasion of India, I should consider it part of my mission as a British patriot to do what I could to entice Russia to Constantinople. For Russia at Constantinople would mean Russia in command of some of the fairest and most fertile regions of the globe—regions now lying desolate under the blight of Turkish misrule; but which would again blossom as the rose under the fostering influences of civilized government. An idea of the withering curse of Mussulman domination may be gathered from one pregnant fact mentioned by Professor Paparrigopoulos, of Athens, in his "History of the Hellenic Nation."¹ In the beginning of the 13th century the annual revenue of the Byzantine Empire was 26 millions sterling, equivalent to about 130 millions sterling at the present day. Yet at that time the chief part of Asia Minor, with its numerous flourishing cities, had been wrested from the Byzantine Empire by the Turks. Lower Italy, too, had been seized by the Normans, and the Crusades had entailed losses which seriously reduced the public revenue. Freedom from customs dues and other privileges had been gradually granted to

¹ *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους*, vol. iii. bk. x.

the Venetian, Genoese, and Pisan Colonies which had settled in Constantinople and other parts of the Empire; and this made another hole in the public revenue. In short, the Turkish Empire of our day possesses an extent of territory far more productive than that owned by the Byzantine Empire in the early part of the 13th century. Yet, whereas the public revenue of the former amounted to 130 millions sterling, that of the latter before the commencement of the present war was only about 18 millions.

The process of decay might be illustrated in detail. Let a few examples suffice. And first as to agriculture. Turkey possesses all the conditions favourable to agricultural development in a degree unapproached by any other country in the world: climate, geographical position, fertility of soil, easy channels of exportation. Possessing the climates, it yields the fruits and products, of all the zones. Astride on Europe and Asia, it commands the richest territories of both continents, and is still sovereign over the fertile valley of the Nile. It abounds in lakes, is indented by numerous bays and gulfs, and is washed by six seas, all which offer it rare advantages for maritime commerce. The country is, besides, intersected by broad and deep rivers, ready to bear its produce to the sea: in Europe, the Danube, Save, Morava, Sereth, and Olto; in Asia, the Euphrates, Tigris, Kizil-Ismak, and the storied Jordan; in Africa, the fertilizing Nile. In no country of the world have the gifts of God been lavished in richer profusion. In none have they been so grossly and so systematically abused by the perverseness of man. The silence of desolation now broods over vast tracts of land which once waved with golden harvests, and over scores of flourishing cities which were the homes of busy industries and an advanced civilization. Regions which formerly supported the capitals of ancient kingdoms—Pergamos, Sardis, Cyzica, Prusium, Troy, Nicomedia, and many more—have been reduced by Turkish rule to cheerless solitudes, broken at intervals by the tents of nomad Kurds or Turcomans. According to Ubicini, who wrote twenty years ago as an apologist of the Turkish Government, the annual produce of corn in Asia Minor was then estimated at 25,000,000 Turkish kilès, representing a value of about £3,000,000. And he thinks that this amount might easily be increased tenfold, "if the great productiveness of the soil were turned to account."¹ "The same remark applies," he adds, "to all other productions which serve for local consumption or for exportation."

The decay of every kind of manufacturing industry is not less conspicuous than that of agriculture. A few examples must suffice

¹ *Lettres sur la Turquie*, vol. i. p. 267.

on this head also. In 1812 there were two thousand looms of muslin at work in Tirnova and Scutari. In 1841 the number had fallen to two hundred, and I question whether they now reach one hundred. Diarbekir and Broussa, which were once so famous for their velvets, satins, and silk stuffs, have been ruined by Turkish misrule, and do not now produce a tenth part of what they yielded even fifty years ago. Aleppo and Bagdad tell the same tale.

Turkey also abounds in mineral wealth. It possesses copper mines which yield thirty per cent. of ore, while the best English mines, I believe, yield no more than ten per cent. And it has coal in abundance within easy access of its iron and mineral ore. In Asia Minor alone eighty-four mines were in full operation when the country passed into the hands of the Turks. I believe the number worked now is under a dozen, and these yield, under Turkish mismanagement, but a small part of their wealth.

Am I not right, then, in saying that a policy which had for its supreme object to keep Russia away from India would welcome her to Constantinople? She has no motive to vex us in India, except in so far as it might enable her to checkmate us in Turkey. On the other hand, we have no motive, from an exclusively British-interest point of view, to checkmate Russia in Turkey, except for the purpose of preventing her from troubling us in India. But put Russia in possession of the fair lands which now lie fallow under the dominion of the Turk, and can anybody out of Bedlam imagine that she would turn her back on the buried treasures which lie so invitingly at her feet in order to waste her resources on the stake—fatal if lost, profitless if won—of conquering India? Prince Gortchakoff might well declare that so egregious an absurdity belongs to the "domain of political mythology."¹

But is there any evidence that Russia really covets Constantinople at all? Successive Emperors and Governments have disclaimed any such desire. But let us put aside all such disclaimers, and let us again test the question by the touchstone of Russian interests. Would it be to the interest of Russia to be mistress of Constantinople? I believe, on the contrary, that it would be her ruin. The possession of Constantinople would force her to annex a considerable portion of territory inhabited by populations whose gratitude for deliverance from Turkish oppression would soon change into hatred of their new masters. But let us suppose, against all probability, that Russia succeeded in reconciling with each other and to her own rule the various races of her new territory. She would then have to face a new difficulty. The attraction of Const

¹ Parl. Paper, Turkey, No. 1 (1877), p. 736.

would be such that the political centre of gravity of the Empire would inevitably settle on the Bosphorus. The result would be a conflict of interests. Moscow would be jealous of Constantinople, and Constantinople would look down on Moscow. Byzantium and Muscovy would refuse to amalgamate, and the Russian Empire would go to pieces in the vain effort of mutual assimilation. All intelligent Russians know this, and, consequently, do not wish to possess Constantinople. What they do wish they have more than once frankly avowed. Three months after the Peace of Adrianople, the late Chancellor Nesselrode wrote as follows to the Grand Duke Constantine of that day, uncle of the present Emperor :—

There was nothing to prevent our armies from marching on Constantinople and overthrowing the Turkish Empire. No Power would have opposed, no danger menaced us, if we had given the finishing stroke to the Ottoman monarchy in Europe. But, in the opinion of the Emperor, that monarchy, weakened and under the protection of Russia, is more advantageous to our interests, political and commercial, than any new combination which might force us either to extend our territories by conquest, or to substitute for the Ottoman Empire some States which would not be slow to compete with us in power, in civilization, in industry, and wealth. It is on this principle that his Imperial Majesty has always regulated his relations with the Divan.

The letter from which this extract is taken, let it be remembered, was a private letter addressed to a member of the Imperial family. So that the writer had no motive for disguising his real sentiments.

In the summer of 1853 Count Nesselrode made a similar disclaimer on behalf of his Imperial Master ; and in the course of the same year the Emperor held his memorable conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour on the condition of the Sick Man and the destiny of his inheritance. I quote the following extracts :—

With regard to Constantinople, I am not under the same illusions as Catherine II. On the contrary, I regard the immense extent of Russia as her real danger. I should like to see Turkey strong enough to be able to make herself respected by the other Powers. But if she is doomed to perish, Russia and England should come to an agreement as to what should be put in her place. I propose to form the Danubian Principalities, with Servia and Bulgaria, into one independent State, placed under the protection of Russia ; and I declare that Russia has no ambition to extend her sovereignty over the territories of Turkey.

England might take Egypt and Crete ; but I could not allow her to establish herself at Constantinople, and this I say frankly. On the other hand, I would undertake to promise, on my part, never to take Constantinople, if the arrangement which I propose should be concluded between Russia and England. If, indeed, Turkey were to go suddenly to pieces before the conclusion of that convention, and I should find it necessary to occupy Constantinople, I would not, of course, promise not to do so.

On a subsequent occasion the Emperor said :—

I would not permit any Power so strong as England to occupy the Bosphorus

by which the Dnieper and the Don find their way into the Mediterranean; While the Black Sea is between the Don, the Dnieper, and the Bosphorus, the command of that Strait would destroy the commerce of Russia and close to her fleet the road to the Mediterranean. If an Emperor of Russia should one day chance to conquer Constantinople, or should find himself forced to occupy it permanently, and fortify it with a view to making it impregnable, from that day would date the decline of Russia. If I did not transfer my residence to the Bosphorus, my son, or at least my grandson, would. The change would certainly be made sooner or later; for the Bosphorus is warmer, more agreeable, more beautiful than Petersburg or Moscow; and if once the Czar were to take up his abode at Constantinople, Russia would cease to be Russia. No Russian would like that. There is not a Russian who would not like to see a Christian crusade for the delivery of the mosque of Saint Sophia; I should like it as much as anyone. But nobody would like to see the Kremlin transported to the Seven Towers.

These are the views of all thoughtful Russians; but their chief recommendation is that they are the dictates of common sense and political prudence. The practical protectorate of an impotent Turkey ruling over a cluster of petty vassal Principalities will suit Russia much better than the actual possession of Constantinople with its contiguous territory. But whatever objections may be urged on other grounds, our Indian Empire runs no risk from either contingency. The more that Russia gravitates towards the South, the less likely is she to meddle with India.

Thus we see that the policy of Russia, tried by the rule of selfishness, is in no way antagonistic to British interests. In truth, there are not two States in the world whose interests so imperatively demand mutual co-operation on the part of their respective Governments. Let it go forth throughout the East that there is an *entente cordiale* between Russia and England, and neither country need fear any rebellion on the part of its Asiatic subjects. It is in our mutual hostility that the hopes of the disaffected lie.

What, then, ought to be the policy of England at the coming Congress or Conference? I think I have in the preceding pages given some good reasons to show that there is no necessary antagonism between British and Russian interests. Russia has no more idea of conquering India than she has of capturing the man in the moon. Not being a nation of idiots, the Russians know that the one enterprise would be almost as feasible and quite as profitable as the other. But if the notion that Russia meditates the conquest of India is so utterly groundless and irrational, how shall we account for its dominating the minds of so many able men, some of them remarkable for political capacity and for experience in affairs? As well ask me to account for any of the myriad superstitions that have at various times awed and vexed mankind. Why did the laws of England condemn innocent women to be burnt as witches? V

did the same laws visit with capital punishment a theft in a shop to the amount of five shillings? Why was Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill for the abolition of that atrocious law rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of three to one—the majority including the most eminent members of the Episcopal Bench and all the law Lords, and being backed by the unanimous recommendation of all the judges in the land? Why did the Duke of Wellington and a large proportion of the ablest men in the kingdom believe that the Reform Bill of 1832 involved the ruin of the State? Why did Mr. Disraeli declare in 1866 that Mr. Gladstone's very moderate Reform Bill would "change England from a first-rate empire to a third-rate republic"?¹ Why did the same minister maintain, two years ago, that the title of Empress of India would be an eternal security to our Indian Empire against the ambitious designs of Russia? What did Lord Palmerston believe about the Suez Canal? Read his words:—

It may safely be said that as a commercial undertaking it is a bubble scheme which has been taken up on political grounds and in antagonism to English interests and English policy . . . The political objects of the enterprise are hostility to England in every possible modification of the scheme.

But why should the French nation plan this subtle scheme for the ruin of England? Lord Palmerston had his answer ready:—

We have on the other side of the Channel [he wrote in 1862] a people who, say what they may, hate us as a nation from the bottom of their hearts, and would make any sacrifice to inflict a deep humiliation upon England.²

When Lord Palmerston spoke and wrote thus he was the popular and trusted Prime Minister of England, and probably the majority of Englishmen shared his opinions. There is probably not a sane man in the kingdom now who does not consider those opinions more fit for the babble of the nursery than for the debates of a deliberative assembly. Yet we are separated from that delusion by a period of no more than sixteen years. I venture to predict that long before we span the same space of time lying before us the Russian hobgoblin will have been laid in the spacious tomb of obsolete superstitions, and the only wonder will be that sane men and sensible women ever allowed themselves to be disturbed by so unsubstantial a phantom.

But if Russia has no designs on India, it is plain that our chief interest in the terms of peace lies in their bearing on the future of the liberated provinces. Two courses are thus open to us. We may enter the Congress inspired by jealousy of Russia, and determined to abate as much as possible the charter of rights which she offers to

¹ Disraeli's *Speeches on Parliamentary Reform*, p. 397.

² Ashley's *Life of Palmerston*, vol. ii. pp. 224, 326.

the victims of a long and cruel bondage; or we may co-operate with her and the other Powers in the work of reconstruction, and even in advocating, if we see a chance, an extension of freedom. By the former policy we shall be gratuitously throwing away an opportunity—perhaps our last—of ingratiating ourselves with the future rulers of the lands which have virtually ceased to be the Turkish Empire. We shall at the same time be playing into the hands of Russia with a maladroit skill which will serve her much better than the cunning of Ignatieff or the skill of Gortchakoff. We shall compel the liberated races of Turkey to look to her as their only friend and protector, and we shall be giving Russia at the same time a plausible excuse for future intervention. By the latter policy we shall, in the first place, be making some atonement for past wrongs. England must bear the largest share of blame for the crime—for crime it is—of having turned for so long a time “the keys of hell”—to use Mr. Lowe’s forcible expression—upon “the prisoners of hope.” The Rayahs of Turkey would long ago have broken their fetters and achieved their freedom, if the brutal—and not more brutal than purblind—selfishness of the Christian Powers, and of England in particular, had not conspired with the tyrant to keep his victims down. Let us then, even at the eleventh hour, grace at least with our benediction a deliverance which we did nothing to accomplish and much to thwart. Should there be a question of revising the bounds of the liberated territory, let us make sure that if any retrenchment is made, not an inch of soil on which the sun of freedom has smiled shall be given back to bondage. If Bulgaria is to be a loser, let Greece, not Turkey, be the gainer. But surely the better policy would be—better in the interest not of humanity merely, but of the peace of Europe—that, if the Sultan is still to retain any sovereign power in Europe, his direct sway should not extend beyond Constantinople and its environs. When we are about it, why not give Greece at once the provinces to which she has a fair claim? To leave them under Turkish administration, while the Slav provinces are rejoicing in freedom, would be not less short-sighted than cruel. The Greek War of Independence, with its impotent conclusion, ought to be a sufficient warning against the folly of attempting to put artificial bounds to the natural development of a vigorous nationality. Even the most strenuous advocate of a “traditional policy” can hardly think that the Turkish Government is any longer a bulwark to our Indian Empire. Is it not wiser to discard a policy discredited by events, and to believe for the future that “Britannia needs no bulwarks” which require the support of a cruel and debasing tyranny?

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

JOSEPH SURFACE.

"YOU forget, Jack, *I wrote it*," said Sheridan, when John Palmer approached him with Joseph Surface airs of sanctimonious humility, his body bowed forward, his eyes upturned, his hands clasped, and began in soothing tones, "My dear Mr. Sheridan, if you could but know what I feel at this moment *here*!" and then he laid his hand upon his heart. Palmer had returned, professing penitence, to Drury Lane, after a vain attempt to establish an opposition theatre in Wellclose Square, Goodman's Fields. He was wont to state concerning Sheridan's witty interruption, "It cost him something, for I made him add three pounds per week to my salary." He was designated "Plausible Jack." He protested, "I am not so irresistible as I am said to be; but one thing in the way of address I am able to do. Whenever I am arrested, I think I can always persuade the sheriff's officer to bail me." It so happened that he was frequently arrested. To avoid the bailiffs, he lived for some time in his dressing-room at Drury Lane Theatre, and was conveyed thence at the close of the season, concealed in a cart full of scenery, &c.

John Palmer was born in 1747, in the parish of St. Luke, Old Street. His father, a private in the Guards, who had served in Germany under the Marquis of Granby, had subsequently filled the offices of doorkeeper and bill-sticker to Drury Lane Theatre. It was proposed that Young Palmer should follow in his father's steps and enter the army; but the youth was stage-struck. He waited upon Garrick, and, in hopes of an engagement at Drury Lane, rehearsed before its manager the parts of George Barnwell and Mercutio. Garrick shook his head gravely: he did not think the young man at all qualified to shine in a theatre. Bowing to this decision, he turned his thoughts towards painting: he was for some time assistant or apprentice in a print-shop on Ludgate Hill. Still his thoughts and wishes tended towards the theatre. On the occasion of his father's benefit he was allowed to appear at Drury Lane as Buck, in Foote's farce of "The Englishman in Paris." An introduction to Foote followed. Foote, who was engaging a company for the Haymarket, heard the aspirant rehearse, and decided that his tragedy was very

bad, but that his comedy might do. He was entrusted with the part of Harry Scamper, in Foote's new farce of "The Orators." The Haymarket season over, he again addressed himself to Garrick, but again in vain. In 1766, however, Palmer seems to have secured a regular engagement at Drury Lane, albeit at a very small salary. About this time he must have been a very unprepared actor. On one occasion it is related, when the part of Iago had been allotted him, it was found necessary to relieve him of the arduous task, and to entrust him instead with the inferior character of Montano. But he was presently enabled to secure the good opinion of Garrick by very rapidly learning the part of Harcourt in "The Country Girl," upon the sudden illness of his namesake, Palmer, who should have sustained the character. This elder Palmer, often confounded with John Palmer, to whom he was wholly unrelated, was the Palmer of the Rosciad :

"Emboxed, the ladies must have something smart :
Palmer ! oh ! Palmer tops the jaunty part."

Upon his death in 1768 many of his characters were inherited by his young namesake.

He was engaged by Garrick, for four years, at the modest salary of forty shillings per week for the first two seasons, and forty-five and fifty shillings per week for the last two. He was invited to the manager's house at Hampton, to rehearse with him, and Garrick seemed, indeed, very well disposed towards him, offering an engagement to his wife, although she was wholly without experience as an actress. She was a Miss Berroughs, of Norwich, who had fallen in love with the young actor. It was said that he had married her believing her to be an heiress; her fortune, however, depended upon the favour of an aunt, who was so indignant at her niece's imprudent union, that she renounced her, bequeathing all her property to a domestic servant. The marriage did not result happily. Mr. Palmer had the reputation of being a very bad husband. Mrs. Palmer was a most forgiving wife, and, from all accounts, had very much to forgive.

It was in December, 1785, that Palmer laid the first stone of the Royalty Theatre, in Wells Street, Wellclose Square. Garrick had made his first appearance as an actor in the immediate neighbourhood. It was supposed that the dwellers in Goodman's Fields would lend valuable support to the undertaking, and that playgoers from Western London might be tempted occasionally to the new theatre in the east. Certainly the town at this time was but poorly supplied with playhouses. Covent Garden and Drury Lane were only open in the winter; the Haymarket was open only in the summer. There

were no other London theatres presenting dramatic entertainments of any pretence. It seemed reasonable enough to erect a new theatre at three miles' distance from the old ones. The Royalty was a commodious structure, handsomely decorated, possessed of large galleries; it aimed at being popular rather than fashionable. But the West-end managers, Messrs. Linley, Harris, and Colman, became alarmed concerning their patents, special privileges, and vested interests. The new enterprise threatened injury to their property. Palmer had engaged a strong company, and contemplated performances of the first class. The theatre opened in June, 1787, with "As you Like it" and "Miss in her Teens." Between the first and second acts of the comedy a youth of fourteen sang "The Soldier Tired;" he was then known as Master Abraham, he was afterwards famous as Mr. Braham, the greatest of English tenors. Above the proscenium appeared an inscription applicable rather to the position of Palmer than to "the purpose of playing"—*Vincit qui patitur*—"He conquers who endures;" or, as Tom Dibdin facetiously translated it: "He conquers who has a patent." It was announced, however, that the proceeds of the representation would be given to the London Hospital. The West-end managers had publicly notified that they held the Royalty to be an unlicensed theatre, infringing upon their rights and patents; moreover, they threatened proceedings against the players offending against the Licensing Act, and thereby becoming liable to committal as rogues and vagabonds. Palmer had obtained a magistrate's licence, but this only permitted inferior entertainments, such as dancing, tumbling, and juggling. Further, he was armed with the sanction of the Lord-Lieutenant of "the Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower;" this authority, however, was of no real worth. It was clear that he was at the mercy of his rivals. On the opening night he delivered a spirited address, written, it was alleged, by Arthur Murphy. He spoke of "the three gentlemen" who were the only enemies of the undertaking; it would be for them to consider, he said, whether they were not at the same time opposing the wishes of the public. "For myself, I have embarked my all in this theatre, persuaded that, under the sanction I obtained, it was perfectly legal. In the event of it everything dear to my family is involved." This, however, was only a manner of speaking. Mr. Palmer's "all" was of inconsiderable amount; he was without means—indeed, had been always in embarrassed circumstances; certain gentlemen of fortune had supplied the funds for erecting the Royalty Theatre. "I was determined," he went on, "to strain every nerve to merit your favour, but when I consider the case of other performers who have been also

threatened with prosecutions, I own, whatever risk I run myself, I feel too much to risk for them. . . . We have not performed 'for hire, gain, or reward,' and we hope that the three managers, with the magistrates in their interest, will neither deem benevolence a misdemeanour nor send us, for an act of charity, to hard labour in the House of Correction. . . . Tumblers and dancing dogs might appear unmolested before you, but the other performers and myself standing forward to exhibit a moral play is deemed a crime. The purpose, however, for which we have this night exerted ourselves may serve to show that a theatre near Wellclose Square may be as useful as in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the Haymarket."

Palmer was summoned before the magistrates, who designed to commit him to prison if he failed to produce his authority for opening the Royalty Theatre in defiance of the rights of the West-end managers. The actor met the justices in the upper room of a tavern. He assured them that his papers were at his lodgings but a street's length off; if he might himself go for them, he should be back in two minutes. Permission was given. Palmer, "with his usual bow of humility, and turning up the whites of his eyes," prayed Heaven bless the justices for their kindness! He hurried out, closing the door after him—quietly locking it, indeed. It was some time before the magistrates discovered their undignified position. Palmer had made good his escape; there was for the time an end of the proposal to lock him up, and it was necessary to obtain the aid of a locksmith to release his judges.

Palmer's connection with the Royalty Theatre was soon brought to an end. The opposition of the monopolists was too severe; no further attempts were made to present dramatic entertainments of a high class in Wellclose Square. The new theatre was handed over to the mountebanks, devoted to such musical, scenic, pantomimic, and gymnastic exhibitions as were within the scope of a magistrate's licence. The Royalty was ruled by many speculators one after the other, bringing profit to none: now it was under the management of Macready, the father of the eminent actor of that name; now the performers of Astley's Amphitheatre, burnt out of their own establishment in Lambeth, hired the East-end theatre for a season. But bankruptcy fell upon its lessees. It was sold by auction in 1820; it was afterwards leased by Messrs. Glossop and Dunn, of the Coburg Theatre; finally it was completely destroyed by fire in April, 1826.

Palmer's debts, not incurred solely on account of the Royalty Theatre, although it was convenient to credit his difficulties generally to that luckless enterprise, now led to his being confined as a prisoner

within the Rules of the King's Bench. But, of course, his liberty was not seriously restricted. Certainly, in the time of day rules, "stone walls did not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." He delivered the popular *Lecture on Heads*, written by George Alexander Stevens, at the Circus in St. George's Fields, afterwards known as the Surrey Theatre, three nights weekly, at a salary of twelve guineas. Presently he was appearing as *Henri du Bois*, the hero of an attractive melodrama founded upon the destruction of the Bastille. The principal materials of the play were gathered, we learn, from the newspapers of the time; "the dreadful sufferings of the wretched beings who had been incarcerated in the dungeons of the Bastille, and the uncontrollable effervescence of popular heroism which led to the destruction of that horrid fortress and prison, were faithfully represented." Great applause was bestowed upon Palmer's "noble figure, animated action, and just delineation of the different passions." The theatre was crowded beyond all precedent; as a consequence, the wrath of the West-end managers was again kindled against Palmer. He was seized and committed to Surrey Gaol as a rogue and a vagabond. But he was soon released upon an assurance being given that the season at the Circus should be limited to the interval between Easter and Michaelmas.

Peace prevailed for a little while only. The West-end managers, Sheridan, Harris, and Colman, on behalf of their privileges, kept jealous watch over the proceedings of the minor theatre. Upon the production at the Circus of a play entitled the "*Death of General Wolfe*," the part of the hero being sustained by Mr. Palmer, litigation recommenced. Palmer was again, with other members of the Circus company, committed to the Surrey Bridewell, and detained in prison until a verdict of guilty was recorded against the accused at the Guildford Quarter Sessions in July, 1790. This determined for some years the attempts to present dramatic entertainments at the Circus in St. George's Fields. The next campaign against the patentees was commenced by Elliston in 1809.

Palmer's misfortunes and escapades scarcely prevented his appearance, every season, as a member of the Drury Lane company. He was absent in the season 1789-1790, possibly because of his detention in the Surrey Bridewell; otherwise, from 1766 to 1798, not a year passed but found him winning hearty applause at Drury Lane. Season after season he fulfilled summer engagements at the Haymarket Theatre and at Liverpool. His repertory was most extensive; in Geneste's "*History of the Stage*" nearly three hundred characters are assigned to him, and these are said to be a selection only of his impersonations. He shone alike in tragedy, comedy, and farce. He

was handsome, with an expressive face, a commanding presence, and a powerful voice of musical quality. He possessed little education, but he was naturally intelligent; he was elegant and impressive, and "seemed to be led by instinct to the characters most fit for his talents." He performed the tyrants and villains of tragedy with excellent effect; he was famous for his delivery of sarcasm and irony; he was the original Sneer in "The Critic." "When shall we see such a Villeroy or such a Stukely again?" demanded Mrs. Siddons. But no doubt his best successes were obtained in comedy, in characters of liveliness and impudence, the bucks, bloods, and saucy footmen of the past. Some idea of his variety or his universality may be gathered from the list of his Shakespearian characters. He played, as might be the most convenient to his manager, Jacques or Touchstone, Master Slender or Falstaff, Hamlet or the Ghost, Banquo, Macbeth, or Macduff, Iago or Cassio, Buckingham or Henry VIII., Gratiano, Bassanio, or Shylock; he appeared as Petruchio, as Prospero, as Mercutio, as Sir Toby Belch, as Faulconbridge, as Edgar or Edmund in "King Lear." In "Love for Love" he now personated Valentine and now Ben; in "The Critic" he was alternately Puff and Sneer. He played Abrahamides in the burlesque of "The Tailors," and Abomelique in the melodrama of "Blue Beard." No part seems to have come amiss to him; he was always able to gratify his audience.

Charles Lamb speaks of Palmer as of "stage-treading celebrity:" an allusion to the importance of his histrionic manner. "In sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of the *footman*. . . . When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute, you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his topknot and had bought him a commission." But the "footman element" must have pertained only to a certain class of his impersonations; it could hardly have affected his Joseph Surface, for instance. The character must have been written for him; he was its first representative; it was, in truth, himself. "It is something," writes Lamb, "to have seen the 'School for Scandal' in its glory. It is impossible that it should be now *acted*, though it continues at long intervals to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it, at least, was Joseph Surface." And Lamb dwells admiringly upon "the gay boldness," the "graceful, solemn plausibility," the "measured step, the insinuating voice" of the actor. "John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment befo

on his lips. His altered voice was meant for you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. . . . Jack had two voices, both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating ; but his secondary or supplementary voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator ; and the *dramatis personæ* were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The *lies* of Young Wilding and the *sentiments* of Joseph Surface were thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience."

Palmer was, as John Taylor records, "silent in company ; but he compensated by his expressive gestures for his taciturnity ;" he proved by his manner that he fully understood and enjoyed the wit and humour of others. Taylor noted the ingenuity with which he varied his dumb-show admiration of the facetious sallies of George Colman. "He was a well-bred man, but he carried his courtesy to such an excess as to excite a suspicion of its sincerity." Altogether his nickname of "Plausible Jack" seems to have been well earned. In his case there must often have been doubt as to whether Joseph Surface was playing John Palmer, or John Palmer was playing Joseph Surface. He has been charged with many acts of humorous duplicity, accomplished perhaps as much for their humour as for their duplicity. He deceived Sheridan upon one occasion, and escaped the performance of an arduous character by pretending to be seriously ill. Sheridan suspecting a trick, called upon the actor at his house in Lisle Street. Palmer had but a few minutes' notice of his manager's visit. He hurried to his bedroom, enveloped himself in a dressing-gown, drew on a large woollen nightcap, and tied a handkerchief round his jaw ; he groaned audibly, his face seemed strangely swollen ; he affected to be suffering agonies of toothache. Sheridan was completely duped ; he expressed his sincere sympathy with his distressed actor, recommended the extraction of the tooth, &c. A favourite excuse with Palmer was the accouchement of his wife ; and there was this to be said for the excuse, that the lady had in truth presented him with eight children. "He would postpone an engagement by sighing forth, with his white handkerchief to his eyes, 'My best of friends, this is the most awful period of my life ; I cannot be with you ; my beloved wife, the partner of my sorrows and my joys, is just confined.'" He merely smiled with his usual bland benignity when congratulated by Michael Kelly upon the happiness of having a wife who at least every two months rendered him a contented father. But with all his faults, and they were many, he was a great favourite with the public, and was fondly regarded by his fellow-players. His

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appearance upon the stage was invariably hailed with loud applause. "He appeared to have been made for the profession, and trod the stage as no other man could do." Acting, both on and off the stage, came naturally to him; otherwise he was a careless student enough of his art, and often failed to commit thoroughly to memory the speeches he was required to deliver in the theatre. But there was dexterity about his very errors. It is told of him that on the production of Hayley's tragedy of "Lord Russell," in which he was to personate the hero, he had wholly neglected to study the text—he was most imperfectly acquainted with the play; but he knew well the tragedy of the Earl of Essex, and as it presented points of resemblance to Hayley's work, he glibly recited passage after passage from the old play, adroitly fitting them into the new, so that the audience never discovered his ignorance and incapacity.

Boaden's account of Palmer is curious from its correspondence with Lamb's description. Palmer assumed "fine manners" with great ease; but they were assumed; "he seemed to me to have attained the station rather than to have been born to it. In his general deportment he had a sort of elaborate grace and stately superiority, which he affected on all occasions with an accompaniment of the most plausible politeness. He was the same on and off the stage; he was constantly *acting* the man of superior accomplishments. This it was that rendered Palmer so exquisite in 'High Life below Stairs.' He was *really* my Lord Duke's footman *affecting* the airs and manners of his superiors." If he was not the first of tragedians, he was one of the most useful; he played tyrants because of his grand deportment; he played villains because of his insidious and plausible address. His Villeroy in "The Fatal Marriage" "had a delicate and hopeless ardour of affection that made it a decided impossibility for Isabella to resist him. He seemed a being expressly favoured by fate to wind about that lovely victim the web of inextricable misery." Further, Boaden says of him: "he was the most general actor that ever lived; . . . he was fairly entitled to the greatest salary in the theatre, as he combined the most general utility with talent, often surprising, frequently excellent, and always respectable. His noble figure and graceful manners threw him into a variety of temptations difficult to be resisted, and sworn foes to professional diligence and severe study." His habits were expensive, and he affected splendid hospitalities. He was, indeed, irreclaimably reckless and profligate; "but he would throw up his eyes with astonishment that he had lost the word, or cast them down with penitent humility, wipe his lips with his eternal white handker-

to smother his errors, and bow himself out of the greatest absurdities that continued idleness could bring upon him."

Tom Dibdin, who had been apprenticed to an upholsterer in the city, has recorded his boyish enthusiasm on behalf of John Palmer. Dibdin had witnessed the laying of the first stone of the ill-fated Royalty Theatre, and lived to see "the last vestige of its remaining rubbish" after the fire in 1826. "For a sight of 'Plausible Jack'" he would have done anything—everything. "Deservedly a favourite with the public, to me he was the most enviable mortal I could figure to my perverted imagination." He describes how warmly he entered into the contest between Palmer and "the tyrannical triumvirate"; how constantly he attended the performances at the Royalty. "To my once-favourite actors of the Theatre Royal I could now allow no spark of merit; talent was only to be found at Palmer's, where 'Don Juan,' 'The Deserter of Naples,' and 'A Peep into the Tower,' formed my whole study." The author of the famous pantomime of "Mother Goose" thus obtained his theatrical education.

Palmer's grand presence and lofty airs contrasted somewhat with the humbleness of his origin. He was thought to be too forgetful; that his father had been a mere bill-sticker; at any rate, his professional brethren often reminded him of the fact. He entered the green-room upon a certain occasion wearing a valuable pair of diamond knee-buckles, the gift, it was alleged, of an admiring lady of quality. "Palmer, I perceive, deals in diamonds," observed Parsons, the inimitable comedian of that day. "Yes," said Bannister, "but I can well recollect the time when he dealt only in paste." Thereupon Parsons whispered to Palmer, "Why don't you stick him to the wall, Jack?"

It was said of him, that when he first, in 1782, played Stukely in "The Gamester" to the Mrs. Beverley of Mrs. Siddons, he experienced a novel reception from his audience. His personation of the hypocritical villain was so complete, and at the same time so revolting, that the force of the illusion moved the audience to hiss the actor as he left the stage. Upon his re-appearance he was greeted with unbounded applause; but presently the cunning of the scene again took possession of the spectators, and they hissed Mr. Palmer very heartily. He was much gratified by this tribute to the force and skill of his performance.

In the "Children of Thespis," by the scurrilous Williams, calling himself Anthony Pasquin, a full-length portrait of Mr. Palmer is supplied. No man on the stage, it is said, holds so wide a dominion. He is "the Muse's great hackney."

Come Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, or what will,
 He still gives a manifest proof of his skill
 He still claims applause, though, like Proteus, he changes,
 For equal to all through the drama he ranges,
 And bears with much ease its vast weight on his shoulders
 Till, like Atlas, his powers surprise all beholders.
 So graceful his step, so majestic his nod,
 He looks the descendant from Belvidere's God.

His tragedy is censured, however; especially his performance of Dionysius—

He out-herods Herod—and tears his poor throat
 Till Harmony trembles at every note.
 Though twelpenny gods may with this be delighted,
 Common Sense is alarmed and meek Reason affrighted.

His Joseph Surface and Young Wilding are much praised, but there is some laughing at his love-making :

Ere love's gentle passion he'll deign to disclose,
 His handkerchief ten times must visit his nose, &c.

and he is reproached for being "fond of porter!"

While fulfilling an engagement at the Liverpool Theatre, Palmer died suddenly, on the 2nd August 1798. The circumstance of his death has been often narrated. He had been for some time in a depressed condition of mind owing to the recent loss of his wife and of a favourite son, and had freely confessed his fear that these heavy afflictions would bring him to the grave. He had performed, however, with his usual spirit on the night before his death, appearing in his admired character of Young Wilding in "The Liar." On the morrow his dejection was extreme; "all the efforts of his friends were scarcely capable of rousing him from the state of melancholy in which he seemed to have sunk." He was bent, however, upon accomplishing his professional duties. The play was "The Stranger;" in the country he personated the hero of that work, contenting himself in London with the inferior character of Baron Steinfort. In the two earlier scenes he exerted himself with good effect, but as the representation proceeded he displayed evidence of suffering. In the third act, when the Stranger is required to speak of his children, Palmer became unusually agitated. "He endeavoured to proceed, but his feelings overcame him; the hand of death had arrested his progress; he fell upon his back, heaved a convulsive sigh, and expired immediately." For some time the spectators believed that his fall was merely contrived to add to the effect of the scene but the hurried entrance of certain of the actors to remove him

of their departed playfellow undeceived the house ; the "utmost astonishment and terror became depicted upon every countenance."

It has been frequently stated that Palmer's last utterance upon the stage was the observation made by the Stranger to Francis in the third act of the play—"There is another and a better world." In a sketch of Palmer's theatrical career, published very shortly after his death, currency was first given to this version of the circumstance, and it was even proposed that the extract from the play should be engraved upon the actor's tombstone. Reynolds, the dramatist, states, however, upon the authority of an actor named Whitfield, who played Baron Steinfort upon the night in question, that Palmer fell suddenly before him on the stage while answering the inquiry as to the Stranger's children in the fourth act, and that his last words were really : "I left them at a small town hard by." But the narrative, in its earlier and perhaps more dramatic form, obtained the greater popularity, and has been very frequently repeated. The report that the actor's last words had referred to another and a better world led to a great demand for the play ; fifteen hundred copies of "The Stranger" were forthwith disposed of by the publisher. The story, as Reynolds declares, was instantly seized upon by the Methodists, and "most adroitly confirmed and hawked about the town as a means of enforcing their anti-dramatic tenets," and of demonstrating that severe judgment surely lay in wait for the players.

Mr. Aikin, of Covent Garden Theatre, then manager of the Liverpool Theatre, endeavoured to inform the house of Palmer's death, but his feelings overcame him, and he was unable to articulate a single word. A brief speech from Incledon, the singer, made the audience acquainted with the sad occurrence. The theatre was closed for three nights. The remains of the actor were interred at Warton, a village near Liverpool ; the funeral was followed by a long string of coaches. A night was appointed by Mr. Aikin for the benefit of Palmer's orphan family, when an appropriate address, written by Roscoe, was delivered by Mr. Holman. On the 8th August performances, consisting of "The Heir at Law" and "The Children in the Wood," were presented at the Opera House in the Haymarket, under Colman's management, "for the benefit of the four youngest orphans of the late Mr. Palmer." When Drury Lane re-opened for the season, on the 15th September, the representation was announced to be for the benefit of Palmer's orphan family. John Kemble played the Stranger to the Mrs. Haller of Mrs. Siddons ; Bannister and Mrs. Jordan lending their assistance in the farce of "The Citizen." Barrymore, who succeeded to many of Palmer's characters, though

considered to be but a poor substitute for him, appeared as Baron Steinfort. Boaden writes : "The common notion was that the last words uttered by poor Palmer were parts of a passage commencing with an apostrophe to the Deity, and that the agony attending their delivery had destroyed the actor. The house was therefore in considerable alarm till the real Stranger had got over words that had proved so fatal, and some degree of surprise buzzed along the seats when Mr. Kemble, in the proper tone of resignation, uttered the calm address to Francis in the first scene of the third act : 'Have you forgotten what the old man said this morning? "There is another and a better world!" Oh! 'twas true. Then let us hope with fervency, and yet endure with patience!' Mr. Kemble disappointed apprehension or expectation, and safely survived this important performance of 'The Stranger.'"

The circumstance of Palmer's death inclined many to be credulous in regard to a story of the appearance of his ghost or fetch. The tale has been told by the Rev. J. Richardson, at one time connected with the *Times* newspaper, in his "Recollections of the last Half-Century," published in 1856. Palmer, it seems, retained apartments in a house in Spring Gardens, tenanted by Mrs. Vernon, widow of the comedian and singer of that name, and was accustomed to enter at all hours by means of a latch-key. It was the night of the 2nd of August, 1798. It was known that Palmer was absent from town, fulfilling a provincial engagement; but it was thought that he might return at almost any moment. The house was very fully tenanted, insomuch that a youth named Tucker slept in the hall or passage, his couch being "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day." His services were so laborious in the day that he was allowed to retire to rest at an early hour, long before the other inmates of the establishment sought sleep. Those who entered after nightfall had, therefore, as a rule to pass the slumbering Tucker on their way up to bed.

It so happened that on the evening in question Tucker had retired to rest at an earlier hour than usual; but the company in the drawing-room was numerous, and the sounds of merriment prevented him from falling asleep; "he was in a sort of morbid drowsiness produced by weariness but continually interrupted by noise." As he described the scene, he was sitting half upright in his bed, when he saw the figure of a man coming from the passage which led from the door of the house to the hall. The figure paused on its way for a moment and looked Tucker full in the face. He felt no alarm whatever; there was nothing spectral or awful about the figure; it passed quietly on, and apparently mounted the stairs, Tucker recognising the form, sea

gait, dress, and general aspect of John Palmer. He supposed the actor to have returned from Liverpool and quietly entered the house by means of his latch-key. He marvelled nevertheless at the visitor's lack of politeness : he had failed to ask after Tucker's health, or even to wish him good-night.

In the morning, during some general conversation with Mrs. Vernon, he mentioned the return of Mr. Palmer, and expressed a hope that he had benefited by his trip to Liverpool. He was assured by the lady that Mr. Palmer had not returned, and most certainly had not joined the festivities in the drawing-room; the youth must have been dreaming, or drinking, or out of his senses, to imagine such a thing. His delusion, as it was called, was the subject of much amusement, especially as he sturdily persisted in his assertion that he had really seen Mr. Palmer. On the following day news arrived from Liverpool of the sudden death of Palmer upon the stage at about the hour when Tucker avowed that he had seen the actor quietly let himself into the house in Spring Gardens. There was an end to laughter upon the subject, and many were inclined to think that there was much more in Tucker's story than they had at first believed.

"Stories of this sort," writes Mr. Richardson, "like marvellous stories of all sorts, must stand or fall by the evidence with which they are supported. The story is here told as it was told to the writer by the principal party connected with it." This must, of course, have been Tucker himself.

DUTTON COOK.

SAVAGE PENAL LAWS.

IF, interpreting the present by the past, and taking as our standard of the past contemporary savage life, we endeavour to gain some insight into the origin of those legal customs and ideas which are so interwoven with our civilisation, the statements of travellers relating to the judicial institutions of savage tribes will gain considerably in interest and value. For their modes of redressing injuries, of assessing punishment, of discovering truth, reveal not a few striking points of resemblance and of contrast to the practices prevalent in civilised communities; whilst they serve at the same time to illustrate the natural laws at work in the evolution of society.

The different stages of progress from the lowest social state, where the redress of wrongs is left to individual force or cunning, to the state where the wrongs of individuals are regarded and punished as wrongs to the community at large, may be all observed in the customs of modern or recent savage tribes. Yet instances where the redress of wrongs is purely a matter of personal retaliation are not really numerous, occurring chiefly where the rulership of a tribe is ill-defined and is an exercise of influence rather than authority, as among the Esquimaux, the Kamschadals, and some Californian and other American tribes. In such states of society, some political sovereignty is vested in the heads of the different families, though they have but little power either to make commands or to inflict punishments. But generally this deficiency in the legal protection of life and property is made up for by a principle which lies at the root of savage law—the principle, that is, of collective responsibility, of including in the guilt of an individual all his blood-relations jointly or singly.

This consideration of crimes as family rather than as personal matters, (the duty of satisfying the family of anyone injured devolving upon the family of the wrong-doer,) must have tended in the earliest times to withdraw attention from the merely personal aspect of injuries and to direct it to their more social relations. The common test of likelihood is no bad guide in ethnology; and the difficulty of conceiving any society of men, even the most savage, living togeth-

absolutely unaffected by, or uninterested in, wrongs done by one of their members to another, is only equalled by the difficulty of finding credible records of any such society. Even in Kamschatka, where the head of an ostrog had only the power to punish verbally, a man caught stealing was held so infamous, that no one would befriend him, and he had to live thenceforth alone without help from anybody; whilst, if the habit seemed inveterate, the thief was bound to a tree, and his arms bound by a piece of birch-bark to a pole stretched crosswise; the bark was then ignited, and the man's hands, thereby branded, marked his character in future to all interested in knowing it.¹ Even in so rude a tribe as the Brazilian Topanazes, a murderer of a fellow-tribesman would be conducted by his relations to those of the deceased, to be by them forthwith strangled and buried, in satisfaction of their rights; the two families eating together for several days after the event, as though for reconciliation.² And several other tribes, destitute of any chiefs possessing the power or right to judge or punish, have fixed customs regulating such offences as theft or murder. Thus the Nootka Indians avenge or compound for punishable acts, though their chiefs have little or no voice in the matter. Where, as among the Haidahs of Columbia, crime likewise has no legal punishment, murder being simply an affair to be settled with the robbed family, we may detect the beginnings of later legal practices in the occasional agreement among the leading men to put to death disagreeable members of the tribe, such as medicine-men, and other great offenders.³ So that wherever, from causes of war or otherwise, tribal chieftaincy has become at all fixed and powerful, we may expect to find the chief or chiefs called upon to settle disputes between individuals or families; and thus gradually a way would be found for the addition of judicial functions to the other duties of government.

From this natural tendency of submitting disputed claims or the measure of redress to the decision of a single chieftain or of several, the personal right of retaliation would soon become a tribal one; and, ignorant of the science of jurisprudence, most savage tribes seem early to have learnt to treat torts or offences against an individual as crimes or offences against the community, taking as their standard of punishment the measure of the wrong to the individual. The transfer of sovereignty from smaller units to the tribe is clearly marked in instances where the chiefs of a tribe try crimes and decide guilt, but leave the

¹ Steller, *Kamschatka*, 356.

² Eschwege, *Brazilien*, i. 221.

³ Bancroft, *Native Races of Pacific States*, i. 168.

punishment to the discretion of the injured persons or family; of which let the following illustrations suffice.

According to Catlin, every Indian tribe he visited had a council house in the middle of their village, where the chiefs would assemble, as well for the investigation of crimes as for public business, giving decisions after trial concerning capital offences, but leaving the punishment to the nearest of kin, to be inflicted by him under the penalty of social disgrace, but free from any control by them as to time, place, or manner.¹ Similarly, on the Gold Coast, suits were in the hands of the caboceros or chiefs, and the original conception of murder appears clearly in the practice for the murderer to get generally some abatement from the relations of the deceased of the pecuniary penalty affixed by law to his crime; they being the only persons the criminal had to agree with, and free to take from him as little as they pleased, the king having no pretence to any share of the fine except what he might get for his trouble in exacting it.² In the Central African kingdom of Bornou, a convicted murderer was handed over to the discretionary revenge of the murdered man's family.³ In Samoa, again, the chief of a village and the heads of families formed the judicial as well as legislative body. They might condemn a culprit to sit for hours naked in the sun, to be hung by his head, to take five bites from a pungent root, or to play at ball with a prickly sea-urchin, according to the nature of his offence. But one punishment was especially remarkable, as showing how the right of punishment originally belonging to the family may survive in form long after it has in reality passed to a wider political union. This was the punishment of being bound hand and foot and suspended from a prickly pole run through between the hands and feet, and carried to the family of the village against which the prisoner had transgressed, and there deposited before them, as it were, at their mercy.⁴

If then the original standard of punishment was just that amount of severity which would suffice to prevent individuals seeking satisfaction by their private efforts and avenging their own wrongs, it is intelligible that penal customs should be cruel in proportion to their primitiveness. It is distinctly stated that in Samoa fines in food and property gradually superseded more severe penalties. Yet, in the face of the very varying penalties found in most different conditions of culture, it is a subject on which it is difficult to lay

¹ Catlin, ii. 240.

² Pinkerton. *Bosman's Guinea*, xvi. 406.

³ Denham's *Discoveries in Africa*, i. 167.

⁴ Turner, *Polynesia*, 286.

down any rule. Sometimes murder alone is a capital crime, sometimes theft, witchcraft, and adultery as well; sometimes all or some of them are commutable by fine. Nor does it seem that, wherever an offence is punishable by fine, the penalty has been mitigated from one originally more severe. In some cases the chief judges may have found their interest in assessing a more humane, and to themselves more profitable, forfeit than that of life or limb; but savages, living in the most primitive conditions, seem to have been led by their natural reason alone to observe fitting proportions between crime and retribution. For their punishments, in default generally of imprisonment or banishment, are not as a rule gratuitously cruel; and slavery, so common a punishment in Africa, far from being essentially cruel, is rather a sign of an amelioration of manners, of willingness to take the useful satisfaction of a man's labour in lieu of the useless one of his life. It would, indeed, seem that severity of the penal code is rather a concomitant of growth in civilisation, of stronger and deeper moral feelings, of a sense of the failure of milder means, than of a really primitive savagery. On the whole continent of America no savage tribe ever approached the Aztecs in cruelty of punishment, nor is it with people like the Mandans that we should ever find a death penalty assigned alike for the lightest as for the gravest crimes, for slander no less than for adultery, for intoxication no less than for homicide.¹

It would be erroneous to suppose, because the laws of savages are unwritten and depend on usage alone for their preservation, that therefore they are entirely uncertain and arbitrary. On few points are the statements of travellers less vague than on the details of native penal customs; a fact which is only compatible with their being both well known and regularly enforced. What the Abbé Froyart says of the natives of Loango, may be said of all but the lowest tribes: "There is no one ignorant of the cases which incur the pain of death, and of those for which the offender becomes the slave of the person offended."² The laws of the Caffre tribes are said to be a collection of precedents, of decisions of bygone chiefs and councils, appealing solely to what was customary in the past, never to the abstract merits of the case. There appears, it is said, to be no uncertainty whatever in their administration, the criminality of different acts being measured exactly by the number of head of cattle payable in atonement. So the customs reported from Ashantee manifest a sense of the value of fixed penalties. An Ashantee is at liberty to

¹ Bancroft, ii. 454-472, for the penal code of the Aztecs.

² Pinkerton. *Froyart's History of Loango*, xvi. 581.

kill his slave, but is punished if he kills his wife or child; only a chief can sell his wife or put her to death for infidelity; whilst a great man who kills his equal in rank is generally suffered to die by his own hands. If a man brings a frivolous accusation against another, he must give an entertainment to the family and friends of the accused; if he breaks an Aggry bead in a scuffle, he must pay seven slaves to the owner. A wife who betrays a secret forfeits her upper lip, an ear if she listens to a private conversation of her husband.¹ And savage as is the kingdom of Dahomey, arbitrary power is so far limited, that no sentence of death or slavery, adjudged by an assembly of chiefs, can be carried out without confirmation from the throne; and such a sentence "must be executed in the capital, and notice given of it by the public crier in the market." It is no paradox to say, that human life, even in Dahomey, enjoys more efficient legal protection at this day than existed in England long after the signature of our Magna Charta.

The forms of legal procedure manifest often no less regularity than the laws themselves. In Congo the plaintiff opens his case on his knees to the judge, who sits under a tree or in a great straw hut built on purpose, holding a staff of authority in his hand. When he has heard the plaintiff's evidence he hears the defendant, then calls the witnesses, and decides accordingly. The successful suitor pays a sum to the judge's box, and stretches himself at full length on the ground to testify his gratitude.² In Loango, the king, acting as judge, has several assessors to consult in difficult cases, and the suit begins by both parties making a present to the king, who then proceeds to hear in turn plaintiff, defendant, and witnesses. In default of witnesses the affair is deferred, spies being sent to gather ampler information and ground for judgment from the talk of the people. In the public trials of Ashantee "the accused is always heard fully, and is obliged either to commit or exculpate himself on every point." On the Gold Coast a plaintiff would sometimes defer his suit for thirty years, letting it devolve on his heirs, if the judges, the caboceros, from interested motives, delayed to grant him a trial, and thus obliged him to wait, in hopes of finding less impartial or else more amenable judges in the future.³

Several rules of savage jurisprudence betray curiously different notions of equity from those of more civilised lands. The Abbé

¹ Hutton, *Voyage to Africa*, 319.

² Pinkerton, xvi. 242, in Merolla's *Voyage to Congo*.

³ Pinkerton. Bosman's *Guinea*, xvi. 405. For an account of a savage law suit, see Maclean's *Caffre Laws and Customs*, 38-43.

Froyart was shocked that, on the complaint of the missionaries to the King of Loango of nocturnal disturbances round their dwellings, the king should have issued an ordinance making the disturbance of the missionaries' repose a capital crime. The reason the natives gave him for thus putting slight offences on an equality with grave ones was, that in proportion to the ease of abstinence from anything forbidden, or of the performance of anything commanded, was the inexcusableness of disobedience and the deserved severity of punishment. Again, impartiality with regard to rank or wealth, which is now regarded in England as a self-evident principle of justice, as a primary instinct of equity, is by no means so regarded by savages; for not only is murder often atoned for according to the rank of the murderer, as on the Gold Coast or in old Anglo-Saxon law, on the basis, apparently, of the value to the individual of his loss in death, but such difference of rank sometimes enters into the estimate of the due punishment for robbery. Thus the Guinea Coast negroes thought it reasonable to punish rich persons guilty of robbery more severely than the poor, because, they said, the rich were not urged to it by necessity, and could better spare the money-fines laid on them. Caffre law distinguishes broadly and clearly between injuries to a man's person and injuries to his property, accounting the former as offences against the chief to whom he belongs, and making such chief sole recipient of all fines, allowing only personal redress where a man's property has been damaged. Thus Caffre law divides itself into lines bearing some analogy to those of our criminal and civil law: such offences as treason, murder, assault, and witchcraft entering into the criminal code, and constituting injuries to the actual sufferer's chief; whilst adultery, slander, and other forms of theft, enter as it were into the civil law, as injuries for which there are direct personal remedies.¹

The almost universal test among savages of guilt or innocence, where there is a want or conflict of evidence, is the ordeal. At first sight it would appear that such a practice presupposes a belief in a personal supernatural deity—that it is, in fact, as it was in the middle ages, a judgment of God, an appeal to His decision. If so, a theistic belief would be of wide extent, for the ordeal is common to very low strata of culture; but, in consideration of the savage belief in the personality and consciousness of natural objects or in spirits animating them, it would seem best to regard the ordeal simply as a direct appeal to the decision of such objects or spirits themselves, or through such objects to the decision of dead ancestors, a means

¹ Maclean, *Caffre Laws*, 34.

for the discovery of truth that would naturally suggest itself to the shamanic class. For it is at the peril of his life that a shaman, or priest, asserts a title to superior power and wisdom; and as his skill is tested in every need or peril that occurs, he is naturally as often called upon to detect hidden guilt as to bring rain from the clouds or drive sickness from the body. Driven, therefore, to his inventive resources by the demands made upon him, he thinks out a test which he may really consider just, or which, by proving fatal to the suspected, may place his ingenuity and the verdict beyond the reach of challenge. Such ordeals not only often elicit true confessions of guilt by the very terror they inspire, so that, according to Merolla, it sufficed for the Congo wizards to issue proclamations for a restitution of stolen property under the threat of otherwise resorting to their arts of detection, but they are valuable in themselves to the shamanic class from being easily adapted to the destruction of an enemy, and offering a ready channel for the influx of wealth. A comparison of some of these tests, which decide guilt not by an appeal to the fear of falsehood, as an oath does, but by what is really an appeal to the verdict of chance, will display so strong a family resemblance, together with so many local peculiarities, as to make the origin suggested appear not improbable.

Bosman mentions the following ordeals as customary on the Gold Coast in offences of a trivial character :

1. Stroking a red-hot copper arm-ring over the tongue of the suspected.
2. Squirting a vegetable juice into his eye.
3. Drawing a greased fowl's feather through his tongue.
4. Making him draw cocks'-quills from a clod of earth.

Innocence was staked on the innocuousness of the two former proceedings, on the facility of the execution of the two latter. For great crimes the water ordeal was employed, a certain river being endowed with the quality of wafting innocent persons across it, how bad swimmers soever, and of only drowning the guilty.¹

Livingstone mentions the anxiety of negro women, suspected by their husbands of having bewitched them, to drink a poisonous infusion prepared for them by the shaman, and to submit their lives to the effect of this drink on their bodies: a judicial method strikingly similar to the test of bitter waters ordained in the Book of Numbers to decide the guilt of Jewish wives whom their husbands had reason to suspect of infidelity. The Barotse tribe, who judge of the guilt of an accused person by the effect of medicine poured down the

¹ Pinkerton, xvi. 259.

throat of a dog or cock, manifest more humanity in their system of ordeal.¹

But perhaps the best collection of African ordeals is that given in the voyage of the Capuchin Merolla to Congo in 1682. In case of treason a shaman would present a compound of vegetable juices, serpents' flesh, and such things to the delinquent, who would die if he were guilty, but not otherwise ; it being of course open to the administrator to omit at will the poisonous ingredients. Innocence was further proved by suffering no bad effects from a red-hot iron passed over the leg, from chewing the root of the banana, from eating the poisoned fruit of a certain palm, from drinking water in which a torch of bitumen or a red-hot iron had been quenched, or from drawing a stone out of boiling water. The crime of theft was proved by the ignition or the non-ignition of a long thread held at either end by the shaman and the accused on the application of a red-hot iron to the middle.

So great in general is the dread of such ordeals, that they often actually serve as the most potent instruments for the discovery of crimes. In the kingdom of Loango was kept a fetich in a large basket, before which all cases of theft and murder were tried ; and when any great man died, a whole town would be compelled to offer themselves for trial for his murder by kissing and embracing the image, in the fear of falling down dead if they fancied themselves guilty. In the space of one year Andrew Battel witnessed the death of many natives in this way.

In the Tongan Islands the king would call the people together, and, after washing his hands in a wooden bowl, command everyone to touch it. From a firm belief that touching the bowl, in case of guilt, would cause instantaneous death, refusal to touch it amounted to conviction.²

Among the Fijians, distinguished in so many points from other savages by originality of conception, the ordeal of the scarf was the one of greatest dread, extorting confession, it is said, as effectually as a threat of the rack might have done. The chief or judge, having called for a scarf, would proceed, if the culprit did not confess at the sight of it, to wave it above his head, till he had caught the man's soul, bereft of which the culprit would be sure ultimately to pine away and die.³

Among the ordeals of the Sandwich islanders, was one called the

¹ Livingstone's *South Africa*, 621, 642.

² Klemm, *Culturgeschichte*, iii. 334.

³ Williams, *Fiji*, 250.

"shaking-water." The accused persons, sitting round a calabash full of water, were required in turns to hold their hands above it, that the priest, by watching the water, might detect, when it trembled, the presence of guilt. On the Society Islands the ordeal only differed slightly, the priest reading in the water the reflected image of the thief, after prayer to the gods to cause his spirit to be present. The mere report that such a measure had been resorted to often led to timely restitutions.¹

In Sardinia there is, or was, a well, the waters of which were supposed to blind a person suspected of robbery or lying, if he were guilty, otherwise to strengthen and improve his sight.²

The above instances, remarkable for their practical efficiency no less than for their puerile ingenuity, will suffice to show the nature of savage judicial ordeals, and the extreme variety displayed in their invention. The identity of many ordeals among different people, such as that by fire or water, is probably due to the readiness with which such tests would suggest themselves to the imagination. He who, holding fire in his hand, said the Indian law, is not burnt, or who, diving under water, is not soon forced up by it, must be held veracious in his testimony upon oath; and the same was the idea in China and Africa as well as in Europe. That these ordeals, like others, originated from the class of shamans, and were traditionally preserved by them as one of the sources of their power, derives probability from their close analogy to the judicial ordeals invented and administered by the priests of early Europe. The trial by the hallowed morsel, which decided guilt by the effects of swallowing a piece of hallowed bread or cheese; the trial by the cross, when both accuser and accused were placed under a cross with their arms extended and the wrong adjudged to him who first let his hands fall; or the trial by the two dice, when innocence was proved if the first dice taken at hazard bore the sign of the cross—though they may have been metamorphosed heathen ordeals, seem rather to have been of pure Christian invention; nor are they distinguished in any point above corresponding practices on the coast of Guinea, except in this, that they were called the judgments of God, and implied some belief in a personal spirit, who could and would control the verdict of chance to prove guilt or innocence.³

¹ Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, i. 378, iv. 423.

² Pinkerton, xvi. 690.

³ Wuttke, *Geschichte des Heidenthums*, 102, speaking of ordeals, says, "Wir können nicht sagen, dass ein monotheistischer Gedanke hier vorhanden sei; die Menschen glauben an die Gerechtigkeit des Schicksals noch nicht an einen gerechten Gott."

As in Europe after the fifteenth century the oath of canonical purgation gradually displaced the older system of ordeals, so it would seem that in savage life too the judicial oath succeeds in order of time the judicial ordeal. An oath implies a prayer, an invocation of punishment in case of perjury; and a man's conscience is evidently more directly appealed to where his guilt is tested to some extent by his own confession, than where it is decided by something quite external to himself.

The witness in a modern English law-court, invoking upon himself divine wrath if he swear falsely by the book he kisses, preserves with curious exactitude the judicial oath of savage times and lands. Our English judicial oath has withstood all attacks upon it, for the insuperable practical reason that the majority of men are more afraid of swearing falsely than of speaking falsely; and that the fewer scruples a man feels about lying, the more he is likely to feel about perjury. The notion that one is morally worse than the other is probably due to the imaginary terrors which, associated time out of mind with perjury, have given it a legal existence apart, and made it, so to speak, a kind of lying-extraordinary.

In Samoa, each of the persons suspected of a theft was obliged before the chiefs to touch a sacred cocoa-nut drinking cup and to invoke destruction upon himself if he were the thief. The formula ran: "With my hand on this cup, may the god look upon me and send swift destruction if I took the thing which has been stolen." "Before this ordeal the truth was rarely concealed," it being firmly believed that death would ensue were the cup touched and a lie told. Or the suspected would first place a handful of grass on the stone or other representative of the village god, and laying his hands on it, say: "In the presence of our chiefs now assembled, I lay my hand on the stone; if I stole the thing, may I speedily die," the grass being a symbolical curse of the destruction he invoked on all his family, of the *grass* that might grow over their dwellings. The older ordeal of fixing the guilt upon a person to whom the face of a spun cocoa-nut pointed when it rested, shows how ordeals may continue in use after the attainment of judicial oaths and contemporaneously with them.¹

To understand the binding force of oaths among savages, it is necessary to observe how closely connected they are with savage ideas of fetichism, and their belief in witchcraft as a really active natural force. The hair or food of a man, which a savage burns to rid himself of an enemy, is no mere symbol of that enemy so much as in some sense that enemy himself. The physical act of touching

¹ Turner, *Polynesia*, 241, 293, 215.

the thing invoked has reference to feelings of causal connection between things, as in Samoa, where a man, to attest his veracity, would touch his eyes, to indicate a wish that blindness might strike him if he lied, or would dig a hole in the ground, to indicate a wish that he might be buried in the event of falsehood. In Kamschatka, if a thief remained undetected, the elders would summon all the ostrog together, young and old, and, forming a circle round the fire, cause certain incantations to be employed. After the incantations (*zu Ende der Schamannerey*) the sinews of the back and feet of a wild sheep were thrown into the fire with magical words, and the wish expressed that the hands and feet of the culprit might grow crooked; there being apparently a connection assumed between the action of the fire on the animal's sinews and on the limbs of the man. And in Sweden there are still cunning men who can deprive a real thief of his eye, by cutting a human figure on the bark of a tree and driving nails and arrows into the representative feature. But perhaps the best illustration of this feeling is the practice of the Ostiaks, offering their wives, if they suspect them of infidelity, a handful of bear's hairs, believing that, if they touch them and are guilty, they will be bitten by a bear within the space of three days. Now, it would seem that oaths appeal to the same idea of vicarious or representative influence, a real but invisible connection being imagined between the actual thing touched and the calamity invoked in touching it. Instances from the oaths of other tribes will manifest the operation of the same feelings as that which makes grass a symbol of utter ruin in Samoa, or some bear's hairs of a bear's bite among the Ostiaks.

Among the Nomad races of the North, three kinds of oaths are said to be usual, the first and least solemn one being for the accused to face the sun with a knife, pretending to fight against it, and to cry aloud: "If I am guilty, may the sun cause sickness to rage in my body like this knife!" The second form of oath is to cry aloud from the tops of certain mountains, invoking death, loss of children and cattle, or bad luck in hunting, in case of guilt being real. But the most solemn oath of all is to exclaim, in drinking some of the blood of a dog, killed expressly by the elders and burnt or thrown away: "If I die, may I perish, decay, or burn away like this dog."¹ Very similar is the oath in Sumatra, where, a beast having been slain, the swearer says: "If I break my oath, may I be slaughtered as this beast, and swallowed as this heart I now consume."² The most

¹ Klemm, iii. 68.

² Wuttke, *Geschichte des Heidenthums*, 103.

solemn oath of the Bedouins, that of the cross-lines, is also characterised by the same belief which appears in the case of the slain beast affecting with sympathetic decay the man guilty of perjury. If a Bedouin cannot convict a man he suspects of theft, it is usual for him to take the suspected before a sheikh or kady, and to call on him to swear any oath demanded of him. If the defendant agrees, he is led to a certain distance from the camp, "because the magical nature of the oath might prove pernicious to the general body of Arabs were it to take place in their vicinity." Then the plaintiff draws with his sekin, or crooked knife, a large circle in the sand with many cross-lines inside it, places his right foot inside it, causes the defendant to do the same, and makes him say after himself: "By God, and in God, and through God, I swear I did not take the thing, nor is it in my possession." To make the oath still more solemn, the accused often puts also in the circle an ant and a bit of camel's skin, the one expressive of a hope that he may never be destitute of camel's milk, the other of a hope that he may never lack the winter provision of an ant.¹

Firm, however, as is the savage belief that the consequences of perjury are death or disease, a belief which shows itself not unfrequently in actually inferring the fact of perjury from the fact of death, escape from the obligation of an oath is not unknown among savages. On the Guinea Coast recourse was had to the common expedient of priestly absolution, so that when a man took a draught-oath, imprecating death on himself if he failed in his promise, the priests were sometimes compelled to take an oath too, to the effect that they would not employ their absolving powers to release him. In Abyssinia a simpler process seems to be in vogue; for the king, on one occasion having sworn by a cross, thus addressed his servants: "You see the oath I have taken; I scrape it clean away from my tongue that made it." Thereupon he scraped his tongue and spat away his oath, thus validly releasing himself from it.²

It does not appear that savages refine on their motives for punishment, the sum of their political philosophy in this respect being rather to inflict penalties that accord with their ideas of retribution deserved for each case or crime, than to deter other criminals by warning examples. The statement that New Zealanders beat thieves to death, and then hang them on a cross on the top of a hill, as a warning example, conflicts with another account which says that thieves are punished with banishment.³ But, subject to the

¹ Burckhardt, *Notes on the Bedouins*, 73.

² Latham, *Descriptive Ethnology*, ii. 98.

³ Klemm, *iv.* 334.

influence of collateral circumstances, savage penal laws appear to be as fixed, regular, and well-known, as inflexibly bound by precedent, as often improved by the intelligence of individual chiefs, as penal laws are in more advanced societies. The case of an Ashantee king, who, limiting the number of lives to be sacrificed at his mother's funeral, resisted all importunities and appeals to precedent for a greater number, is not without parallel in reforms of law. Thus we are told of one Caffre chief who abolished in his tribe the fine payable for the crime of approaching a chief's kraal with the head covered by a blanket; whilst another chief made the homicide of a man taken in adultery a capital offence, thus transferring the punishment for the crime from the individual to the tribe.¹

In legal customs analogous to those of the savage or rather semi-civilised world, the legal institutions of civilised countries, their methods of procedure, of extorting truth, of punishing crimes, seem to have their root and explanation. For this reason the same interest attaches to the legal institutions of modern savages as attaches to the laws of the ancient Germanic tribes or to the ordinances of Menu, the interest, that is, of descent or relationship. The oath, for instance, of our law courts presupposes in the past, if not in the present, precisely the same state of thought as the oath customary in Samoa; and the same virtue inherent in touching and kissing the Bible leads the Tunguse Lapp to touch and then kiss the cannon, gun, or sword, by which he swears allegiance to the Russian crown.² The Highlander also, of olden time, kissing his dirk, to invoke death by it if he lied, is a similar instance of the survival of the primitive conception, that physical contact with a thing creates a spiritual dependence upon it. The ordeal, so lately the judicial test of witchcraft, still retains a foothold of faith among our country people, as is proved by the fact that not longer ago than 1863 an octogenarian died in consequence of having been "swum" as a wizard at Little Hedingham, in Essex. And, lastly, the English law that no person could inherit an estate from anyone convicted of treason, or from a suicide, shows how naturally the savage law of collective responsibility, in reality so unjust, may survive into times of civilisation, whilst the ignominy still attached to the blood-relations of a criminal shows with what difficulty the feeling is eradicated.

J. A. FARRER.

¹ Maclean, 124, 110.

² Klemm, iii. 69.

WILLIAM HARVEY.

A Tercentenary Tribute.

Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
 And in such change is my invention spent,—
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnets*, 105.

A BIRTHDAY PROLOGUE.

VADE mecum. Let us think of a fine first of April morning, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine, and let us in imagination go into Smithfield, field of the noble army of martyrs, and a field which every stranger from the country new to London would surely visit. Then, as now, we see standing across one side of the square a great house for the reception and treatment of sick people. It is the house founded by Rahere,—Bartholomew's Hospital.

As we look at the house of the sick we see passing to it from another house on the western side of Smithfield, an energetic, brisk-stepping man, past the meridian of life, who evidently has business before him of importance. He is a little man, below the middle stature, and his face, which is round, is "olivaster in colour, wainscot like." His hair is raven black. His eyes are small, very black, and sparkling. His features are expressive of energy, vivacity, penetration, courage. His temperament, as we should say in these days, is nervous and bilious, the nervous preponderating. He is not really an irritable man, but quick and soon on fire. He wears a short dagger, as is the fashion of the day amongst gentlemen, and there at the door of the hospital, where he is now speaking with some other gentleman, friend or brother worker, he gets into an argument and, as you observe, unsheathes his little dagger automatically, and, holding it in his right hand, lays the flat surface of the blade across his left hand, as if clenching an argument; or directs the point, with energy, in *some new direction, as suggesting a statement, reason, or qualification.*

You might think this an ebullition of temper, if you did not know the man. You soon see you are deceived. That polished movement and farewell indicates a thoroughbred gentleman, with no little affectation of courtly polish, and you observe that the friend spoken to departs smiling and satisfied. The friend is clearly proud of an interview, which he will not fail to talk of to his neighbours and family, for in the interest it has excited in his mind he almost forgets to pick his way over the big stones which loosely cover the rough pavement, and has nearly gone down on his nose. He must be careful. Everybody must be careful of tripping, physically as well as politically, in the reign of Charles the First.

At a respectful distance, we will venture to follow, into the house of the sick, him in whom we have become so much interested. He is, we detect, treated with great reverence, and we quickly discover his vocation to be that of the healer of those who are there to be healed. He has removed his King Charles hat by this time, and has thrown off his loose cloak, whereby we are able to distinguish that the short stature of the man is not thrown out of symmetry by great girth of body and limb. He has a lithe and spare body, on which body is set a head of fine proportion. The forehead is high and broad; the nose well chiselled and slightly Roman; the cheeks flattened; the lips compressed and thin; the chin curved and pointed. From the extreme of the chin and lower line of the lower jaw depends a pointed, neatly-cut beard, and from the upper lip, curving gracefully down on each side, is what we moderns know as a moustache. The raven hair on the head is combed straight back in neat and comely style.

The dress of our man is, according to the professional taste of the day, of rich black cloth. He has rather a full doublet, with sleeves cut somewhat after the manner of a professor's gown, light plaits at the shoulders, a loose band round the elbows, and a tighter band, rather broad, at the wrist, edged beyond by a white cambric border. The doublet is buttoned all the way up the chest, but is open at the throat, and from out of it, overlapping the shoulders on each side, is a broad white collar, which sets off the fine dark face in striking contrast. The length of the doublet hides the cut of the nether garments, or breeches. The stockings are seen to be of black silk, seamed or ribbed. The boots, which reach far up the legs, stretching widely out, are fringed at the top, and are fitted neatly to the feet, high at heel and rounded at the toe. Round the waist is a loose band, from which, on the left side, the small fashionable and demonstrative dagger depends, an instrument which is never used for

warlike purposes, except in a battle of science or learning, and then only in harmless and silent eloquence of gesture.

The healer, surrounded by his staff of attendants, makes his round. Patients, medical and surgical alike, come under his care, for he is a physician, and the physician is the be-all and end-all of physic in the time of the Stuarts. No great surgeons, like James Paget or Spencer Wells, have climbed in his day to the top of the tree of medical art ; but such as are then called surgeons follow their leader, and, acting merely as his handicrafts, do what he bids them with blind obedient skill. He is an exceptional physician, for now and again he will prefer to take their duties on himself, and, with the true dexterity of an anatomist, will teach them some practical lesson in their craft.

We see with what respect and admiration the man we accompany is followed. The dark eyes command the admiration. Is the admiration universal ? Is it possible that from every lip there is praise ? It had not been a man we were looking upon if this had been his fate, and his fate it was not, for he was of man begotten and of woman born. So he was not altogether without his detractors. There crosses our path a busy, envious physician, who, disliking the admiration he observes, takes the first opportunity he gets of telling us that the man we are looking at is a good anatomist enough, but that, as a practical physician, he would not give twopence for one of the man's bills,—prescriptions,—and cannot understand his "therapeutique way." In the hospital itself there is some little strife, for the great physician is expected soon to go out of the country for a long season on an important mission, and is anxious to leave behind as a substitute, one Dr. Smith, while the governors of the institution, not having "knowledge and satisfaction of the efficiency of Mr. Smith," are getting determined to appoint Dr. Andrews to the office, whom by the way, in course of time, they do so appoint. Again, there is another person, an exceedingly knowing person, knowing and communicating, who gives us his views without telling us who he is or where he comes from ; but who tells us confidentially that the little man with the raven hair, olivaster face, piercing black eyes, and quick expression, is a "crack-brained," who thinks he has made a discovery that will render him immortal ; who has set Galen and all the masters right ; and who expects some other men, equally crack-brained perchance, to be writing about him hundreds of years to come. Fine joke for a man to entertain respecting himself. Crack-brained indeed, indeed !

Meanwhile, our observed of observers goes his round caring as

little what is said of him as of the gusts of wind which blow up the dry dust in the streets on that April morning. He does his duties, or, as a contemporary greater even than he, and whom at the time he knows much less of than he will have to know, is wont to say, "he obeys his call," and that is sufficient for him.

The work in the house of the sick completed for the day, wounds dressed, prescriptions written, and directions given, the cloak and hat are resumed, and once more we follow our great man to the gateway leading into Smithfield. Now at the gate stands a handsome and handsomely caparisoned horse with servants attending. He whom we follow springs lightly into the saddle, and with slow but steady pace, sitting his horse with much dignity, proceeds westward. Coming after him are two runners, who carry a carpet and keep in close attendance. The course taken is first into Holborn, which is crossed, down to the Fleet, and, turning to the right, straight away to St. James's Palace. Arrived there, the runners lay down the carpet at the entrance, and afterwards assist the rider, their master, to alight on it. Leaving his horse to their care, he enters the Palace as one who knows his way to its most secret and sacred recesses. The courtiers do him every honour, for his friend at Court is the chief man there. Nevertheless, even he must wait a brief period, in an ante-room, for the royal pleasure.

At last the courtier-in-waiting summons him to the presence, and royal patient and royal physician meet. Into this secrecy we must not presume to intrude. The interview is not of long duration, but it is clear that between sovereign and subject there is the most cordial understanding, for the king, none less, moves with the physician out of the audience-room and speaks to him as to a friend in whom he is deeply interested, and to whom he offers his royal congratulations.

At the palace gate the physician remounts and proceeds back to Smithfield, calling on one or more sick persons in his journey. Arrived at home, a frugal midday meal prepares him for other and equally important duties.

His ride in the afternoon takes him in a different direction, city-wards. He rides into the heart of the city, making further professional calls, and by-and-by alights at the office of a merchant, where he seems entirely at home. He passes through the place of business unchecked, and enters the private room of the owner, where he receives from two city men, each of position, a right brotherly greeting and best wishes for happy returns of the day. He calls one of these by his Christian name, Eliab, the other Daniel; and *they in turn*, but with marked deference, as feeling favoured by

the privilege, call him William. They talk familiarly of family matters, and when the visitor proceeds to leave them they accompany him to the door and stand beside him as he remounts, and talk to him to the last, as they bid him a truly affectionate farewell. Afterwards many merchants of character call on them that afternoon, for it has reached the city that their brother has been with the king, and kings are kings with a vengeance in those days. A royal toothache is an event then that thrills through the city ; and a word from royalty, at third hand only, be it ever so short, is an eventful event. Brother Eliab, when he reaches his private house at Roehampton in the evening, has still his admiring listeners, and brother Daniel, when he reaches his residence at the village of Lambeth, has the same. They have gathered that William will in a few months, possibly, go abroad for a season, with the Duke of Lennox, and this is court news from the fountain-head.

The rider on his part makes his way to Amen Corner, and once more alights, this time at the famous Royal College of Physicians. Here he is again seen to be at home, and indeed he is in a position of great trust, for he holds, as treasurer, the sinews of war. He is more than this, he is professor also, and there have gathered together to meet him in the halls of the college, and to hear him discourse, many fellows and licentiates, the elects and censors, and the president. The professor puts his velvet gown on his shoulders, and following the richly-robed president, Dr. Argent, who is preceded by his mace-bearer, with all due solemnity, he enters the lecture-room to stand once more before an admiring auditory.

In delivering his lecture, which is on some subject relating to anatomy; our honoured professor speaks with equal energy, precision, and candour. He has no severe or contemptuous words for antagonists ; no unruly passion ; little appeal to mere argument ; great appeal to natural fact. He is most at home in demonstration, and refers rarely to the short notes in his private desk-book. In the course of his demonstration he uses six natural diagrams of the nerves and blood-vessels of the human body. These parts have all been carefully dissected out and laid, each in natural order, on a large slab of wood, in which form they remain until the present hour. To point out the parts to which he would direct attention, the professor employs a whalebone rod about eighteen inches long, and tipped at its end with a silver point. Rod still extant.

The lecture concluded, the friendly fellows retire to their common hall, banquet together, and offer their honoured colleague their *best wishes on so auspicious a day*. Their friend enjoys these

simple feasts, and leaves a message, treasured by fellows to this very hour, that such good friendship should ever be encouraged and maintained.

The banquet of these grave yet hearty men and scholars is not prolonged, and as the evening draws to its close, the physician anatomist returns to his home. But his work is not finished. He has a library of considerable value ; a rare collection of curiosities ; a cabinet of precious manuscripts ; and arrangements in which some kind of natural experimentation can at spare moments like these be followed up. We may take a final glance at him ere he retires for the night. No child breaks in on his studies, for he is childless, and his wife is so inobtrusive that she distracts him little. He busies himself in these quiet hours in arranging his literary work, or in experiment ; and finally he takes up the work of another physician, who is to him the perfection of authors. His Virgil is his vigil, and all his soul wonders as once more he reads—

“ Principio cœlum ac terras camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit ; totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.”

Good night, philosopher ! We will leave you to go to your rest. Even your watchful eyes must sleep. Good night !

FROM BIRTH TO FAME.

The man with whom we have so far communed as closely as the living can, through history, commune with the dead, was passing, in that first day of April 1629, through his fifty-second birthday.

He was born on April 1, 1578, and the first of April of this year 1878, the day on which our revived picture of him is published, marks the tercentenary of his birth.

The name of the man was William Harvey. The grand life-work of the man was the complete discovery of the circulation of the blood.

At the time we have been led to make his acquaintance, Harvey was in the throes of immortality. Hardly a year ago he had published a work in which he had claimed to have demonstrated the motion of the heart and blood through the body. The work had had time to extend and become known, and throughout the world of learning, at home and abroad, it had spread the fame of its learned author. The time had not yet come for cavil, for the work had hardly been comprehended in

detail. It stood for astonishment, in anticipation of criticism. Sufficient of it had nevertheless been seen to insure for its writer that he could never be forgotten. He had carved the name of William Harvey into all languages that were written, and had sent it forth into all days that were to come. In what degree of dignity, honour, and praise he had sent it forth might then be doubtful, but for good or for bad it had been stamped in the mint of the learned, and had been issued as accepted coin. We shall have to ask by-and-by what the value of it was. Previous to this it were well to look at the man from his youth, and see how and why he stepped into the place he had won at fifty-one years of age. Our narrative on this point shall be as brief as true brevity can permit.

The lady who gave birth to William Harvey was, in her maiden state, one Joan Halke. His father, Thomas Harvey, was a Kentish yeoman, and his native village Folkestone, in Kent. He was the firstborn of his parents. He ran about for ten years, and then went to the grammar school at Canterbury, where he remained till he was made fit for Cambridge; and in May 1593 he was entered as a student at Caius College, with physic before him as his profession. What he learnt at Cambridge besides the classics is not known, but in 1597 he obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and left his university. He now went to Padua, the more efficiently to learn the science and art of physic, and he remained at his studies at this famous school five years, occasionally visiting Venice. At Padua he was the pupil of the anatomist, Fabricius of Aquapendente, a most approved master. Five years were here passed. He took at Padua his degree of Doctor in Medicine and Surgery. Thus entitled, he returned to his native land, took up also his M.D. at Cambridge, and, entering London, settled down to practice. In 1604 he was admitted to the Royal College of Physicians, and in 1607 he was elected a Fellow of that College.

It is clear that, in starting out in his professional career, Harvey had fewer difficulties to meet than most men who have become eminent in science. A man who could afford to spend five years as a student in Padua, who could take up his honours, without any other trouble than the mere preparation for the ordeal of examination, must surely have had means of an ample kind. His parents, indeed, seem to have been persons of competency; and five of his brothers, Thomas, Daniel, Eliab, Michael, and Matthew, being merchants, carrying on trade with Turkey and the Levant, we have fair evidence that he entered professional life with little anxiety *as to his future in a pecuniary point of view.* We may presume,

further, that he had early in his career much personal influence, and that he took position and practice more speedily than falls to the lot of most Esculapians.

Sometime, and not many years, after his entrance into London, Harvey married the daughter of Dr. Lancelot Browne. This, again, shows prosperity and favour on his side, since Dr. Browne was a man of consequence in his day. In 1609 he applied for the office of physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, then held by Dr. Wilkinson. In this contest he had the assistance of letters of recommendation from the king, James I., and, as his request was granted, he was temporarily elected to do work for Dr. Wilkinson. Wilkinson died the same year, and Harvey was promoted in his stead.

From letters relating to this election, it seems that John Harvey, a younger brother of William, was one of the king's footmen,—an office of honour in those times. This fact may account for the royal influence exerted in behalf of William in his Bartholomew's Hospital election, and for his introduction to court subsequently, as a Court Physician.

In 1615, Harvey was chosen to deliver the lectures on Anatomy and Surgery at the Royal College of Physicians. These lectures had been founded by Dr. Richard Caldwell. Caldwell, a Staffordshire man, was born in the year 1513, and died in 1585. He was a graduate of Oxford, and in 1570 was made President of the London College of Physicians. His contributions to medical literature were few. One translation of his, of little importance, remains; it is Horatio More's 'Tables of Surgery.' His reputation consists in his having founded the chair above named.

It is presumed that Harvey commenced his demonstrations of the circulation of the blood in the first course of lectures ever delivered by him at the Royal College, viz., in April 1615. This may be so; the statement, however, is an historical hypothesis. It is at the same time certain that, in succeeding courses, he took pains to illustrate his labours on this subject more and more fully; for in his preface to the work on the motions of the heart and blood, he speaks of having demonstrated the views it contains for nine years, in his anatomical lectures at the College, and he appeals to the accomplished president and other members as witnesses of the truth of his explanations.

By the year 1623 Harvey had so far risen in reputation that he was chosen Physician Extraordinary to King James. Surely no other English king ever had so extraordinary a physician. When James died, Harvey continued to hold the same office to Charles, from whom, as Dr. Willis observes he received many favours and much

assistance—I may say, sympathy. As well as to the king, he was medical adviser to Lord Bacon, and others of the illustrious of the time; but he was too scientific for the vulgar, and a simple truth-speaker, so, as he gained the honours of science, he lost the character of physician. Had he lived now, it were the same.

It was not until the year 1628 that the great work on the motion of the heart and blood appeared. Its author had by this time matured his views; he was master of the subject, and in what he had to say he could feel that every sentence was a demonstration. Perhaps nothing could have indicated the clearness of his judgment better than the pains he took not to rush into print before his designs were complete, and his own mind could take in some of the fulness of his own discoveries.

When the book at last came to light, it was a demonstration so pure, so clear, so positive, that even now the man who shall have learned the circulation from his boyhood shall find an inability to describe it with equal precision and power. There is not a faltering step at any point. The argument is a pure specimen of practical inductive reasoning; and Dr. Willis wisely observes that “had Lord Bacon written his ‘*Novum Organum*’ from Harvey’s work as a text, he could scarcely have expressed himself otherwise than he has done, or given other rules for philosophizing than those which he has laid down in his celebrated treatise.”

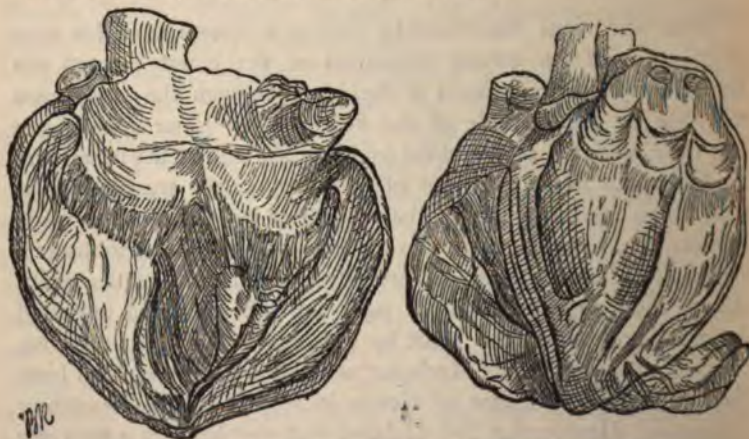
THE HARVEIAN DISCOVERY.

That which was discovered by Harvey is known from his time as the plan of the double circulation of the blood through the human body: the circulation of the blood through the lungs from the right to the left side of the heart, or the lesser circulation; and the circulation of the blood from the left side of the heart over the body back to the right side of the heart, or the greater circulation. The courses of the circulation in these two directions he made so clear, that none but those who would not see could fail to discern. Beyond this he completely expounded the mechanism of the heart, showed the independence of the right and left sides, and indicated the true motions of the heart by which the blood is received, directed, and propelled. Much that was purely anatomical had been discovered before the time of Harvey in respect to the circulatory apparatus. Hippocrates had declared that the heart is a muscular organ. Herophilus, who lived in the time of the first Ptolemy, had distinguished that the pulmonary veins partake of the character of the

arteries, and gave them the title of arterial veins. Galen had assumed that the blood is moved from the heart, but he taught that the two sides of the heart, which, as we now know, are separated from each other by a thick impermeable muscular septum, are not truly separated, but that the blood held in the two sides is admixed through or within this septum, and that from the ventricles the blood ascends to meet in the extreme parts, and return back to the heart by the same channels, to meet once more and admix in the cavities of the heart.

These ideas respecting the circulation of the blood, false as they were in some respects, were not without their uses. They suggested movement of blood to and from the heart, and they defined the order of vessels, veins and arteries, with a connecting centre to them, the central heart.

There was another anatomist, moreover, who a short time before the birth of Harvey had most of all distinctly cleared the way for him and his discoveries. I refer to Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy. I have recently been studying afresh the labours of this most remarkable man, and the wonder to my mind is that he should have missed the discovery of the circulation. He disposed of the Galenic view of the porous character of the septum of the ventricles. His delineation of the valvular mechanism of the heart, of the larger valves between the auricles and the ventricles, and of the smaller or semilunar valves at the roots of the great vessels, of which I subjoin faithful copies from his own original work, shows how well he understood the valvular mechanism of the heart :



Delineation of the valvular mechanism of the heart—after Vesalius.

His delineation of the blood-vessels passing from the right side

of the heart over the lungs, of which the third drawing is a correct representation, proves how carefully he had traced out the course of the pulmonary vessels into the lungs :



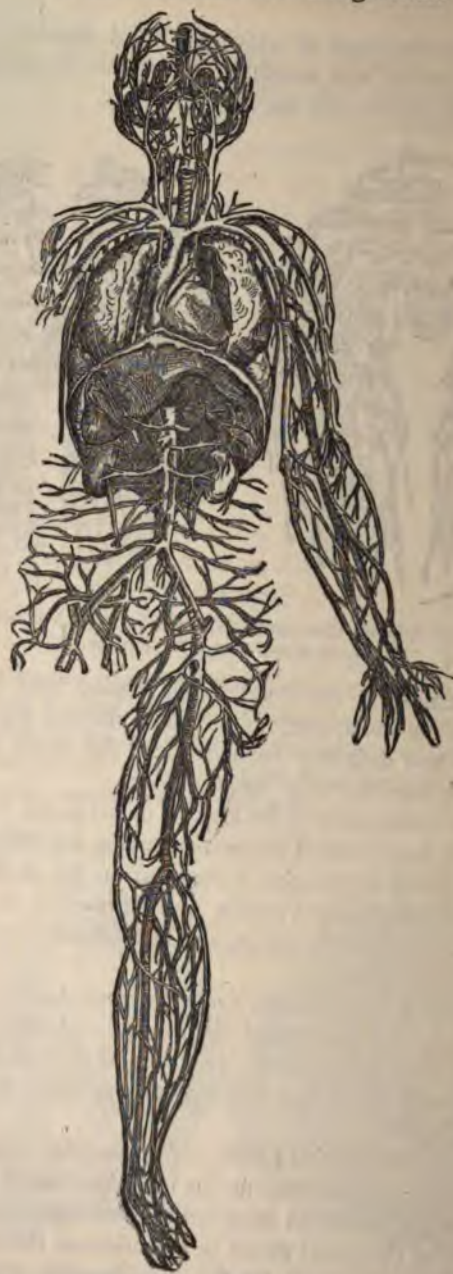
Delineation of vessels from the right side of the heart to the lungs, and from the lungs to the left side of the heart—after Vesalius.

His delineation of the blood-vessels passing from the lungs into the left side of the heart, carefully presented above in the fourth drawing, indicates how definitely he had traced the course of the blood-channels back from the lungs into the heart.

Lastly, his delineation of the arteries or out-going vessels of the body from the heart, and of the accompanying and returning veins, a true copy of which delineation is supplied on the next page, amply declares how completely Vesalius had unravelled the anatomical network of the circulatory canals, and had followed out their courses from and to their centre.

After Vesalius came Harvey's own anatomical master, Fabricius of Aquapendente, who discovered the existence of valves in the veins, and showed that those valves were intended to prevent the blood falling backwards, as it was making its way from the extremities towards the heart.

It ought to be admitted with perfect candour, that to these anatomists Harvey was indebted for his basic knowledge of the circulation. He might have been indebted to some others, but to introduce their names at this point would be to anticipate the question of the originality of his discovery, for the consideration of which I reserve a special chapter.



Delineation of Veins and Arteries—after Vesalius.

In these days of learning, it is very easy indeed to understand the circulation of the blood. Every well-informed schoolboy, looking at the blue veins in his body, knows that they and all veins carry blood to the right side of his heart. He can tell easily enough that the blood reaching the heart by the veins enters into the little ear-shaped cavity of the heart, called the right auricle. He can explain that this auricle, contracting when it is full, drives the blood into the right ventricle and that the blood cannot get back into the auricle because three curtains, acting as valves, and opening into the ventricle, bar the way backward. He can define that the right ventricle, when it is filled with blood, contracts, and that, being prevented from driving the blood back into the auricle, it drives it through a large blood vessel, the pulmonary artery, into the lungs. He can describe how at the mouth of this blood-vessel three little half-moon-shaped valves let the current of blood pass on to the lungs, but prevent by their closure downwards any return into the ventricle. He can follow the course of the blood over the lungs, trace it from them, by the four returning pulmonary veins, into the little left auricle of the heart. He can show that this auricle when it contracts on its contents drives its charge into the strong left ventricle beneath it. He can describe how the filled ventricle, contracting on its blood, is prevented driving it back into the auricle, owing to the interposition of two large curtain valves, which open into the ventricle and close the cavity from the auricle above, during the ventricular contraction. He can describe that the blood, under the force of the ventricular contraction, impels its charge into a great out-going artery called the aorta, at the mouth of which artery are placed three other half-moon-shaped valves to prevent return of blood into the ventricle. And lastly, from the aorta he can trace the blood over the whole body, pulse by pulse, with every stroke of the heart, until it returns again in steady current by the veins to the centre from which it started in its course, and which is ready to receive it and propel it on in successive circulation.

So simple is all this now, that a schoolboy may describe it. It is so easy, that at this day it becomes very difficult even to shadow forth all the obstacles which stood in the way of the Harveian discovery of the problem of the circulation. And yet the obstacles were enormous. The doctrine of vital spirits, wrapt up in all the mysterious rags of mythology, had to be torn down. Mechanical arrangements, simplest of the simple, required an explanation, to meet and supplant the subtle dogmas of tides and fluxes. A number of holes which did not exist between the sides of the heart had, *notwithstanding Vesalius*, still to be sealed up by man as well as by

nature. The pulse-beat had to be disconnected from the breathing as its cause, and assigned to the heart. The so-called systole, or driving-forth stroke of the heart, had to be turned into the diastole or filling of the heart, and the so-called diastole into the systole. The *chorde tendinæ*, or fine threads, which hold down the larger valves, had to be proved to be mechanical cords, not nerves. The simultaneous action of the two auricles and of the two ventricles of the heart had to be made clear; the four motions distinct in point of place, the two motions distinct in point of time. And, again, the existence of a circuit of blood, from the left heart into the arteries, from the arteries into the veins, from the veins into the right heart, from the right heart into the lungs, from the lungs into the left heart, and so on and on continually, had to be fully explained, to be seen first and afterwards demonstrated. To grasp the completeness of the Harveian exposition, in short, it must be read in its entirety: read as a method, not less keenly than as a description. The beauty of it is that it is all proved, as far as a man in his day could prove the fact. He did not see dead quiescent anatomy only, but living moving anatomy. The two auricles at the inverted base of the heart were not to him mere receptacles in open communication with the veins from the body, and the veins from the lungs, but contracting receptacles filling with blood and sending the blood into the ventricles, filling simultaneously and contracting simultaneously; and, while contracting, pushing their fluid contents into the relaxing ventricles beneath them.

Again, those two larger cavities of the heart, the ventricles, with the thick septum between them, were not to him mere pouches communicating with the auricles and receiving their blood. They were filling and contracting parts also; they filled as the auricles emptied; they filled simultaneously and contracted simultaneously, and they filled the two circulations,—the lesser or pulmonic, the greater or systemic,—simultaneously.

There are valves opening downwards from the mouths of the auricles into the ventricles on each side, and there are valves opening upwards from the mouths of the great vessels, and the function of these valves, as described above, had to be demonstrated.

This was the work of William Harvey.

THE HARVEIAN CLAIM.

When the clamour with which the work of Harvey was received had died away in great measure, his position was somewhat as fol-

lows :—There was a general steady belief that he had made a great discovery. There was a limited but sturdy belief that he had not. There was a rumour that the man was a little touched in the upper story. There was a confidence that he was a theorist, and that the lives of the lieges were not safe in his professional hands. His practice therefore dwindled.

It is a grand feature in the character of Harvey, that he met his objectors with the decision and calmness of a silent spectator. His converse was with Nature, not men. He construed to men what Nature opened to him, for their benefit, not for his own glorification. So long as this communion with his divine mistress was perfect, what to him was the prating of the ignorant? He let them have their say, therefore, knowing them wrong, and replied but to Riolan, and one or two others whose obstinacy was most wonderful. He replied to these even, not from himself, but from Nature. He did not say "I believe," but "I know." He did not whine out, "Listen to this argument," but said in a word, "Look at these facts, and if you choose to deny the demonstrable, I have nothing further to say to you."

When the natural law revealed by him was established beyond controversy, a new phase occurred. The charge of plagiarism was thrown in his teeth. He made no reply. No! not a word. He could trust to history for vindication, and wait. His rest in this respect has been long, for the imputation has never yet been fairly committed to solemn burial.

In defending Harvey from the charge of plagiarism, or in accusing him of plagiarism, a little knowledge of history and of the meaning of discovery is required. They who think that Harvey took up, in his labours on the circulation, a subject *de novo*, and worked it out to its ultimate position, err, in that they argue on an impossibility; for there never yet was such a discoverer, and never can be. They who maintain that a man who projects a great principle is not a discoverer, because the elements of the discovery are in his hands, err also, because no man can work out a principle without details.

But let us be patient, and hear what has been said against Harvey and against his claims to originality in respect to the discovery of the circulation. The first story brought against him originated in his lifetime. Its fabricator was one Johannes Leonnicenus; its hero, Father Paul, since made into a sort of a demi-saint, and, in his own way, a decent sort of old priest, the historian of the Council of Trent. John Leon, or Layon, or Lion, discovered, on his part, that Father Paul made the discovery of the valves in the veins and of the whole circulation. There is not a shadow of proof that Father Paul knew anything of anatomy;

still, he made this discovery. But poor Father Paul—so says John Leon—was not able to make known his research, because he lived next door to the Inquisition, and because his colleagues already suspected that if they could only get off the good man's hose, they would find the first stage of the cloven-foot beneath. Thus frightfully placed, and open to the gravest suspicions, Father Paul was mum—just sufficiently mum to save his orthodoxy and lose his honours. For, alack-a-day!—when the holy man's scientific heart was overflowing with his immortal find, he communicated it, in the dead silence of private friendship, to the anatomist Fabricius. Fabricius himself, desiring no inquisitorial change of climate, kept the secret long, hard, and fast. At length a pertinacious young Englishman, named Harvey, visited Padua, and ingratiated himself so far into the good graces of this master, that to him the fact was revealed, the father himself taking part in the disclosure. The Englishman opened his eyes; read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested; returned quickly to free England; and, awarding to Fabricius the discovery of valves in the veins, claimed to himself the greater problem of the circulation, and generously saved the father from the wheel by ignoring him altogether.

This is the Father-Paul story, the true reading of which is, that a copy of Harvey's book, after its publication, fell into Father Paul's hands; that the father, interested in it, made notes from it of the discovery; that the notes were found among his writings after his death; and that those copies were cleverly transformed into the history of an original discovery by the long-sighted Leon.

Another priestly author, who has been described as the discoverer of the circulation and the anticipator of Harvey, is Nemesius, who became converted to Christianity about the close of the fourth century. Nemesius, after his conversion, was made Bishop of Emissa, and wrote a book on the nature of man, which was republished at Oxford in English dress in the year 1671. This book is remarkable for its metaphysics rather than its physics; but there is a passage in it which has been supposed to contain the facts of the circulation. The only passages which can possibly give rise to such an opinion are:—1st, a sentence in which the author says that the pulse-beat originates in the left ventricle of the heart, this being dilated and contracted regularly:—2nd, that during the dilatation the ventricle draws the thin blood from the next veins, which blood forms the food of the vital spirits:—3rd, that during the contraction it throws out whatever vapours it has through the whole body, which vapours are expelled by the mouth and nose in expiration. We need

not hesitate to throw over this assumed discovery. There is in it no trace of a circulation.

That immortal heretic of the sixteenth century, Michael Servetus, is another writer to whom the discovery of the circulation has been accredited. Without quoting in full a passage which has been copied and recopied till it has become hackneyed, I am free to confess that Servetus knew the pulmonic circulation, and I cannot quite agree with the learned Willis in his mode of discussing Servetus. Dr. Willis, the translator of the works of Harvey, argues that Servetus suggested the course of the blood through the lungs as a mere hypothetical proposal for getting over the difficulty of the solid or nearly solid septum of the ventricles. I think Servetus saw the transmission clearly enough, and argued it out, not on the point of the impossibility of a solid mid-wall, but on the fact of the relative size of the vessels of the right and left sides of the heart. Nay, he had knowledge of a change in the colour of the blood in the lungs, as a result of the admixture of air and blood in those organs. It is therefore true that Servetus knew the pulmonic course of the blood from the right to the left side of the heart. But as we find him ignorant of the continuous current in this course, and of a current from arteries to veins, as well as of all true knowledge of the heart as a propelling organ, we must season our admiration of him with the conviction that the circulation of the blood would never have been understood from his delineation.

Another assumed discoverer of the circulation has been brought forward in these days by Mr. Joseph Sampson Gamgee. The discoverer in this case is Carlo Ruini, a veterinary surgeon, whose work on the Anatomy of the Horse was published in 1599. That this claim may be fully understood, I subjoin a literal translation of Ruini's description, on which Mr. Gamgee founds his advocacy. The passage is from the Venetian edition of Ruini's work (1599), vol. i. lib. ii. pp. 108-110 :

"The office of these ventricles is: of the right one, to dispose the blood, so that of it may be generated the spirits of life, and the lungs be nourished; of the left, to receive the blood so disposed, and convert a part of it into the spirits which give life, and send the remainder, together with those spirits, through the arteries, to all parts of the body. In one and in the other ventricle are two mouths or openings; through those of the right enters the blood of the great vein or cava, and goes out by the arterial vein; and through those of the left ventricle the blood enters accompanied by the air prepared in the *lungs through the venal artery, which blood, all made spirituous and*

most perfect in the left ventricle, goes (guided by the great artery) to all parts of the body, the lungs excepted, to impart to them heat, which gives life. Every one of these holes of the heart has at its mouth three little curtains, called *hostidi* by the Greeks; some of them are turned inwards, others outwards. At the mouth of the first hole which is seen in the right ventricle, to which is conjoined the great vein or cava, is a curtain or thin membrane, which completely surrounds the hole, and, advancing somewhat towards the concavity of the ventricle, divides into three curtains, each of which finish, as in a point of a triangle, a little above the middle of the ventricle, and from each of these points arise some nervous threads which are inserted into the sides of the ventricle towards its end. These curtains were there placed by nature in order that, in opening when the heart widens, they might allow the blood to enter from the great vein into the right ventricle, and that when the heart retracts they might, by shutting the first hole, prevent the same blood there entered through the great vein from re-entering it, instead of going out through the arterial vein. The curtain which is at the second hole of the same right ventricle to which the arterial vein is attached is not made of a simple curtain, but is divided into three very distinct ones, each of which commences in form of half a circle from the trunk of the arterial vein, growing considerably thicker from its commencement, and widening out from the heart, and as it becomes thicker it forms some tubercles, which are impressed in the highest part of the heart; from these tubercles arise three curtains, each of which is in the shape of a half-moon, without being attached to the heart or to any other part. As these three curtains open, they let the blood pass out through the arterial vein to the lungs, and when the heart widens prevent the blood returning into the right ventricle, through the mouth of the open arterial vein. Almost in the same manner as in the first hole of the right ventricle, another curtain is placed at the commencement of the first hole of the left ventricle, from which arises the venal artery which is distributed to the lungs, but does not divide into three but only into two parts, which are very wide above, and end in a solid point which descends considerably lower down than the points of the curtains of the right ventricle, and are larger and stronger than these; and one of them occupies the left side, the other the right of this ventricle. Their office is, on opening when the heart widens, to allow the blood and the spirits to enter the left ventricle from the venal artery, and when the heart retracts to prevent the blood and spirit again returning into the venal artery. To the three curtains of the second hole of the right ventricle correspond the three which are

placed at the mouth of the second hole of the left ventricle, to which the great artery is attached; the curtains of the two sides are altogether similar, except that the left ones are much larger and stronger, as the great artery is also larger than the arterial vein. When the heart retracts, these curtains opening allow the vital spirit to pass out with the blood, which goes with impetus into the great artery; and when the heart widens, they, by shutting the hole, prevent the spirit and the blood re-entering the ventricle."

Such is the description of Carlo Ruini, and a wonderful description it is. The merits of Ruini are:—1. That he had a consummate knowledge of the anatomy of the heart. 2. That he had a shrewd notion, derived evidently from a study of the mechanism of the heart, of the course of the current of blood through the heart. No more. If Servetus may be said to have known the pulmonic circuit, Ruini may be said to have known the pulmonic and the cardiac circuits. Here he stopped. Of the grand scheme of the two circulations, with the heart as their centre, their connecting organ, and their common forcing machine, and of the blood-stream always going on—of the endless blood-chain,—of these things Ruini knew no more than his fellows, nor would the circulation ever have been comprehended if the physiology of the heart and blood had remained where he left it.

In a sentence, Ruini gave a true description of the circulation with this distinctive character, that his circulation is altogether a dead thing, calling for animation to make it a perfected discovery.

Ruini dealt with, there remain three other claimants who have a right to some notice: these are Fabricius, the master of Harvey; Realdus Columbus; and, Cæsalpinus of Arezzo.

Fabricius has the credit of discovering the uses of the valves in the veins, and to him Harvey accords the fullest credit. Of his claim as the discoverer of the whole problem of the circulation, nothing affirmative can be declared from anything he has left behind him in way of proof.

Realdus Columbus deserves more credit. He knew that the blood from the body passes by the two great veins, the inferior and superior *venæ cavæ*, into the right auricle, thence into the right ventricle, thence into the lungs: from the lungs into the left auricle, from the left auricle into the left ventricle, and from the left ventricle, by the great aorta, over the body. He also argued,—and the argument was of use to Harvey,—that the large quantity of blood which is carried to the lungs by the pulmonary artery could never be intended for the mere nourishment of two such small

organs as the lungs. Columbus made an advance by which he got very near to the truth; but he did not discover the circulation of the blood. He had no true conception of the heart as the propelling organ; he had no idea of the steady circuitous current, unbroken and ever in motion. All honour nevertheless to him, for his labours assisted Harvey.

The last man of the three above named, Cæsalpinus of Arezzo, is the one whom the modern Italians have delighted to honour as the true discoverer of the circulation of the blood. They have recently erected a monument to his memory, and on it have stamped a merit which they would fain deny to the English Harvey. For my part, I am second to no Italian in my deep and earnest admiration of the great school of anatomy which Italy produced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But justice enforces that this claim for Cæsalpinus shall not be permitted. He is indeed behind Columbus, and far behind Ruini in the race of discovery.

Concerning the anatomy of the circulation Cæsalpinus knew the same as Ruini, the same as Columbus. To this he added the further knowledge, that if a vein be compressed it fills and swells at the part below the ligature, that is to say, at the part the other side of the ligature from the heart. But whether so much value is to be attached to the knowledge of that fact as is declared for it, may well be doubted. It was a fact that had been known ever since the practice of abstracting blood from a vein had been carried out,—a fact which every barber surgeon demonstrated whenever he put on the fillet to fill the vein that had to be punctured by the lancet. It may certainly be allowed to pass without attributing to it anything that carries the claim of discovery of the circulation of the blood.

The staunch advocates of the claims of Cæsalpinus would not, probably, say much about this matter of the filling of a vein. They have a much stronger point of defence, in that their man made use of the magic word "circulation." It is true he did use that word, and he also used another word after Servetus, viz., "anastomosis," or the opening of blood-vessels the one into the other: by the use of which terms he might at first sight seem to have solved the whole problem.

That Cæsalpinus missed the discovery altogether is clear as the sun at noon, from his own works. He actually disputes the statement of Hippocrates, that the heart is a muscle. He clings to the old notion that the septum of the ventricles is porous. He ascribes the cause of the swelling of the filleted or ligatured vein to an effort on the part of the blood to get back to its centre, lest it should be cut off and suffocated. He makes the motion of the blood like the *Euripus*, ~~~~~-like motion, to and fro, as the ancients described

it. To these errors many more could be added. They are amply sufficient to show that Cæsalpinus had no conception of the motion of the heart and blood, as that motion was recognised after the Harveian announcement.

And now, I think I have touched on all claimants who are worthy of notice. No ! there is one more. Our own Shakespeare has been adduced as a discoverer of the circulation. A speech of Brutus to Portia, the speech of Warwick over the dead body of Gloucester, beginning—

Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost ;

and one or two other passages, have led the Shakespearian idolaters to put forward their idol. They might as well award him the discovery of the stethoscope, because he makes Hamlet say—

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music.

I need not linger on this argument. It is no discredit to Shakespeare to say he was not an anatomist; no dishonour to him to say he was not omniscient; no falseness to him to declare he did not even assist in the discovery of the circulation. What he knew on the subject belonged to that mystical pre-scientific learning to which he was so wedded. What he says is more like a reflex of the saying of Nemesius of Emissa, than of any other writer : some prose passage of that sort put into his exquisite verse to suit one of his passing ideals, and having no nearer relation to the discovery of the circulation of the blood than the beautiful mirage has to the city for which it is mistaken.

Does the reader ask what, beyond all these men whom we have seen, William Harvey accomplished ? I answer him, Everything. His work was not on the anatomical courses of the blood alone : it was not on the circulation alone : it was on the motion of the heart and blood : and in the application of that expression lies the greatness of his discovery. Motion means life, and Harvey saw the living motion. His predecessors had been anatomists. He was not their inferior on that head, and he was what they were not, a physiologist as well as an anatomist. He first saw the motions of the different parts of the heart and defined them. He first defined the arterial pulsations, making them a part of ventricular action. He completed the argument as to the uses of the valves of the circulatory apparatus everywhere, and showed from them, as if to his mind they were so many directing side-posts, the one course, and none other, the blood must take in the circulatory channels. He replaced the ideal of a *wave-like motion* of the blood by the demonstration of a *regular current, pulsating* in the arteries, steady in the veins. H

showed that compression of a vein empties it on the heart side of the compressed part, and fills it below, without return of the blood into the arteries; and he proved that compression of an artery empties its corresponding veins throughout their whole course, so that the current of blood is always in one direction.

Under the influence of his genius, I repeat, the hitherto death-like circulation became a flowing river of life, so plainly depicted that no hand now could take up pen and describe it better or more completely than his hand described it.

And this is the soul of genius, the perfection of originality: to start from the knowledge of many smaller men, or of men less fortunate: to master their details: to bring their details into form out of void: to go to Nature for corroboration or contradiction of details: and, from the whole study, to divinely recreate the created, and thereby show to everyone, gentle and simple, what he has never seen before, but is obliged to see clearly when the light of truth illumines the way.

FROM FAME TO DEATH.

For twenty-seven years after Harvey had attained his wide and certain fame, he lived in this world, undergoing many vicissitudes. He visited the Continent in 1630 with the Duke of Lennox, returning to England in 1631-2. In 1636 he revisited the Continent, this time as one of the embassy of the Earl of Arundel. Reaching England once more about Christmas 1636, after an absence of nine months, Harvey resumed his practice, but was much occupied in attendance on the king, whose physician he was. He attended the ill-fated Charles on his expeditions to Scotland before the outbreak of the revolution, was with him at the outbreak, and while on the memorable 23rd of October the blundering Rupert was sacrificing the success of the battle of Edgehill, near to Kineton in Warwickshire, Harvey was resting under a fence in charge of the young princes, the sons of the king. With the king he went to Oxford, and remained there some years, replacing, by His Majesty's order, Nathaniel Brent, as Warden of Merton College, and losing, meanwhile, by the plundering of his town house, his goods and chattels, and, worse than all, many of his anatomical papers,—a loss never made up, and never forgotten.

In 1646, when Oxford gave way to the Parliament, Harvey returned to the metropolis, houseless and widowed by this time. Two of his merchant brothers therefore received him at their homes alternately. Sometimes he resided in the city, but his favourite haunt seems to have been at the house of his brother at Combe, where he studied in the "caves" some newer secrets of Nature, which secrets, on the solicitation of his friend Dr. Fent, he gave forth in his great work on

generation. At the age of seventy-one, he once more visited Italy, and with that journey ended his peregrinations out of England. The last years of Harvey were still devoted to study, to his lectures at the Royal College of Physicians, and to the development of that college, to which he added a museum, opened by himself on February 2nd, 1653-4, a library, and all his natural curiosities, for, alas ! the great fire of London to consume.

It was not until 1656, the seventy-eighth year of his age, that William Harvey relinquished his professor's gown. He was breaking up by this time, a martyr to gout, and wearied with the many cares of a chequered, anxious, and laborious life. On June 3rd, 1657, he was seized with palsy of the tongue, and knew his end was near. His nephews being sent for, he gave to one his watch, to another his signet ring. He signed to Sambroke his apothecary, to let him bleed in the tongue, but to no avail, and "with easy passport," as the evening drew nigh, his evening closed. The sun and William Harvey went down together from the sight of men ; but both immortal.

A few miles from the quaint little market town of Saffron Walden, in Essex, lies a small village called Hempstead. Eliab Harvey had built a family vault there, and thither, followed for many miles from the city by the fellows of the Royal College, the body of the great anatomist was borne to be laid at rest. In the open vault he was placed "lapt in lead"—not buried, in the ordinary sense of the term ; and there, "lapt in lead," what remains of his body still lies.

Twice in the past thirty years, I have visited the vault at Hempstead, and viewed the receptacle that holds, like an Egyptian mummy-case, the remains. In 1848 the leaden case was lying with several others—there are over forty of them—near one of the open gratings of the vault. There were many loose stones upon it, and a large hole in the lead, which let in water. In 1859 Drs. Quain and Stewart, who went to the vault by request of the fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, found the remains in even a worse state, for the leaden case was then almost full of dirty water. In 1868 I found the case removed from its previous position, and lying apart in the vault, which had been repaired. In the case there was still an opening, but the water had either been removed or had escaped by evaporation. I was able to throw a reflected light into this opening, but I could see no remains, and I think that there is little left of what was once the bodily form of our greatest English anatomist. I would that what there may be, were safely placed in the mausoleum of the illustrious,—the Abbey of Westminster. John Hunter and David Livingstone were nobly companioned by William Harvey. *Vale.*

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON

THE EARLY ITALIAN DRAMA.

WHEN the crusaders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries returned from the Holy Land to Rome and other parts of Italy and Europe, certain pilgrims (some of whom had been crusaders) inaugurated what were called "Mystery Plays." These plays consisted of songs, dialogues, and processions—the life and death of Our Saviour, episodes in the lives of the saints, &c.—and the pilgrims in question, and especially a sect called the "Flagellati," must be credited with the foundation of the Italian stage, as an offshoot of the Roman church. The "Flagellati" began their performances in the open air, and ended by demanding, and obtaining, large theatres and amphitheatres, where, as in modern playhouses, the public could be accommodated with seats.

Now, who and what were these "Flagellati," or Flagellated Ones, who, in the Dark Ages, sowed the seeds of a new literature and a new species of entertainment—theological offshoots which the priesthood and religious persons generally would, in the fulness of time, repudiate and condemn? They were monks and penitents, and their mission was to live purely in the great world in the midst of trial and temptation, as hermits and friars live in cells and convents, out of the reach of worldliness and depravity.

The "Flagellati" were members of a religious order founded in Rome at the end of the 12th century, under the title of "Confraternità del Gonfalone," or Brotherhood of Standard Bearers. They dressed in sackcloth and they bore a standard. They went from place to place with chants and prayers, announcing the kingdom of Christ, and imploring forgiveness for their sins. They were zealots and philosophers. With them the world was the ante-room of heaven, and men and women were overgrown children who had been wrongly brought up. These Flagellated Ones believed in progress; they believed war to be a mistake; tyranny and slavery were in their opinion, maladies of human society. The world was out of joint, and they, the Flagellati, were called upon to set it right. Why should Italy, and Europe generally, be decimated by civil strife in the heyday of the Christian revival, that is to say, at the very time

when Italians, and other Europeans, were girding on the sword of the Crusades—a sacred and a symbolical sword, whose hilt, to rightly-constituted eyes, formed the emblem of the Blessed Cross? The Flagellati were determined to root out war, and to teach soldiers how to carry their swords in their arms, hilt upwards, and by preaching and acting to remind Christians of the origin of Christianity, that is to say, of the Crucifixion; and of the centre of Christendom, that is to say, of the Holy Sepulchre.

At the beginning of the 13th century, a Dominican friar, by name Giovanni da Vicenza, associated himself with these Flagellati, and, placing himself at the head of one of their largest sects, turned them, so to speak, into soldiers of peace. He raised the standard of his order in Vicenza and Verona, and it was owing to his influence and that of the Flagellati who obeyed his instructions that the Vicentini signed the treaty of peace in 1223. Sermons were delivered and processions took place; there was what to-day would be called a theatrical entertainment. There was a time for laughter and a time for prayer, and dancing and repentance stood side by side and became friends; it almost seemed as if the Italians were intent on reviving the old Roman practice of combining amusement with religion. But here is Giovanni; here is the grand old figure of Giovanni da Vicenza. There stands the great preacher who knew no guile, whose life was one long martyrdom, because, being rich, he became poor, and because, loathing poverty, he deprived himself of the necessities of life. Dressed in sackcloth, pale and gaunt and thin, like a man half-starved, but with the fire of genius in his eyes, he preached a series of sermons to the assembled multitude which brought strong men to their knees with sobs and tears, and made women almost mad with piety, monks and soldiers both in town and camp rending the air with shouts. In those days there was one favourite expression of enthusiasm, or conviction, after a sermon; it was the utterance of the word "Hurrah!"—a sacred shout both at home and abroad, and one of the war-cries of the soldiers of Palestine.

For upwards of a century did the Flagellati hold their ground in Italy after that great demonstration of Vicenza, and, when suppressed by popes and kings, the innovators founded in due form the Sacred Stage, that is to say, the national theatre for the performance of religious plays. The last, and perhaps the greatest, leader of the Flagellati was a Dominican monk named Venturino, of Bergamo, who, A.D. 1334, enrolled under his standard 30,000 men, in robes of penitence, with whom, as with an army, he marched on to Rome, to

see the tomb of St. Peter. The pilgrims wore a white robe with a black mantle thrown loosely over it: a red cross on one and a white cross on the other, and over the cross a dove, the symbol of peace, with the olive-sprig in its mouth. No swords were worn, only a stick such as a shepherd or a tramp might use, and each pilgrim wore around his waist a rope with seven large knots in it—knots which served them in lieu of beads, while they were reciting the prayers of the Rosary and the Litany of the Virgin Mary, the knotted ropes being, however, chiefly intended for self-flagellation—whence the name of the sect, the Flagellati. But this army of enthusiasts caused so much commotion in towns and villages, and so much fear in high places, that the leader was arrested like a malefactor and sent to prison, and his army, breaking up into small and, politically speaking, unimportant bands, dispersed in various parts of Italy, preaching and singing and doing good (and also, alas! a considerable amount of evil) without let or hindrance.

The first great Mystery Play of which we have any knowledge, so far as Italy is concerned, was represented in the year 1244 at Prato della Valle, a suburb of Padua. It was the drama of the Redemption, the tragedy of the Crucifixion. People flocked to Padua from all parts of Italy to see this performance. A young lady of acknowledged beauty played the part of the Virgin Mary; peasants played the part of the Apostles, soldiers, &c.; and monks had rôles allotted to them. Nay, a man was found to play the part of Our Saviour—long fair hair, parted in the middle, and a meek and goodly aspect being, it is said, his principal characteristics. The next great spectacle of this kind took place in the Friuli, about the year 1298, and, at the commencement of the 14th century, a third and grander performance was given at Cividale, in the north of Italy, amidst the applause of thousands upon thousands of spectators. The *dénouement* of the drama did not end with the Crucifixion, for the Mystery Play, as originally performed, was found to be incomplete. It was re-modelled on a broader basis, and the new basis was made to include three episodes, that is to say, three acts; the first act dealing with the Atonement or Crucifixion, the second with the Resurrection, and the third with the Ascension into Heaven. Cividale was the envy and the wonder of all the cities of Italy. Every town in the peninsula wanted Mystery Plays, and Mystery Plays for a hundred years were one of the great subjects of men's thoughts and one of the principal topics of conversation. For the time had not yet come for Mother Church to desert her bantling; priests and monks did not yet repudiate the worldly child that had been born on the threshold of the sanctuary. The

brat was allowed to live as a kind of semi-official underling of the priesthood ; he was called Allegory, he was called Revival, he was called Mystery Play. Priests and monks were quite willing to let the people be educated by means of the theatre so long as the theatre was in their own hands. Theatrical performances were semi-religious ceremonies in the Middle Ages, as dancing in the days of ancient Rome was a part of religious discipline. Rome had its *Salii*, with their sacred leaps and mummeries, in the temple of Mars; and Italy had its Mystery Plays, performed outside the sanctuary, but not at enmity with it. When civilisation increased, when the dramatic art slipped out of the hands of the priesthood, theatres were denounced, and people were warned against play-going much as they are warned nowadays against heresy. But Mystery Plays survived their founders and continued to be in vogue till far into the 14th century.

The Mystery Play of Naples, A.D. 1402, was one of the most remarkable specimens of this kind of drama. It combined religion with pantomime, and reverence with blasphemy, to a very extraordinary extent. It turned the story of the Redemption into a sensation play, and went to heaven for its *dramatis personæ*. It took place in the beginning of June.

Early on the morning of the first day of representation the streets of Naples were crowded with people. A procession of knights and archers, preceded by trumpeters, paraded the town : first the knights, dressed in black velvet, and superbly mounted on steeds richly caparisoned, and then the archers, quaintly dressed, followed by officers of the court in full uniform, serjeants and petty officers with their badges of service, &c. Then came monks, counting their beads and muttering prayers and litanies, and then priests, not belonging to any sect, and finally the standard-bearers of the society of the Flagellati. All the principal streets of Naples were decorated as for a festival. Velvet cloth, and cloth of gold ; tapestry and flags and ribbons hanging down from windows and from balconies (some ornamented with sacred words and emblems, and others with embroidery), represented the acts of Our Saviour and the Apostles. Cavaliers and grand dames filled the roads, and pages and damsels of high birth disputed with the humbler class of citizens the right of precedence and of standing-room. The city was turned into a stage, and all the inhabitants in one way or another took part in the procession ; but the procession was only the prelude to the play. It was the call-to-arms of the actors and actresses, who would occupy a stage built purposely for them in the Piazza San Paolo.

This Mystery Play was to be performed in an amphitheatre. The
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amphitheatre contained nine rows, or tiers, of seats : the first tier for the royal family and the ladies and gentlemen of the court, the second tier for the aristocracy in general, the third tier for the better class of citizens, and the other six tiers for the masses of the population. The royal family entered in pomp and state, preceded by heralds and trumpeters : first, King Ladislao, with his spouse, Queen Mary of Cyprus, and then Princess Jane, sister of the queen. These personages were followed by Della Cena, the grand constable, the Duke of Sessa, lord high admiral, Leone Orsini, lord chief justice, and other court dignitaries, including the lord chamberlain, the chancellor and the lieutenant of the bed-chamber, besides pages and maids of honour and other persons connected with the palace. When the king and queen had taken their seats, the prelude struck up a weird and dismal air ; it was an appropriate symphony for the scene that was to follow. The orchestra was composed of lutes, cytherns, viols, and horns. The play was to be preceded by an allegory, on which, so to speak, the actors were to base their conduct.

The Allegory was divided into three parts, or compartments, like a pantomime or a burlesque-extravaganza. The first compartment represented a golden seat, or throne, adorned with flowers and surrounded by glory, on which was seated an old man in a white tunic, having a long snowy white beard and a very venerable aspect. This was the Deity, or, to use the phraseology of the stage-directions of that day, *Il Padre Eterno*—the Eternal Father. A crown was on the old man's head, like that of a count, and at his feet were children and girls, very scantily dressed, representing angels. The wings were almost the sum total of their costume. Further off were grown-up women, very beautiful and statuesque, but not so meagrely attired, who personified Truth, Mercy, and Justice. The second compartment represented angels in various attitudes, with musical instruments in their hands, with which, at a given moment, they performed the hymn of praise : these were the orchestra, and the whole of this compartment belonged to them. The third compartment had for its central figure a matron, personifying the Earth, around whom were scenes representing the temple of Solomon, the birth-place of the Virgin Mary, the house of Pontius Pilate, the palace of Herod, &c., and, to the extreme right of the scene, a scaffold in front of an ominous-looking tower, on which were seated, as at a verandah, a number of gorgeously-attired personages representing kings and generals. In the foreground of the stage, almost on the spot now occupied by the prompter's box, was a small mound with a lid to it, like a trap-door, out of which emerged, as from the infernal

regions, the demons and angry spirits who were to take part in the solemnity.

The Mystery Play commenced with a prologue, which was spoken in Italian verse by a member of the Society of the Flagellati, who, in a parenthesis of eloquent prose, reminded his audience of the awful nature of the performance they were about to witness, and at the same time called their attention to the fact that the play would be divided into four acts, that is to say, into four days, each day consummating an act. This said and explained, the monk withdrew with a polite bow, the audience applauding the speech, as speeches and actors are applauded at secular theatres.

The first act of the Mystery brought eighty personages upon the scene, including Our Saviour, John the Baptist, and the Virgin Mary. John the Baptist was the first to appear; he soliloquised in the desert. Some of the eighty actors approached him; and he preached to them. Then came Our Saviour and the Virgin Mary, followed by the Angel Gabriel. Dialogues and recitations took place on a very extended scale, and passages of Scripture were introduced with considerable effect, no one in the audience feeling at all shocked at what modern audiences would consider a want of reverence in the treatment of religious subjects. St. John's method of preaching was loudly applauded; every one was struck with the appearance and demeanour of the principal actors. No one, indeed, had any cause to complain of coldness on the part of the spectators, least of all—as may be supposed—the actor who undertook the principal rôle.

The second act introduced a hundred persons. Jesus drove the demon "Astarotte" out of the body of the daughter of the "Cananeo," and after preaching and praying He raised Lazarus from the dead. He then entered Jerusalem on an ass, and hosannahs were sung. The hosannahs, intermingled with dialogues and monologues, brought the second day's proceedings to a slow end; and, the day being Thursday, and it being impossible to continue the drama on Friday, a monk stepped forward in front of the stage to announce, amidst breathless silence, that the third act would be performed on Sunday, an announcement which was received with overwhelming applause.

The third act brought fewer personages on the scene than the two first acts, but the scene was more sensational and more dramatic. There were in all about seventy actors, the principal actors playing the parts of the Redeemer and of Judas Iscariot. The Redeemer walked with his disciples and delivered the Sermon on the Mount. Devils came from the trap-door; and the Redeemer was tempted. The audience applauded vehemently; but at the scene of the Last Supper

tears were shed, and groans and murmurs of discontent were heard on all sides when Judas perpetrated his crime. These groans and this discontent were indeed the best applause the actor could receive; they showed that Judas was playing his part well. But the culminating point was reached when the Redeemer, amidst the jeers of the rabble and the insults of the soldiery, was handed over to Pontius Pilate. The audience would scarcely listen to the actors, so greatly were they overcome by conflicting emotions. The king and queen wept aloud; the ladies and gentlemen of the court broke into passionate tears, and the whole amphitheatre resounded with cries and lamentations. It was as if a real execution, nay, a real massacre, were about to take place. The audience exceeded all bounds of rationality and decorum, and shouts of "Release him!" "Release him!" and "Down with Pontius Pilate!" interrupted the business of the stage. A monk stepped forward and announced, most opportunely, that the day's proceedings were terminated, and that the fourth, the final act would be performed on the morrow.

The last act introduced a hundred actors. It had to do with the historical part of the drama properly so called. The "King of the Jews" was led out, and formally tried and condemned. Pontius Pilate made a long speech, and the Saviour of mankind was taken to execution in a procession which appears to have been highly sensational, but not historical. Monks and nuns took their places in the ranks, and allusions were made, in dialogues, to events which belonged to the 4th and 5th centuries. The Crucifixion scene brought the play to an end, and the audience dispersed amidst tumultuous applause, part of which was bestowed on the king and queen on their egress from the theatre. Thus, after weeks of preparation, ended the great Mystery Play of Naples, which was perhaps the greatest play of its kind that has ever been produced on any stage.

But the dramatic art was passing out of the hands of the priesthood. Secular plays, which were to some extent equestrian spectacles, had been introduced at the end of the 14th century. The equestrian element was a necessary consequence of those tilts and tournaments which had begun to become fashionable in the middle of the 12th century, and ended by becoming a mania in the 13th, as if knights and noblemen and others who had not been to the Holy Land were determined to show society that they, the home-keeping heroes, could be as brave as the crusaders. Tilts and tournaments were ideal crusades, as Mystery Plays were ideal redemptions. The two elements were welded together, and out of tournaments and Mystery Plays sprang the Secular Drama of Italy.

One of the most important, though not the earliest, of the secular plays was the "Aminta" of Torquato Tasso ; but it was put on the stage as an opera so far as the choruses were concerned, the chorus singing, instead of reciting, the poetry. Thus, between the second and third acts, a bevy of gods and goddesses, elegantly and, it may be added, indecently attired, descended from paste-board scenery and tinsel clouds, and sang the lines beginning—

Divi noi siamo che del sereno eterno, &c.

The deities were Apollo, the Three Graces, Love, Psyche, and the Sylphs, and their song, the prelude to a dance, may be roughly translated as follows : " We are gods who, among zephyrs and crystal groves, lead perpetual dances where summer and winter are unknown ; and now, in this beautiful theatre of the world, we go round and round together, and dance gaily a new and delightful measure." And then, at the end of the play, the old god Pan stepped forward (by way of epilogue) and half sang, half recited, after the style of the regular operatic recitative, the lines beginning—

Itene, o meste figlie, o donne liete,

which were an invitation to the audience to go to bed. " Go home," said Pan, " go home, O sorrowful girls and merry women ; the time has come for placid repose !" It is a pity that Tasso has introduced into this epilogue some lines of doubtful propriety. They are words which Mrs. Grundy would not tolerate, and which few, if any, English ladies would care to see translated.

But the success of "Aminta," great as it was, was eclipsed by that of "Arianna," a poetical drama by Ottavio Rinuccini. Like "Aminta," it opened with a prologue in verse. The prologue was recited by Apollo, who was introduced to the spectators seated on a cloud, lit up by the glory of blue lights. The curtain rose to the sound of low music played behind the scenes, the cloud descending gradually till it reached a rock, on which Apollo stood erect. The cloud departed, and Apollo spoke and sang. He told his hearers, with appropriate gestures, that he was the Lord of the Golden Car, the "King of Permessio," and the Eternal Keeper of the Lyre of Heaven. He explained why he came before the public armed with a lute instead of a bow. He appeared as Keeper of the Lyre and not as Lord of the Car, and he so appeared because he was about to sing the praises of Margaret of Savoy—that Margaret who, in the year 1608, became the bride of Francesco Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua, at whose behoof the play was produced. The play was performed in Mantua town, and it had the honour of having a theatre

built expressly for it. Six thousand persons obtained seats, including the guests of the Royal Family, princes, ambassadors, and others. But five or six thousand more had applied for admission; the applications, made first of all in all due courtesy, ended in a street row which threatened to become a riot, if not an insurrection. Rinuccini's play was the rage of Italy, and Margaret of Savoy was the rage of Mantua; the two combined constituted what in modern days would be called a "hit."

After Apollo had spoken the lines above referred to, the curtain rose on a weird and desolate scene by the sea-shore. It was a rock, lit up by moonlight, with the waves beating against it; and "Arianna," semi-nude, standing there alone, with clasped hands, wailed piteously for the desertion of "Teseo." The scene, assisted by the music and the poetry, melted the audience almost to tears. There were ladies who wept abundantly. The music was by Monteverde. "Where, where is the troth you plighted me?" exclaimed the unhappy damsel; "Are these the garlands you promised me to bind my hair? Is this the gold, are these the jewels I was to receive?—I, who am left here deserted to be devoured by wild beasts. Will you abandon here, weeping in vain, and in vain imploring assistance, the wretched Arianna who loved you and gave you glory and life?" Had not Bacchus, travelling in India, arrived in the desolate spot at this important juncture, the excitable audience of this theatre would have despaired of the fate of "Arianna." But Bacchus came and saw—and was enamoured—and, pitying the beauteous damsel, he vowed to make her his wife. Who would not pity a damsel so unhappy and so cantily attired? Dialogues and soliloquies followed, and Bacchus ended by winning the affections of "Arianna." At the end of the play they both came forward crowned with flowers, and warriors and shepherds danced and sang around them, and pledged their health in wine. Finally, Jove, sitting in a pasteboard cloud, which opened to the crash of thunder, shone resplendent in the midst of his lightnings, and thus addressed the lovers:—

Dopo trionfi e palme,
Dopo sospiri e pianti,
Riposate felici, o candid¹ alme;
Sovra le sfere erranti,
Sovra le stelle e il sole,
Seggio vi attende, o mia diletta prole.¹

¹ After triumphs and laurels, after sighs and tears, repose happily, O candid souls. Above the wandering spheres, above the stars and the sun, a place awaits you, O my beloved children.

The play, which threatened at the outset to be a tragedy, ended by becoming a drama of the home-affections ; and the audience, in their applause, thoroughly understood that they were approving of two marriages. While ostensibly applauding Bacchus and Ariadne, they were indirectly applauding the Prince of Mantua and his beautiful bride. Nay, it was so arranged from the very commencement. Ariadne was Margaret of Savoy, and Gonzaga—the generous Gonzaga—was the god Bacchus.

The spectacular drama, with musical interludes and dances, went on increasing in popularity till the end of the 16th century, and it continued to exist independently of the theology from which it sprang, preferring to attach itself like a parasite to the legends of the old pagan religion, out of which so many so-called Christian legends had emerged, albeit with new faces and new names, swelling thereby the list of saints and martyrs in the mythology of the Roman Catholic Church. But the Christian drama had not yet spoken its last word ; Mystery Plays were not altogether abandoned by stage directors. Writers were found able and willing to pander to a bygone taste, and to risk their name and fame on the revival of a school of art which had been condemned by scholars and critics. Among these writers was Giovanni Andreini, a Florentine, who, in 1578, published a play on the creation and fall of man. The play was called “ Adam ; ” it was considered the most extraordinary specimen of theological pantomime that had ever been produced.

The *dramatis personæ* of “ Adam ” was something prodigious. It included, as performed in various theatres in Italy, the Creator, Adam and Eve, Lucifer, the Archangel Michael, Satan (distinct from Lucifer), Volano, a malignant spirit, Death, Despair, Beelzebub (distinct from Lucifer and Satan), a chorus of Seraphim, Hunger, the Flesh, Vain-glory, the Serpent, the Seven Deadly Sins, Angels of the Air, Fire and Water, and other spirits *à la* Mephistopheles, &c.

The first act brings upon the scene the Creator, under the pseudonym of the Eternal Father. He has just completed the work of the Creation, and his right hand bears the thunderbolt with which he had hurled from Heaven his foe Lucifer, and the troop of rebels who had espoused the cause of the arch-fiend. The Padre Eterno leaves his golden seat, followed and accompanied by boys and girls personifying angels, with white wings and a scarcity of clothing, who sing songs of praise. He touches a clod of earth, and turns it (as in a pantomime-scene) into a human being. This being is Adam, the first man, who, the moment he appears on the stage, kneels down to adore *his Creator*. There are songs and dialogues and recitatives among

and between the angels who enter at this juncture, and Adam falls asleep to the sound of slow music, as in the play of the "Corsican Brothers." Out of the mound of grass on which the full-dressed Adam reclines, springs through a trap-door, a beautiful girl in diaphanous robes; it is Eve emerging from one of the ribs of Adam, as Minerva sprang into life, armed and beautiful, from the forehead of Jove. Andreini appears to have introduced this incident as a set-off to the well-known Minerva scene, which had appeared with success in a recent play; it was a vindication of the rights of Mystery Plays as opposed to those of secular dramas on pagan subjects. The act ends with the benediction of Adam and Eve, and the apparition, in the far distance, of the Prince of Evil, who, with seven fiends, hurls a curse on the human race, the seven fiends being the Seven Deadly Sins, or in Italian phraseology *I Peccati Mortali*, fiends which, under the names of Envy, Lust, Revenge, &c., have found a refuge in the human breast from that day to this.

The second act of "Adam" introduces the Serpent at the very moment that he is tempting the mother of mankind to eat the fruit of the forbidden tree. Eve, at the instigation of Vain-Glory, tastes the apple, and, finding it good to eat, runs away, laughing and coquettish, to offer a piece to Adam. Adam, however, refuses to touch it, and the curtain goes down on a very singular scene: Eve supplicating but radiant; Adam intensely wretched, but determined to do no wrong. The Serpent and the Seven Deadly Sins glower over the stage, and a sinister darkness, like that of a partial eclipse, falls upon the scene.

The third and last act introduces Adam in a state of doubt, Adam yielding to the tears of Eve, and finally Adam vanquished. The Padre Eterno comes upon the stage, accompanied by angels, and, after reproving the sinners, drives them out of Eden, that is to say, turns Eden into a desert by cursing the soil. Hunger, Thirst, and Despair, accompanied by Fatigue, surround the unhappy couple, and they are presently informed that henceforth they must work in order to live, and that the end of their career is death. Death is shown to them *en passant*—a grisly spectre at which they shudder; but they are cheered by the statement that labour will again convert the wilderness into a garden, and that the grave, though a prison of corruption for other created beings, will become a cradle for the souls of men, who, through redemption, will inherit the kingdom of heaven. Goblins and grinning monsters cross the stage, and all goes on grotesquely as in a Christmas pantomime. The Padre Eterno disappears, and Adam and Eve, tempted and tormented by the evil passions which have been let loose upon the earth, are about to suffer martyrdom, when suddenly,

in a great blaze of light, St. Michael comes forward with his sword, followed by angels (ballet girls and others), by whom, to the delight of Adam and Eve, the demons are driven away. The play winds up with a heavy speech delivered by the archangel Michael, and the hero and heroine of the drama, after singing songs of praise, disappear in the forest. So ends the drama of "Adam."

Andreini's play was good, but it exceeded the limits of propriety. The public conscience was aroused by it, and after Andreini's time society condemned and repudiated the practice of resorting to Scripture for theatrical subjects. On this point the priesthood had nothing to urge; they were entirely agreed with the laity on the matter of Mystery Plays. The priests wanted a monopoly of preaching, and they were willing to bid farewell to the drama; actors and actresses wanted a monopoly of acting, and they were willing to abandon theology. What could be fairer or more politic? The 14th and 15th centuries saw the birth and progress of the secular drama; the 16th century saw the death of the religious play after its revival. The house that had taken centuries to build up was brought to completion, and the scaffolding which had disfigured it so long—and which, to vulgar eyes, appeared a portion of the building—was removed from sight. The theatre and the church became utterly independent institutions, and those who wished to witness the solemnities of the *Via Crucis*, or the procession of *Corpus Christi*, went henceforth to the house of prayer and not to the playhouse or the Italian Opera. It was a division of interests, but it was also a purification of manners, and playgoers and society at large were benefited by the change.

GEORGE ERIC MACKAY.

THE ORIGIN OF NERVES.

ONE of the most characteristic features of the present age, regarded from a scientific standpoint, is the marked desire to account for the origin and causes of natural phenomena. The hackneyed quotation from Virgil—

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

in respect of its fitness, might well be adopted as a motto by the scientific thought of our day and generation. Not content with investigating facts, we look beyond the facts to their causes, and endeavour to show how and why these causes have brought about the familiar results, and how one cause becomes related to another in the great sequence of nature. Unquestionably, the improvement of the means of research must be credited with the chief merit of inspiring the search after the "causes of things." So long as we are unable to peer very far beneath the surface of nature, we are not likely to possess much incentive to discover the hidden source of nature's actions. But when the eye is unsatisfied with its own limited power of seeing, and calls to its aid the microscope or telescope ; when the laboratory of the physiologist becomes furnished with instruments capable of measuring the rate at which the subtle thought-force travels along nerves ; when the chemist and physicist boast of their ability to analyse by aid of the spectroscope the far distant orbs of heaven, or to make far-off sound audible—then we have reached an era when it becomes impossible for mankind to rest content with the declaration that such things are, and when the spirit of "*das rastlose Ursachenthier*" moves abroad in search of the well-springs of knowledge. The cause-seeking tendency of these latter days has been well illustrated in physical science in two ways. Of these, the first is exemplified by the endeavours of scientists to account for the origin of the varied species of living beings, and for the causes in virtue of which the existing order of living nature has been fashioned and evolved. Then, again, the question of the origin of matter and of the universe itself has largely engaged the attention of physicists and geologists. Although the origin of living beings and of the world they inhabit was long ago decided according to the Mosaic interpretation, the spirit of scientific

inquiry has found abundant cause to reject the idea of "special creation" and also that of the "six days" theory when applied to the foundation and building of the universe. The higher knowledge of to-day has issued its fiat against the pure assumption and dogmatic assertion of yesterday; and now, taking nothing for granted, we "step forth into the light of things," and accept Nature as our great teacher: seeking, in the search after causes, not what is likely, nor what is probable, but what is true.

Amongst the multifarious phases and aspects which are included in the general question of the manner in which living beings have been produced, no study has received a greater impulse than that of "embryology." This department of science is that which traces the stages through which the young animal passes in development, from its earliest appearance in the germ or egg until it has attained the features of its parent, and until it has assumed the form or likeness of the adult. No branch of study presents a greater fascination to the scientist; for in its pursuit he seems to peer further into the causation of living nature than when engaged in any other department of inquiry. It can be well understood how absorbing must be the interest with which the wondrous process of building the frame of a living being is watched, and how large a view one may obtain of the powers and contrivance of Nature, as displayed in the fashioning of a complicated body from apparently the very simplest of materials. Some such thought, doubtless, stirred the great Harvey, one of the first to study the development of animals, when he maintained in his "Exercitationes" that "in the generation of the chicken out of the eggs, all things are set up and formed, with a most singular providence, divine wisdom, and an admirable and incomprehensible artifice." The importance of the study of development has, however, been greatly increased of late years, through the growing force of the idea that in the development of animals and plants we may obtain a clue to their origin and manner of descent. Starting with the idea—supported by well-nigh every consideration which natural science can offer—that the living beings around us have been evolved from pre-existing forms of life, it is held that in their development we may see illustrated the various stages through which their ancestors have passed, and through which their modern and existing forms and structures have been produced. The development of a living being is thus regarded as teaching us *how* living nature has been evolved; the "*why*" is a subject upon which the fullest research sheds no light, and regarding which even the boldness of speculation has as yet pronounced no opinion. To use the words of Mr. Darwin himself.

"Community in embryonic structure reveals community of descent;" and again, "Embryology rises greatly in interest, when we look at the embryo as a picture, more or less obscured, of the progenitor, either in its adult or larval state, of all the members of the same great class."

Applying the principle that in development we find a clue to the origin of the structures and organs of living beings, we purpose to investigate briefly the history and origin of that part of the animal frame which is concerned with the maintenance of relations between the organism and the outer world—the nervous system. We may endeavour, in other words, to apply the foregoing principle to explain the origin of nerves, and to set before us some reasonable ideas concerning the conditions in living beings which have favoured, inaugurated, and perfected the most complex part of our physical belongings. In such a study we may perchance touch upon several issues which lie very near to some weighty matters connected with mind and brain; whilst in any case the subject itself is one of the most attractive which can be presented to the thinking mind. A few words concerning the functions of a nervous system, wherever found, and in whatever degree of perfection it may exist, may form a suitable introduction to the topic which awaits our study. Shortly expressed, the function of nerves is that of bringing their possessor into relationship with the outer world. This result is attained through the especial property of nerves, termed "irritability" by the physiologist—a term which, in unconscious sarcasm, might be—and is—applied to indicate an excess of nerve-action in humanity itself. Through the property of irritability, and of responding to impressions made upon them by the outer world, nerves affect the parts in which they are distributed; whilst through their action on these parts, they may in turn affect the entire body of their possessor. But the simple observation of any common action in man and lower animals will serve to show that there exists a wonderful sameness of working, so to speak, in the nervous acts of high and low forms of animal life. When a blow is aimed at the face, or when the hand of a bystander is passed rapidly before our eyes, the result of these actions in ourselves respectively consists in the withdrawal of the head and in the closure of the eyes. If we endeavour to rightly comprehend what is implied in these actions, we shall have laid a sure basis for the further understanding of how nerves act in well-nigh every detail of life. The blow or threat which comes from the bystander, represents an impression of the outer world made upon a special portion of our nervous system—the sense and organ of sight. It is the *function of these organs to appreciate a certain kind of impulse or*

impression—the impression in the present case resulting from that disturbance of the ether and light-rays which gives origin to the sense of sight ; just as disturbance of another kind, producing sonorous vibrations, results in the production of sound, and in its appreciation by sense-organs specially adapted to receive such an impression. Received by the organ of sight, the impression is conveyed to the nearest “nerve-centre,” represented in this case by a part of the brain. Only when the impression has reached the brain do we “see” in the true sense of the term. For the sense of sight, involving a knowledge and appreciation of what is seen, is not resident in the eye, but in the brain, as representing that part of the nervous system where the act of “knowing” is performed. Thus an impulse is conveyed inwards to the brain, and we may call this a “sensory” impression, since it has been received by a sense-organ, and has moreover given rise to a “sensation”—that of sight.

But the actions which follow the impression made upon the organ of seeing do not end thus. Active exertion—the withdrawal of the head and the closure of the eyelids—follows the sensation. How, then, is this action related to the appreciation by eye and brain of the threatened danger? Because, we may reply, the brain transmits another and a different impulse or command to the muscles of the head and neck, and to those of the eyelids; sets these muscles in action, and produces movements destined to save the body from the act of our assailant. There is thus illustrated the great principle of *reflex action*, with the discovery and enunciation of which the name of Marshall Hall is so worthily associated. We note that an impression which we have named “sensory” passed inwards through a “gateway of knowledge” to the brain; and, conversely, we note that a second impulse is sent outwards from the brain to the muscles of the neck and eyelids, directing the movement of the former, and the closure of the latter. This second impulse—which may simply consist of the first or sensory one directed or “reflected” into a new channel and modified by the brain—we term a “motor” impulse, because, as we have seen, its office is that of producing motion in muscles. If, now, we take a wide survey of the field of animal life, we shall find that “reflex” nerve-action forms the apparently universal rule wherever bodily action follows upon the outward stimulation of the world. It is immaterial whether the original impulse comes from the nervous system or from the world; in any case it is “reflected” from the great nerve-centre to muscles, to a sense-organ, or to some other part or tissue of the body. When we “will” to perform any bodily action, the thought or idea generated in the brain passes outwards on

its "motor" journey, and puts muscles or other organs in movement or in action; and we are made aware that the act has been accomplished only through a second or "sensory" impression which has been transmitted or reflected to the brain. When we touch the tip of a snail's tentacles or feelers, the feeler itself is rapidly withdrawn, and the animal itself retreats within its shell. Reflex nerve-action evidently holds sway here, just as in man. For the sensory-impulse was transmitted in the snail to the nearest nerve-centre in the animal's head, and thence "reflected" to the muscles of the body as a "motor" impulse, with the result of the animal's withdrawal into private life for a longer or shorter period. No matter where or how we glance at the acts of living beings, the same actions are to be witnessed. The presence of "consciousness" in higher animals, and its absence in lower forms, does not in the least affect the community of method whereby each and all act in response to the stimuli of the outer world. Entering the domain of the botanist, we may find feeling and sensation not merely to be represented in the plant world, but, in some cases, to approach very nearly indeed, if not to actually eclipse in definiteness, the acts of many animals. When a sensitive plant droops its leaf-stalks and huddles its leaflets together, on being touched, in what respect, it may be asked, do its actions differ from those of many lower animals, such as sea-anemones and the like, which evince, in their daily life, acts but little elevated above the quiet, vegetative existence of the plant? Or when the Venus' fly-trap closes its treacherous leaf on an insect which has touched one of its six sensitive hairs, wherein shall it be said that the act of the plant differs from that of the sea-anemone which seizes, by aid of its tentacles, the unwary crab which has stumbled into a living pit-fall in its meanderings? To these queries comparative physiology can return no reply, save one, which admits that the actions of plant and animal are alike "reflex" in nature; and which affirms that, despite the absence of demonstrable nerves in plants and lowest animals—for both are nerveless—the acts of the lower forms of life are bound up in a strange sequence with those which regulate the existence of humanity itself.

Primarily, then, it may be asserted that there is a striking community and sameness of detail in the common nervous acts of animals and plants. For between the essential nature of the irritability witnessed in the two groups of living beings there can be no just distinction drawn; and the conclusion that sensation, in some degree or other, is an unvarying concomitant of life, is one which the consideration of the phenomena of animal and plant-existence fully

endorses. But this community of sensation may be more plainly demonstrated if we take a comprehensive glance at the phenomena of sensation and nerve-action as illustrated in an ascending scale, and as we pass from lower to higher confines in each kingdom. One of the most useful animals for purposes of zoological instruction is the *Amœba*, or "Proteus-Animalcule," a creature belonging to the lowest grade of organization, and whose body may be accurately described as consisting of a microscopic speck of jelly-like matter—the *protoplasm* of the biologist. To watch an *Amœba* moving across the field of vision presented by the microscope, by slow contraction of its jelly-like body, and to see it literally flowing from one shape into another, is to behold one of the most common and yet most perplexing sights which may meet the biologist's eye. Locked up within this minute speck of protoplasm, in which none of the structures or organs belonging to animal life at large can be discerned, are powers and properties which characterise the living animal, and which elevate our *Amœba*, simple as it is, far above all forms of inorganic or lifeless matter. Our animalcule literally eats and digests without possessing a digestive apparatus, and, as we may note, "feels" in the absence of the faintest traces of a nervous system. Watch a particle of food approach the *Amœba*, for instance, and you may observe that when the particle impinges against the soft body of the animal, the protoplasm will be extended so as to engulf the morsel, and the *Amœba* may thus be seen to receive food simply by surrounding the food particles with its soft elastic frame. Thus we may learn from a simple observation, that the protoplasm of which the *Amœba*'s body is composed is pre-eminently a contractile substance, and that it is moreover highly sensitive. In these two conditions the art of feeling may be said to begin. The sensitiveness of the body is the primary condition ; and the power of acting upon the impressions received by the sensitive medium is the second essential in the process. Here also, in reality, we have the beginnings of truly nervous acts. For there can be no doubt that the animalcule "feels" the contact of the food-particle, and that the result of the impression made upon its body is to produce movement and to stimulate the contractile protoplasm to engulf the morsel. This action appears essentially of the nature of "reflex action" after all, and claims kindred with the simpler acts of higher existence.

If, now, we investigate the conditions of life in lower plant-organisms, we shall find the great difference between most of these forms of life and their lower animal neighbours to consist in the development of a definite wall or envelope to their bodies, or rather

to the "cells" or minute structures of which the lower plants are composed. That the protoplasm of which the lower plants are composed, is essentially similar in its physical characters to that seen in the lower animals, is a chemically demonstrable fact. And when we look through the microscope at the cells of a low plant, such as *Chara*, we note the protoplasm or living matter of the cells to be in a state of constant movement. Any one who has beheld the movements of the protoplasm in the cells of which the hairs of *Tradescantia* are composed, will not readily forget the sight of the streams of protoplasm which hurry hither and thither laden with granules or solid particles, and which keep up a continual bustle within the miniature world encompassed by the cell-wall. The cells of the stinging hairs of the nettle afford an example of the same wondrous spectacle. "The protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair," says Huxley, "is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a corn-field." Thus the protoplasm of the plant-cell is eminently active and contractile, and appears to be the seat of energy as potent as that which animates and directs the acts of an *Amœba*. But why, it may be asked, considering the presence of sensitive protoplasm in plant cells, do we not obtain the active responses from the plant when stimulated, that we behold when the animal protoplasm is irritated? The answer is clear and apparent. Because the protoplasm of the plant is not continuous. It is broken up into detached portions separated by cell-walls, which present great, or it may be insuperable, barriers to the transmission of impulses through the plant-tissues. Each plant-cell, as regards its irritability, is in fact an isolated unit; and even in those cases in which the plant becomes highly sensitive—as in the case of the Venus' Fly-trap, or in the hairs of the Sundew leaves—the cell-walls appear to influence the rate of transmission of the impulse which brings the irritability of the plants into action. Darwin's researches on "Insectivorous Plants" contain much suggestive matter bearing on the present point. The stimulus applied to the leaf-hair of a sensitive plant can be seen to pass through the cells of the hair, its passage being indicated by the successive movements and contractions of the protoplasm of the cells; and Darwin remarks that, in the case of the Sundew's hairs, the cell-walls appear to present obstacles to the quick passage of the stimulus. This conclusion is fully supported by the fact that a stimulus passes more rapidly in a longitudinal than in a transverse direction in the leaf of the Sundew;

and this for the reason that in the longitudinal pathway through the leaf there are fewer cell-walls than in the other direction. Summing up the question of plant-nervousness, therefore, we may hold that the sensibility of plants is limited chiefly by the fact that their protoplasm is even in the lowest plant organisms enclosed within cells, and that the cell-walls appear to present partitions, which, in the great majority of cases, act as effectual barriers to the quick transmission of impulses. Certain plants, as we have seen, have surmounted the difficulty in a very decided fashion ; but even in their case the sensitiveness is inferior to that of the animal, and their impulses are of slower kind than those of their neighbours in the "*règne animal*."

But if the special constitution and structure of the plant militates against the development of nerves within the confines of the vegetable world, the conditions of animal life present favourable conditions, on the other hand, for the higher exercise of sensation. There are no obstacles to the free passage of an impulse through the *Amœba*'s body, and special tracts and pathways, named nerves, are developed for the transmission of impulses in animals of by no means a very advanced grade. Hence, the main question at issue is that of accounting for the progressive development of distinct nerves and definite nervous acts from the simple exhibitions of sensitiveness we see in the *Amœba* and its kindred. The problem of the acquirement of sensitiveness by some plants, and even of the power—as exhibited by the Venus' Fly-trap—of a selective discretion and choice of food, is one which it is difficult even theoretically to investigate. We may therefore more profitably devote our consideration to the origin of nerves and nerve-actions as exhibited in the animal kingdom : the theoretical pathway by which nerve-development has been reached in animal life, if not clearly defined throughout its entire extent, being yet sufficiently plainly marked to give promise of intellectual gain from even a cursory pilgrimage made therein.

The *Amœba*'s life may be said, as regards its irritability, to be concerned with the reception of external impressions of a simple character, and with responding to these impressions by contractions and movements of the protoplasm of its body. How the protoplasm contracts or moves in obedience to the stimuli which play upon its outer parts we do not know, any more than we can describe what takes place in the nerve of a higher animal when an impulse travels through or along its fibres. But there is every reason to believe that molecular movements and activities of like kind which prevail amongst the tissues of living beings at large, are concerned in some special phase of their action with the production and transmission of nerve-force in

man. And there similarly exist no grounds for the belief that the molecular actions and forces which affect the protoplasm of nerve-cells and nerve-fibres in man, are in any sense different from those which affect the protoplasm of an *Amœba* and produce movement in the animalcule's frame. The difference, if it exist at all, is one not of kind, but merely in degree. If now, we direct our attention to the observation of animals of higher grade than the *Amœba*, and compare their acts with those of the animalcule, we may possibly be enabled to explain more definitely the acts of the latter, and at the same time to understand how an advance in the development of the nervous system is made possible through very simple means. Recent experiments conducted by Mr. G. J. Romanes on the *Medusidæ*, or Jelly-fishes, have in a large measure aided our comprehension of the stage in the development of nerves which follows close upon the primitive condition of the *Amœba*, and have supplemented by demonstration the hypothetical influences regarding the origin of nerves which we owe to Mr. Herbert Spencer.

With the Jelly-fishes, or *Medusidæ*, few readers can be unacquainted. They form some of the most familiar as well as most interesting tenants of the sea around our coasts in the summer months. By aid of a tow-net we may capture the smaller species in hundreds; many of the so-called *Medusæ*, however, being merely the free-swimming and detached reproductive bodies of rooted and fixed zoophytes. The larger species are equally well known to seaside visitors, in the form of the graceful swimming-bells of clear gelatinous matter which pulsate through the calm sea of summer—the type of all that is fragile and ethereal in nature. From the middle of the clear azure bell hangs a stalked body, corresponding to the “clapper” or “tongue” thereof, and to which we may, in zoological language, apply the term “polypite.” This polypite is the most characteristic part of the *Medusa* in the eyes of the systematic naturalist. At its free extremity the mouth is found, and this aperture leads into a hollow body-cavity, which is in its turn continued into the “canals” that radiate through the body of the Jelly-fish and that are united by a circular vessel which runs round the margin of the bell. Around the margin of the body we also find tentacles or organs of touch, many or few, as the case may be. In addition, we may observe certain structures known as “marginal bodies,” which appear in the form of spots of pigment named *ocelli*, these being rudimentary eyes; as well as certain little sacs or bags containing limy particles suspended in a clear fluid—these latter representing the rudiments and beginnings of organs of hearing. Thus the Jelly-fish be found to possess a higher degree of organisation than

might at first sight be supposed. A closer examination of the "swimming-bell" which constitutes the bulk of the body will reveal the mechanism of its movements. The "polypite," or stalked mouth, and the inner or concave surface of the swimming-bell are covered with a tissue which differs from that comprising the body as a whole, in that it is highly contractile. This contractile tissue may in fact be regarded as representing the beginnings of muscle in the animal world; and through its agency the Medusa is able to move gracefully through the yielding waters. When the layer of tissue just mentioned contracts, the walls of the bell are pulled together; the water contained within the cavity of the bell being thus forcibly expelled, and by its reaction on the surrounding fluid propels the Jelly-fish onwards. The subsequent relaxation and distension of the contractile layer and swimming-bell permit a fresh inflow of water, preparatory to the next contraction and succeeding expulsion of fluid. One observation regarding the sensitiveness of the Medusa is worthy of remark, and that is, the special localisation of its irritability in the margin of the bell. If we cut off the rim of the bell with its tentacles and "marginal bodies," the animal becomes completely paralysed; whilst the detached and separated rim will continue, under favourable circumstances, to move and contract even for days after its severance from the body of which it once formed part.

That the nervous acts of a Medusa are infinitely superior in respect of their definite manner of working to those of the Amœba may be demonstrated by one or two very simple experiments. If, in certain species of Medusæ, such as *Tiaropsis*, we irritate any part of the swimming-bell, the central mouth, or polypite, will move over towards the irritated point, and indicate accurately the exact seat of the irritation. Now, such an observation seems to prove, without any reasonable shadow of doubt, that the impressions made upon the body of the animal have been conveyed to the central polypite; not irregularly or indefinitely, but in definite lines or tracts, which, to use Spencer's term, we may name "lines of discharge." And that these lines communicate with other lines or tracts, just as nerves interlace in higher animals, appears to be equally clearly proved by the results which follow the formation of a transverse or cross cut in the body of the Jelly-fish. If such an incision be made, and if thereafter the body be irritated *below* the cut, the polypite, instead of moving at once to indicate as before the irritated portion, will move in an erratic and undetermined fashion. We have, in plain language, *cut the direct connection*, or "line of discharge," between the irritated point and the polypite, so that our stimulus has to travel by a ner

loop-line and reaches the polypite after all, it is true, but without affording to that structure direct and definite information concerning the irritated point. The result of the foregoing experiment also serves to impress the idea that habit and use favour the development of special lines of discharge in the Jelly-fishes. *Tiaropsis* is thus able accurately to indicate the seat of irritation through certain of its nervous lines only: these being the lines ordinarily used by the animal in the acts of its life. The loop-lines through which the impulses travel after the infliction of our incision fail to convey accurate information regarding the impression, simply because the new nervous routes have not been exercised to the same extent as the interrupted "lines of discharge." It also appears that among the Jelly-fishes themselves, there are many and varying degrees of perfection in the definiteness of their sensations, and in their aptitude to respond to impressions made upon them. In a common genus (*Aurelia*) of Jelly-fishes, the irritability is not nearly so distinctly localised nor so definitely transmitted as in the last-mentioned case of *Tiaropsis*. In the latter instance, the object of the polypite being able to move so as accurately to indicate the irritated point is that of stinging its prey, by means of an offensive apparatus placed at the extremity of the mouth. So that the definite acts of the animal have arisen in clear connection with a purposive end—that of killing and seizing prey. But in other species (e.g. *Aurelia*) the impulses travel in less definite fashion, if we may judge from the results which follow stimulation. A portion of the body of *Aurelia*, a very common species of Jelly-fish, when cut so as to form a mere elongated strip, which in its turn was intersected or divided by numerous cuts, was still shown to transmit impressions, thus proving that there was little selective choice by the impressions of special lines or tracts along which to travel. But in *Tiaropsis* we see evidence of a higher development of sensitiveness and nerve-action in the accurate response of the central mouth to impressions made upon the swimming-bell. Here the reception of impulses may be regarded as having become specialised, and the influence of use and habit may be credited with converting the at first ill-defined "lines of discharge" into definite and accustomed tracts, along which impulses would regularly and normally pass. In other Medusæ again, the lines of discharge may be traced as having become definite nerve-tracts; actual nerve-elements having been demonstrated to occur in *Aurelia*. When these higher Jelly-fishes—such as the *Sarsia*—are stimulated, their actions are seen to be still more purposive and direct, and more quickly manifested, than in forms in which the nerve-impulses travel along less definite pathways. And in consequence of their structure of their nervous system, the task

destroying their irritability is easier than that of annihilating the sensitiveness of their lower neighbours.

Have we, then, elucidated, through the consideration of the history of the Jelly-fishes, any points which will assist us in framing a reasonable conception of the origin of nerves? The Amœba, let us remember, represents a mass of sensitive protoplasm, through which impulses passed in an indefinite manner, with the result of producing irregular contractions of the animalcule's body. The nerve-power has its beginning here, but nothing more. With a less changeable and more definite shape of body, some parts of an animal of necessity become more exposed than other parts to the outer world and to impressions derived therefrom. And the influence of use and habit can be well understood and appreciated, when it is alleged that these exposed parts of the body will become more sensitive than the non-exposed portions, and impressions will thus come to select, or to be directed in, certain lines or paths in preference to others. These stimulated parts will become the seat of molecular changes and movements inducing the formation of definite contractile tissues or muscles, whilst the lines along which the impulses have passed will ultimately represent the primitive nerve-tracks or nerve-fibres—such, indeed, as are seen in varying degrees of perfection in the Jelly-fishes. Mr. Spencer's own comparison of the development of nerve-tracts to the formation of water-channels is a perfectly just simile. Constantly recurring molecular waves define the primitive "lines of discharge" in living tissues, just as continuous currents of water widen and deepen the shallow and ill-defined channel along which the first waters of the river ran. Once established, nerve-actions and impulses will continue to flow and to become better defined; and with the necessity and demand for sensory apparatus of still higher kind, the same inevitable law of use and habit will supply an increased and more perfect nervous system.

Such, briefly told, is the history of the evolution of nerves. If we pass a little higher in the scale of animal life from the Jelly-fishes, we find that nerve fibres and nerve-cells—the elements found in the highest nervous systems—become distinctly developed; although, indeed, the beginnings of these elements are to be discerned in these graceful organisms themselves. The arrangement of nerve-systems in animals follows the inevitable law of necessity, in that their nerve-fibres and cells are placed so as most perfectly to control and correlate bodily actions with the impressions which are received from the outer world. Organs of sense—specialised parts of the nervous system, *adapted to receive one kind of impression alone—may be regarded as having arisen in obedience to the same law of use and habit*

through impressions or stimuli of special kind having been made upon particular parts of the body. There is little need to pursue this idea further, since the theory of nerve-origin lies literally in a nutshell, and derives its feasibility from the reasonableness of its assertions. Given an animalcule with a sensitive body-substance; admit that its body becomes stable so as to present certain parts to the outer world; and that, through use and wont, impulses come to travel in particular lines from these parts, and so to produce changes and contractions in its internal structure—and we have outlined the essential details of the only scientific and consistent theory which can account for the genesis of muscle and nerve in living beings. The development of nerves in the animal world at large, however, bears a very distinct relation to the development of nerve-centres and sensory-organs in the highest of animals. Can the development of the nervous system in higher animals be said to throw any light upon the manner in which nerves and sense-organs have originally arisen—namely, through the contact of impulses with certain outward parts of a living being, and through the subsequent relationship which became established between these outward portions and the inner structures of the organism? We have already assigned to the study of development a paramount place, as showing us the manner of origin of the organs and parts of living beings. Let us inquire if the development of the highest animals throws any light on the source and beginnings of their nerves.

The egg or germ of a vertebrate animal exists as a small, or it may be microscopic mass of protoplasm, exhibiting all the features of a "cell." Man himself springs from such a body, which attains a diameter not exceeding the one hundred and twentieth part of an inch. When the ovum exhibits the process of development which results in the production of a new being, its substance divides and subdivides in a regular fashion into a mass of cells; the egg being said, in physiological language, to undergo the process of "segmentation." At length the division of the germ ceases, and the "blastoderm" or "germinal membrane" is formed. From this latter structure all the parts of the young animal are formed, and the blastoderm itself divides into three layers, respectively named—in the order in which they occur from without inwards—the "epiblast," "mesoblast," and "hypoblast." Now appears the first trace of the future animal, in the shape of a furrow known as the "primitive groove," and which consists of a longitudinal streak or depression in the epiblast, or outer of the three layers already mentioned. When the development of the chick is studied stage by stage, all the changes first described occur during the first twelve hours of incubation. During the first

day of the life of the chick, certain other and highly important changes will occur. A second groove will soon grow backwards, widening as it proceeds, and will well-nigh obliterate the first or "primitive groove;" and in a few hours more—that is, towards the end of the first day—the edges of this second groove will become more prominent, will finally unite in the middle line, and will thus convert the groove into a canal. This canal represents the tube found in the centre of the future spinal cord, which, as everyone knows, is contained within the spine itself. A further development of the front portion of the young animal will produce the head-folds and skull, with its contained brain, and the growth downwards of other parts of the embryo will similarly produce the great bulk of the body with its contained organs.

Such is a brief sketch of the processes which occur in the early life-history of every vertebrate animal, man included. Let us now glance for a moment at the part which each of the three layers of the young animal plays in the formation of the various systems of the body; since thereby we may understand how the nervous system is formed. From the "hypoblast" or undermost layer the general lining membrane of the internal parts of the body, such as the digestive system, is developed. The middle layer or "mesoblast" gives origin to the tissues and organs of the body generally, except the brain and spinal cord and the outer skin of the body, which are formed from one and the same layer—the "epiblast." Thus we arrive at the startling fact that the great nervous centres of man and the higher animals are formed from the same layer of the young being which gives origin to the skin or outer layer of the body. In other words, our nervous centres are formed from an infolded portion of what in the early condition was the outer layer of our frame. This infolded part ultimately obtains, through the development of connecting nerves, a communication with the outer world, and thus comes as the nervous system to regulate and control the entire organism.

But the process of formation of the nervous system from an infolded layer of the outer surface of the body, is equally clearly seen in the development of the eye, ear, or nose,—those specialised parts of the nervous system through which we obtain a defined knowledge of the world around us. On the second and third day in the development of the chick, the formation of the eye and ear proceeds apace. Both organs are formed by an infolding of the outer or skin-layer, this fold growing inwards to meet and to unite with an outgrowth from the brain. It may be said that the ear-structures are more largely indebted for formation to the skin-layer than are those of the eye. Be this as it may, however, there remains the fact that the most important of our

sensory organs—eye, ear, and nose—with the intricate structural relationships they evince in the adult animal, are not originally formed within the body, but are developed from the outermost tissues of the young animal, and are placed thereafter in connection with the brain, which itself, as we have seen, was developed from the same outward layer so distinctly to be discerned in the earliest stages of life. What, then, are the inferences concerning the origin of nerves which may be reasonably drawn from the story which development not merely tells, but substantiates by the plainest of evidence? Simply, that our nervous centres and sense-organs, by means of which we not merely feel, see, and hear, but through which we exercise the highest powers of will, reason, and intelligence, are formed from a layer which originally, and in antecedent states of existence, met the rough and direct contact of the outer world. Through the scientific use of the imagination we note that as time passes, and as development proceeds, with its wondrous work of evolving and fashioning new forms out of the old, the nervous system gradually advances in complexity. From the condition of a soft contractile body, typified by the Amoeba, and subject at each and every part of its surface to receive impulses, we reach a stage wherein a stable shape of body will present certain points for the reception of sensations in preference to other portions. Then, as in the Medusa, a defined communication between the exterior and interior is at last established, and nerve-force flows in established pathways, which in their turn represent the nerves of the future. Finally, as organisation advanced, and with the necessity for the establishment of a clearer relationship with the world around, the external layer of the body, which itself originally received the rude shocks of the outer universe, and which was thus by habit impressed with a facility for such reception, became infolded, and the nerve-pathways were brought into relationship with the nerve-centres thus formed. Then, also, special parts accustomed to receive impressions of peculiar kind participated in the new era of development, and became infolded, as the sense-organs, so as to communicate with the great nerve-centres within. Purpose and design, as regulated by necessity and use, were thus illustrated to the full ; and as the relationship between the living being and the outer world became fully established, we may then conceive of the dawn of intelligence, and of the powers which successively mark the higher animal and the man.

Thus development teaches us through its marvellous story, first, that the formation of man's nerve-centres is effected through the same stages and by the same means as those of all the members of the great division of the animal world to which he belongs ; and secondly, that the general nerves is due primarily to the contact of the world

with sensitive parts of living beings, and to the effects of habit and use in the further development of these parts to form nerves. It is not given to science to trace the exact stages or processes through which the powers of mind have become evolved. But once determining that there is the closest of relationships between the structure and formation of the human nervous-system and that of lower forms of life—cells and fibres of the same nature entering universally into the structure of nervous systems—we must logically assume that man's mental powers are as strictly dependent on the physical characters and qualities of his nervous system, as the acts of the Medusa are upon the perfection of the primitive "lines of discharge" we are able to trace in its frame. Physical change, produced by disease, for example, makes sad havoc in the mental estate of man, and may obliterate entirely the intellectual existence of our species. Is it any the less a reasonable theory to assume that on changes of like—that is, of physical—kind, depend our thoughts and ideas; or that from habit and use, and their effects on the brain-substance, new powers of mind and new intellectual features may have arisen in the past, and are now being continually evolved in the history of our race? These declarations may possibly sound a little materialistic in some ears, but there is certainly less materialism involved in the supposition that we are the creatures of habit and circumstance acting upon our nervous centres, than in theories of human life which begin their explanation of man's mental and moral nature by assuming the inherited and exceeding badness of the race. Whatever powers we attribute to man must be shown to depend on the character of his nerve-centres, and on the powers of these parts as modified by ignorance, superstition, or animalism, or as perfected, on the other hand, by the process which in one word may be termed "education." The theory of an originally depraved nature, which leaves no room for possible good in man's mental constitution, in this view, has no logical standing whatever; since it begins by postulating the grossly materialistic view that all human qualities and mental acts are vile. Bad and depraved by nature—sodden with "original," that is "natural sin"—we may hopelessly inquire, "Why fight against nature, and why try to alter the fiat of the inevitable?" More cheering, because more true, is the doctrine which the genesis of nerves impresses upon us—namely, that from our ancestors we receive a natural heritage in which good and evil certainly commingle; but which is also susceptible, through the effects of new habits and proper training, of repressing the baser parts of our nature, and of evolving in our lives the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

ANDREW WILSON.

TABLE TALK.

TO most of us—though there are some favoured exceptions—Fate forbids the poetry of a second honeymoon: old age, poverty, or the existence of a wife, puts it out of the question; it is wicked, in a general way, even to wish for it. Still, now and then there *are* times, especially in the Lake District, when we are enjoying “that most innocent of pleasures, the happiness of others”—in the contemplation of the “Neogams,” or newly married couples, who patronise that locality—when it is permissible to indulge a fond regret. Nothing, however, has so moved me in this tender way as a certain advertisement in the usually prosaic column of Houses to Let, in the *Times* of last week. It inspires in the romantic mind an immediate desire to get married, at all risks, and to hurry the charmer to the spot in question; one’s only doubt is whether one could procure a Peri, on short notice, worthy of such a perfect Paradise.

Honeymoon Retreat (the advertisement is headed), *Cottage Vicarage*, which, you will observe, at once removes the affair from the least suspicion of impropriety. The sanction of the Church of England awaits (in the word “Vicarage”) the incoming tenant; moreover (which shows a lasting attachment is contemplated), this bower is to be let for April, May, and June. A honeymoon that extends over three months is indeed a rarity; but the fact is, such are the charms of this sequestered dwelling, that, even if you took it for one month, you couldn’t tear yourself away from it under three. *Lovely country, hill and dale, lanes of ferns, carpeted with flowers, extensive views at every gate.* If Mr. Alfred Jingle had had the poetic faculty that distinguished Mr. Snodgrass, he would have accomplished something in the above picturesque and graphic style. “Imagination, with extensive view,” mirrors me leaning over every gate with Jemima Jane, and sharing her admiration of the scenery. That the rent of such a place is *very reasonable*, and the servant left on the premises *respectable*, are matters of small moment: let us linger rather over the fact that there are *drawing* [not drawing-“room,” by the bye: the grammar is deliciously like that of “Alice in Wonderland”], *dining, study, painted walls.* The last is quite a Pompeian touch, and makes one look for a bijou volcano in the garden. There is nothing of that kind; but there are *verandahs*,

lawn, parsnips, spring flowers, and—alas, that I should have to write it—an ample supply of *leeks and onions*. Good Heavens! Think of onions in the honeymoon! If Jemima Jane and myself *both* liked them, and they were only spring onions—but no: the mention of those vegetables is a blot on an otherwise perfect picture. It may increase the respectability of the residence, but who ever heard of a Honeymoon Cottage smothered, like a boiled rabbit, in onions! The attractions of the place are, however, animal as well as vegetable. *A pet donkey, as gentle and wise as a big dog; donkey carriage; fowls and ducks in full lay; last, not least, a pet cat.* I really must take that place next month. The notion of driving about in that donkey carriage with Jemima Jane, and then coming home to toy with the cat, is too “fetching.” *Ducks in full lay* is an expression I don’t quite understand, being a Londoner. If, however, it means in full song (or ballad), it would be only in harmony with the whole surroundings of the *Retreat*.

THE failure of Professor Smyth’s prediction about the past winter is one of those cases which are too commonly left unnoticed. We hear of every case in which such predictions are fulfilled, but of none in which they fail. Yet, logically, cases of failure are of much greater weight than cases of fulfilment. A single case of failure proves that the system on which the prediction was based is unsound; but a dozen cases of successful predictions do not absolutely prove that the system of prediction is sound, though they may render such a conclusion extremely probable. Yet we often hear a single successful forecast quoted as proof demonstrative in favour of the system of prediction; while failures innumerable are overlooked. Advantage has recently been taken of this peculiarity of men’s nature, to “note when they hit and never note when they fail.” A person of some standing, teacher at any rate of a branch of science at a collegiate institution (I purposely use the vaguest expressions available), claims to have discovered a system of weather prediction, and advertises his sixpenny almanac (in size a rather short pennyworth) on the strength of one or two noteworthy storms which occurred on days when he predicted cyclonic disturbance. But he has been predicting storms for several years past, and the storms which he has predicted have not occurred in at least three cases out of four. Considering that he claims as a fulfilment of a prediction the occurrence of a great storm *anywhere* either on the day predicted for a cyclonic disturbance, or on the day following or on the next day but one, and that he predicts *some fifty storms per annum*, thus covering at least 150 days, the wonder is that he cannot claim many more fulfilments.

THE person referred to in the last paragraph has done useful service in announcing when high tides may be expected in the Thames. He makes proviso always, and very properly, for the action of winds in either increasing or diminishing the tidal wave. If he would have predicted what happened on the afternoon of March 8, he could have made his reputation for ever, both as a tide calculator (which any student of the *Nautical Almanac* may easily be) and a predictor of great gales. For on that occasion the action of the wind exerted a most remarkable influence on the tidal wave. High tide was due at London Bridge at about half-past four, and a very high tide was expected. Already at three the tide was within a few inches of the height when inundation of the southern banks begins, and those who had assembled on the bridges and embankments expected a destructive flood. At St. Paul's Wharf the tide at this hour was fifteen inches above high-water mark, and might be expected to rise two or three feet higher still. But just at this time the tide suddenly fell four inches, and it remained at the same height for a full hour, after which it began to fall steadily. No doubt the change was due to the great gale which had been raging over the northern parts of England from Thursday afternoon till past noon on Friday. The north-north-west gale probably sent a considerable mass of water southwards past the mouth of the Thames, and, fortunately for the inhabitants of the Thames shores, this mass produced its effect considerably before the time of high tide. The following depression, combined as it would be with the effect of the rising tide, caused the water to remain unchanged in level (after the first marked effects of the depression had been produced) until the tidal wave had nearly ceased to flow, when the continuing effect of the depression caused the water to fall steadily for half an hour or so before the normal time of high water. It is well that Londoners should be reminded that, with the present construction of the embankments, wind and water *may* so combine as to produce the most terribly destructive flood. They would have worked together in such a way on March 8, if the gale of March 7 had blown but five or six hours later.

AMONG the qualities which attend genius in its highest development, and especially the poetic genius, commercial prudence is more common than is generally supposed. I am inclined to believe that the publishers who take charge of the interests of a great poet, find the process occasionally, like that of the maintenance of a white elephant, attended with more honour than profit. I see that a French publisher, who has failed, attributes his disaster to the loss he incurred in publishing certain works of M. Victor Hugo. 1

fancy instances might be furnished in this country in which, were it not that to publish for a great man is a valuable advertisement, the profits attending the process of so doing would scarcely justify extreme eagerness for a continuance of such privileges. I have heard an author express his admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte for shooting a bookseller. That, after all, is a more summary process than ruining him. Still, from the point of view of the epicure, something may be said in favour of the latter proceeding. If 'tis not all that can be desired, at least, as Mercutio says, "'Tis enough, 'twill serve."

"ELECTRIC Mirrors" are, it seems, about to supplement our system of railway signalling. This is great news, and the greater because most of us have not the least idea what it means. I know that mirrors can be seen a long way off, because I remember getting into trouble from that very circumstance when at Eton. I was not a brilliant boy, but one of my harmless amusements was to dazzle all that came within the focus of my looking-glass, as they passed down the street. One very fine day I so blinded a respectable clergyman that he had to advance with both his hands before his face. He was not in academicals, and therefore I thought there could be no harm in it—that is, no danger to myself. When he stopped at my Tutor's door and rang the bell, I perceived that it was the Head Master; and I shall not easily forget that moment.

However, the use of the Electric Mirrors is not to dazzle the signalmen, but to show them what is happening "all along the line." The report on the matter says that "hundreds of miles of line" can be thus exhibited, and the trains watched, "like pretty toys, ascending and descending the inclines, and passing one another." If the mirrors are to line the whole extent of railway, the apparatus will be rather expensive, and, what is worse for passengers, there will be no such thing as privacy. It will be no use for young couples on their honeymoon to secure a carriage for themselves, if their billing and cooing is to be reproduced on both sides of them like a double advertisement of "How to spend a happy day." It would also stop whist-playing in the train, as you would only have to look over your own shoulder to see what your adversary had got in his hand. The invention, however, says the prospectus, "is one to delight the hearts of station-masters all over the world;" and indeed, without moving from their chairs, they would certainly "see a good deal of what is going on."

NOW, that all danger of an alarm is over, I may state that the servant of Captain Burnaby, who died recently at Dover, *di* of what was formerly known as the plague, caught in his campaign

The matter was not discussed at the time, but a full period of quarantine has now elapsed, and there is no reason why the fact that the plague was in England should not be known. Conditions of life have changed in the last two centuries, and the treatment of disease of most kinds is better understood. Alarmists need not, accordingly, anticipate a visitation such as Defoe describes. The escape of Captain Burnaby from poison, which was described in the newspapers, appears to have been a near thing. It was due to his having taken an overdose.

MR. BRETT, the painter whose landscapes we all admire, has been again at work among the planets. He told us a year or so ago that globes nearly as large as the earth are rolling about in the air of Jupiter, and a few months since that Venus is a sort of glorified thermometer bulb, glassy as to her envelope, and metallic as to her substance. He now takes the fiery Mars in hand. It appears that the ruddy colour of the planet is due to the red heat of its surface. If there are oceans, they are always "on the boil," and the snows, of course, in which the Herschels and other deluded astronomers have so long believed, cannot possibly be snows at all: they can be nothing but great masses of cloud, caused by the condensation of steam thrown off from the boiling oceans of Mars. Mr. Proctor wrote his "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy" too soon. He should have waited till Mr. Brett had enriched the domain of paradoxical astronomy. Astronomers do not seem to care to oppose Mr. Brett's startling theories. But they have not yet assaulted the theory that the moon is a mighty green cheese. (On my honour, no play on words was here intended. I trust I am above such weakness.)

THE one truth which our scientists deride is that contained in Gray's well-known lines—

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

They will leave us in peace with no delusions, and even, it appears, with no convictions. One of the latest of these uncompromising votaries of truth, Professor Reese, of Philadelphia, has discovered that the presence of poison in a corpse does not necessarily prove that it has been administered during life. Two methods, according to his statements, will serve to bring about the presence of poison in the tissues and organs of a dead body, and will produce appearances not easily to be distinguished from those resulting from swallowing the same poison during life. The first of these methods is, the introduction into the course of embalming, or by some one desirous

exciting suspicion against an innocent person, of poison into a body; the second, the contact of the body with poisonous earth, such as that of a cemetery in which the soil is arseniferous. I own to regarding with some dismay the prospect of affording another chance of escape to the administerers of poisons, who have already many chances in their favour. Still, human nature, in some of its manifestations, is pitiful enough for a man to be capable of putting poison into a dead body for the sake of exciting suspicion against an enemy. A new vein is opened out for our sensation novelists. Meanwhile our own toxicologists are bound to give us some speedy utterances on the subject.

IT is a question of some interest whether the muscles regulating the motion of the eyes are so related as to work simultaneously unless trained to work separately, or whether they are trained to work together by unconscious practice during the first few months of life. Helmholtz maintains that, though each eye has a quite independent muscular mechanism, we have only learned to perform those movements which are necessary for seeing a true point distinctly and simply—that is, as one not two. This opinion has recently been confirmed by observations on the eye-motions of sleeping persons, newborn children, the blind, and also in cases of drowsiness, intoxication, chloroformic sleep, and epileptic attacks. In all such cases, according to the statements of MM. Raelhmann and Witkowski, who conducted these observations, the eyes moved independently of each other.

SCIENCE has not yet shown that two blacks make a white; but it seems to have shown that in some cases two deadly dangers may make safety. Strychnine is among the most terrible poisons known; and though chloral hydrate does not produce such horrible tortures, yet in due doses it as certainly causes death,—unless, at least, its exhibition (pleasing word) has been preceded by strychnine poisoning, in which case a poisonous dose of chloral hydrate seems to be the correct thing. Dr. Holden relates the following experience in illustration of this fact: “Wanting to banish some mice from a pantry, I placed on the floor at night a slice of bread, spread over with butter, in which I had mixed a threepenny packet of Battle’s Vermin-killer, which contains about a grain of strychnia. The following morning I was roused by a servant telling me that a favourite Skye terrier was lying dead. I found that the mice had dragged the slice of bread underneath the locked door, and that the dog had thus got at it and eaten a part equal to about one-sixth of a grain of strychnia.” It lay on its side perfectly rigid, an occasional tetanic spasm, only, showing that

life was not quite extinct. Fortunately the idea of curing the dog by poisoning it afresh occurred to Dr. Holden. He knew that the least quantity of chloral hydrate to kill a rabbit was twenty-one grains, and the dog weighed about twice as much as a rabbit. So he injected under the dog's skin forty-five grains of chloral in solution. In a quarter of an hour the dog seemed to be dead, as the spasms had entirely ceased, but being moved, it struggled to its feet, and shortly after staggered to its usual corner by the parlour fire. It took some milk, and, except for being quieter than usual, seemed nothing the worse for the ordeal it had passed through.

THE age attained by George Cruikshank affords one more proof that artistic labour, or indeed hard work of any kind, is beneficial rather than the reverse. Men are killed more readily by mental distress than by any other cause. The fierce anxieties that beset in a period of trial a man engaged in commerce bring about softening of the brain. This, however, is, I take it, a disease comparatively unknown among men of letters, artists, actors, and members of the liberal professions, who have once got through the troubled waters of early life. I have no statistics on the subject, but I should be greatly astonished if many examples can be furnished of men of fairly temperate habits who have killed themselves in any service of literature, science, or art. Take our actors alone, and see whether any other class can advance such instances as Mr. Webster, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Charles Mathews. Diplomats are a long-lived class, and so are lawyers. I have heard the theory advanced that the reason the Inns of Court wines are so fiery is, that they may kill off all the weaklings who are compelled to take them, and so benefit the Inn coffers, while they aid in the establishment of a race of robust barristers fit to withstand the difficulties of circuit life. Certainly Lincoln's Inn port is a fearful compound. Yet I have known barristers who have learned to like it, and have taken it daily and fed upon it, as the girl in "Monte Christo" fed upon strychnine. It was not of Lincoln's Inn port, however, but of its sherry, that a youth fresh from the university, and obviously not intended for the woolsack, said after once tasting it, and being again challenged, as is the custom of the Hall, "Thank you, no. I never take anything stronger than brandy." May not this stand with Lord Derby's famous mot, "I prefer the gout"?

SYLVANUS URBAN.

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

1920



"I think you have not had time to go."

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1878.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXII.

CIRCE.

THE Royston butcher, a prosperous person who generally owns a trotter, has driven away from the back premises of the Grange with a well-pleased smile. The baker also, a churchwarden and man of mark in the parish, has shouldered his basket, and returned to his ovens at peace with all mankind. One or two shopkeepers from the neighbouring market-town have been paid their bills in full, finding, much to their contentment, that the housekeeper is satisfied with a smaller *douceur* than they were prepared to give. Mrs. Mopus, they opine, is an excellent woman of business, methodical, clear-headed: quite the lady in dress and manners, with a proper sense of that live-and-let-live system which seems so advantageous to the profits of their respective trades. Mr. Roy leaves everything to her management: she understands economy thoroughly, and is not above the duties of her place.

These would seem more onerous than might be supposed, in the absence of the family, and consequent diminution of weekly expenditure. They confine Mrs. Mopus for hours together, as she sits over her desk in the attitude of a child learning to write, trying steel pens one after another with a degree of care and precision that appears superfluous for so easy a task as the adding-up a column of figures in a book. "It's a difficult job," says she, stretching her fingers, cramped with long-continued effort, "but I have mastered it at last. I don't think you would know one writing from the other yourself, my fine madam, and I'm sure Mr. Roy wouldn't, even if he

should take it into his simple head to audit his own accounts, a thing he has never done but twice since I've been with him. That man was born to be put upon. If I didn't make my profit of him, another would !"

Then she drew from a drawer a sheet of note-paper on which were a few lines of directions for the repair of table linen, written in Mrs. Roy's clear running-hand, and compared it with her own imitation. The latter was an exact counterpart of its original : and so well had Mrs. Mopus succeeded in her dishonest undertaking, that she had taught herself to falsify, without fear of detection, entries and figures in the house-books, which Mrs. Roy, till the day of her departure, had scrupulously kept with her own hand. She expected to reap no small harvest from her ingenuity when her master came to settle these ; and was enabled, therefore, to discharge the tradesmen's bills with a liberality that astonished them, both on Mr. Roy's account and her own.

She had received a letter from him to say that he would be home on the morrow, but only for a few hours, to look round the place, pay bills, and leave her some money to go on with. Business in town, he wrote, obliged him to return by the evening train ; and Mrs. Mopus, keen-sighted enough when her own interests were concerned, trembled lest this business should mean overtures of reconciliation with his wife.

"Not if I know it !" she muttered, shutting her desk with a vicious snap. "It has been 'pull devil, pull baker,' ever since she first came into our house, with her cool, commanding airs and mean, prying ways. It will be strange if I can't pull hardest yet. I am up to your tricks, my lady. I can see through you as if you was made of glass ; and the day you walk in at the front door, I walk out at the back ! But that day will never come—don't think it ! Other people can turn gentlemen round their fingers besides you ; and it's strange if Mr. Roy don't believe just whatever I please. Dear, dear ! if I had only been ten years younger, I could have made a fool of him as well as any lady in the land !"

He was making a fool of himself, at present, without even the excuse of downright earnest for his extravagances. Resolving every morning to break off his intimacy with Lady Jane, and calling on her every afternoon, he was yet tortured by a hankering after the wife who had left his house, while pride and indecision alike forbade his aiming at a better understanding, and he scorned even to inquire whether she was in London or not.

Her ladyship, too, had become captious and exacting. There is

nothing a woman accepts so readily as a false position ; nothing that, after she has tried it, irritates her so much. "What do I care for the world's opinion, if I have only got *you* !" Though somewhat reckless, does not the sentiment seem noble, generous, self-sacrificing ? How much less sweet is the same voice in a month or two, when it protests, "You have no consideration—no proper feeling. One cannot be too careful, when everybody is watching, and you have no right to show me up !"

What Lady Jane wanted, as she told herself, was that Mr. Roy should put away his wife, and marry her out of hand. To talk of its being impossible was all nonsense ! Did not people, we all knew, get divorces every day ? This she was justified in expecting, and with less than this she would not be satisfied. If Mr. Roy had neither courage nor ability to take so decided a part, there was but one alternative : she must give him up, brave the covert sneers of her friends, who, while applauding her prudence, would infer that he had got tired of her, and resolve never to see him again ! She did not half like the notion. How dull her afternoons would be without him ; and if she wanted to be taken to the play, she must be taken by somebody else ! Her ladyship rather prided herself on constancy, and was beginning to fancy, with admirable self-deception, that she had been in love with Mr. Roy all her life.

These conflicting feelings, this consciousness of insincerity, or rather what we may term half-heartedness, was bad for the tempers of both. The one thought the other exacting, the other not only thought, but said, she was ill-used. The gentleman grew silent, the lady spiteful. On a certain evening, while shivering together in a chilly cloak-room, they almost came to open rupture ; and though the Latin poet tells us that lovers' quarrels are a renewal of love, Cupid in London is exceedingly impatient of punishment. If you whip this little unbreeched boy too smartly, he is apt to run away and take refuge with somebody else !

The most permanent attachments are those of which the stream glides smooth and silent. Custom sits comfortably by the drawing-room fire long after sentiment has been turned out of doors into the street. If I wanted a lady to care for me, she should hear of me very much and see me very little ; for you must keep your hawk hungry when you would have her stoop freely to the lure. I should never come near her unless prepared to be agreeable ; and though true as steel, of course, would not let her feel too certain of her dominion while I was out of sight. Above all, I should avoid such

scenes as the following, which were now enacted by Lady Jane and her old admirer almost every day.

"Where did you go last night when you left here?—straight home?"

"No. It was too early for bed, and I went on to smoke a cigar at my club."

"Nowhere between?"

"Well, I just looked in at Lady Pandora's; but I don't think I stayed five minutes."

"Lady Pandora! That odious woman! When you know I detest her! The only person in our own set that I positively refuse to visit. And it was miles out of your way. You must have had some attraction?"

"What attraction *could* I have? She has asked me regularly for every one of her Tuesdays, so I walked in, made my bow, and walked out again. Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh! of course, I have no right to object, neither can it matter to *me*, one way or the other. I dare say you found it very pleasant. Who was there?"

"The *Morning Post* will tell you that. All London, I should think, except yourself. A thousand women, each with a train seven feet long. There wasn't much standing-room."

"Was the Sphinx one of them? I don't care about the other nine hundred and ninety-nine."

Now, the Sphinx—so called from her magnificent bust, classical features, and exceeding taciturnity—was a young lady recently arrived in London from the United States.

For more than a year it had been the fashion to admire everything American; and the Sphinx found a series of triumphs waiting for her in Belgravia that she never could have experienced in New York. Lady Jane, with considerable ingenuity of self-torture, had chosen to fancy that this lately-imported beauty wanted to captivate Mr. Roy.

"Of course she was," answered that gentleman rather nervously, for, like the rest of his sex, he dreaded the commencement of a row. "I defy you to go anywhere without meeting the Sphinx—as large as life, in a new dress from Paris, just unpacked, worth ever so many thousand dollars, and cut down to low-water mark at least!"

"You can't turn it off like that! You may as well admit that you went to Lady Pandora's on purpose to meet her. Don't flatter yourself I care. It's only of a piece with everything else."

They were sitting, as usual, in Lady Jane's boudoir: the visitor

stretched bodily in an easy chair, mentally laid out to be broken on the wheel ; his hostess placed opposite, on a sofa, with her back to the light, and some embroidery in her lap, that progressed but slowly, stitch by stitch.

"Lady Jane," said Mr. Roy, with a solemnity that seemed ludicrous even to himself, "how often must I assure you that I care no more for the Sphinx, as you call her, than I do for—for——"

"Than you do for me ! Or for any of us !" interrupted her ladyship, with asperity. "That only makes it worse. That only shows you have no feelings, no heart. I ought to have seen it long ago, when you broke off with me at first !"

This, from a lady by whom he had been outrageously jilted, was "rather too good." It roused him to assert himself as he should have done from the beginning.

"If you think that, Lady Jane," said he, rising as if about to leave, "you have done a life's injustice to both of us. When we were young I loved you so dearly that to lose you drove me out of England and nearly broke my heart. I think you knew this as well as I did. If you had been my wife—and it was your own choice that you were *not*—I would have tried to make you happy. I see it would be impossible to do so now. Perhaps it is my fault. Perhaps I am changed. I have had my share of troubles, and I dare say they have soured me. I may be incapable of that exaggerated devotion which women seem to expect ; but I can only tell you, believe it or not as you like, that to this day I go round any distance to pass the old elm where you and I parted in Kensington Gardens all those years ago. I had heart and feelings *then*: I knew it to my cost."

His voice shook, and there was a ring of truth in its tone. She bent over her work to hide the tear that *would* steal over her nose and fall on the embroidery in her lap.

"Sit down again," she murmured. "Are you *quite* sure you don't care for the Sphinx—not the least little bit in the world ?"

"The Sphinx !" His tone must have carried conviction to the most suspicious of rivals, it expressed so profound a contempt for the suggestion, perhaps because of its extreme improbability ; the young lady in question, who was only half his age, being at present much sought after by the highest magnates in the land.

"If I could only believe it !" sighed Lady Jane, smiling through her tears, with an upward look that made her beauty more alluring than ever. "You cannot understand. A woman's happiness is so wholly dependent on the affection of the man she—the man she—*I won't be afraid to say it—the man she loves !*"

Then down dropped her work on the carpet, and, hiding her face in her hands, she burst out crying in good earnest.

To use Lord Fitzowen's expression, "the coach was getting the better of the horses;" and it was time to stop now, if John Roy ever meant to stop at all. He wondered what made him think of Fitz at such a moment. The image of his lordship, which was somewhat unwelcome, and the necessity of picking up the embroidery, afforded an interval of reflection, and he resisted with laudable discretion his first impulse to take Lady Jane in his arms, and console her as best he might.

How she did, or did not, expect him to act, must be matter of conjecture; for at this interesting juncture, the bump of a tray against the door announced the arrival of a footman with tea. The lady, in spite of her deeper agitation, recovered composure far more quickly than the gentleman; while the well-drilled servant, whose manners and figure had recommended him to several first-rate situations, neither betrayed nor indeed felt the slightest symptoms of surprise.

By the time a spider-table could be drawn from its corner, and the tea-things arranged thereon, visitor and hostess had returned to their senses, the *status ante* was re-established, and they were ready for a fresh subject of dispute on which to fall out again.

"You dine here to-night, of course," said her ladyship, as the footman left the room. "I have two or three men coming, and I want you to be host. Don't say you have a 'previous engagement,' or I will never speak to you again!"

"If I had, I should throw it over; and I will do my best to help you with your men."

"You don't ask who they are! Mr. Roy, I can't quite make you out. I sometimes wonder, if other people paid me attention and that kind of thing, whether you would mind it or not."

"Why should I mind it? I can't expect you to shut yourself up in a box; and, of course, you must meet with admiration, wherever you go."

"I don't want their admiration! I don't want people to think me nice. At least, only one! I wish I was as sure of somebody else. What are you going to do to-morrow? Will you take me to the Aquarium in the afternoon?"

"To-morrow I shall be out of town. I must go down to Royston Grange."

"To Royston Grange! You never told me a word about it. Mr. Roy, that means you have heard something of your wife."

He laughed carelessly, but winced a little nevertheless. "N

means," he replied, "that a man with a house in the country must go and look at it sometimes, if only to make sure that it hasn't run away. There's a steward to see, and a butler, and some horses, to say nothing of butcher and baker, and such small tradesmen, who are only to be convinced I haven't fled the country by payment of their accounts. Why, Lady Jane, how many weeks do you suppose it is since I have seen my own home?"

"I don't know. It seems like a dream. That day I met you, my brocade velvet was quite new—the first time on—and I gave it to my maid this morning. Yes! it must be a good many weeks. I wish they were to come over again. How long do you mean to stay away?"

"Shall you miss me?"

"Not the least in the world! I shall only watch the clock, and every time it strikes, think there is another hour gone! I shall only puzzle over Bradshaw, and learn by heart all the trains that can bring you back. I shall only listen to every ring at the bell, every step on the pavement, every cab in the street, till I see you again. That's all! Don't flatter yourself I shall miss you!"

"Then it's just possible I may not return till to-morrow night."

She gave him a bright look of gratitude and affection. "How nice! I shall see you the day after. Come to luncheon. As early as you can. Mr. Roy, I believe you do care for me a little, after all."

Mr. Roy thought so too, wondering how this ill-fated, untoward entanglement was to end.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARACHNE.

"WILL you come into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly. On the present occasion Mrs. Mopus had determined to be the spider, and settled in her own mind that Mr. Roy should enact the part of the fly. Her web must be thin and impalpable as gossamer, but tough and holding as the strongest rabbit-proof wire-netting that ever brought a hunter on his nose. With a jealous temperament, covetous of money, covetous of power, covetous of influence, she yet entertained a half-contemptuous regard for her master, like that of a schoolmistress for one of her stupid pupils; as a creature to be pitied and taken care of, but punished and coerced without scruple till it should do as it was bid. He must come under no petticoat government but her own: she had made her mind up on that point; and, above all, she must keep him

apart from his wife. So long as Mrs. Roy was banished, so long would Mrs. Mopus rule the household, retaining all the emoluments of office, and she would stick at nothing to fortify so desirable a position, as events sufficiently proved.

Mr. Roy was as good as his word. After doing the honours of Lady Jane's dinner-party in a constrained, uncomfortable manner, no less embarrassing to the guests than compromising to the hostess, he started next morning by an early train, arriving at his own place in good time for luncheon. That meal he found prepared with exceeding care. His favourite dishes were dressed to a nicety; his claret, cool, not cold, had been nursed to the right temperature, and a nosegay of garden flowers, standing in the centre of the table, fresh and fragrant, scented the whole room.

"I gathered them myself, sir," said Mrs. Mopus, "the first thing this morning, while the dew was on. You was always used to flowers with your meals, sir, in old times. It's well that somebody should remember your likes and dislikes, Mr. Roy; for I think you have not had fair play, sir, with them that has been about you of late."

"Thank you, Mopus," answered her master, who was hungry after his journey. "I'm sure you never forget anything. Yes, it's all very nice, and the roses are beautiful, and—and—when I want you I'll ring."

So she left him to discuss his meal in solitude, rightly conjecturing that when his appetite was satisfied he would send for her again.

After a cutlet and a glass of claret, Mr. Roy became more at ease. The well-known carpet, the old furniture, the family pictures, the freedom from restraint and general sense of comfort, above all the country hush and quiet, so refreshing after the ceaseless roar of London streets, made him feel that he was really at home. And presently, when a soft breeze wafted its summer scents through the open window, the force of association brought back to him his wife's image, with a reality so vivid that he could almost fancy he heard her light step and the rustle of her dress in the next room.

Why had he not been more patient, more forgiving? When she left his house, it might be only because of wounded love and pride. Why had he not taken more pains to trace, follow, and bring her back? Perhaps he had no rival in her affections, after all. Perhaps she was at that very moment pining in her hiding-place, thinking of him, wishing for him, longing only to be forgiven and to come home. If this were so, he had done her cruel injustice, and ought to repair it without loss of time. But again, why had she made no advances towards reconciliation? Why had she never so much as reminded

him of her existence by an advertisement, an anonymous letter, a message or token of any kind? Would a guiltless woman be content thus to remain subject to the gravest suspicions? Above all, would a guiltless woman leave a home like this—and he looked round him with complacency—in a mere fit of unreasoning temper and caprice? He would give a great deal to find out the truth. Mopus, from various hints she had dropped, seemed a likely person to afford such information as he required. He would ring for Mopus, and satisfy himself at once how much she did or did not profess to know.

His housekeeper answered the bell readily enough, arriving with an armful of account-books, which she deposited on the table at his elbow.

"I've got the bills down-stairs," said she cheerfully, "and the receipts, all correct. I hope you will run your eye over them, Mr. Roy. It's a sad trouble, I'm afraid, sir, to *you*, but it's a satisfaction to *me*."

He looked askance at the pile, as a dog looks at the spot where he has been punished. "Presently, Mopus, presently," he replied. "In the mean time, sit down. I have one or two questions I want to ask."

"Now it's coming!" she thought, and nerved herself to answer, right or wrong, with a steadfast regard to her own interests and nothing else.

"In the first place," he resumed, emptying his glass, "do you remember coming to my room before luncheon the day my—the day Mrs. Roy left this house?"

"I do, sir. It isn't likely as I should forget."

"Do you remember what you told me?"

"Every mortal word, Mr. Roy. It were the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Your suspicions seemed excited by the frequency of a certain person's visits to Mrs. Roy, and the pleasure she took in his society. Was that person Lord Fitzowen?"

"Mr. Roy, it were."

"And your observation led you to believe that there was some secret understanding between them, discreditable to both?"

"I won't deny it, sir. The day as you come home so wet, and his lordship stayed so long, I watched him and my mistress, when they thought as nobody could see them, for the best part of an hour, Mr. Roy; I couldn't help it!"

"From mere curiosity, or because you suspected something wrong?"

She knew that he put the question to gain time, as dreading further revelations, for his lips were dry, and while he poured himself another glass of wine the bottle shook in his hand.

"Curiosity, sir! You can't think so bad of me, I'm sure. Oh, Mr. Roy, do you suppose that because I am a servant I have no gratitude, no affection, no self-respect, nor knowledge of right and wrong? Was I going to see *you* put upon, the best of masters, the kindest of gentlemen, and hold my tongue? Curiosity! says you. I wonder at you, sir. I never had no curiosity, but I can tell you I see some curious things!"

The suspense was intolerable. "What *did* you see?" he exclaimed. "Speak out, my good woman, in the devil's name, and have done with it!"

"Well, sir, I see your lady walk his lordship off into the library, where there was no fire, and as little light as might be nigh sunset on a winter's evening. It's not my place to take notice, sir, but I couldn't be off noticing that. They must have something very particular to say, thinks I, if it can only be said in the dark. If you will believe me, Mr. Roy, I was that upset I could hardly trust my own eyes!"

"Why didn't you follow them? It was your duty to *me*!"

"I've done my duty by *you*, Mr. Roy, fair and square, ever since I come into your house, but there's things that is *in* a servant's place and things that is *out* of a servant's place. Mr. Roy, I hope I know mine. No, sir. I ran up to my room, locked my door—there's Sophy upstairs can prove it if you ask her—and cried till it was time to put the dessert out, because I felt so vexed."

He rose and paced the floor, muttering and gesticulating as if he were alone. Mrs. Mopus, watching him carefully, resolved on giving the poison time to work.

"I can't believe it!" said he. "I won't believe it! After all, there is nothing tangible, no positive evidence, no actual proof. I shouldn't have a leg to stand on in a court of law. Oh! what would I not give to be quite sure one way or the other!"

"Will you please cast your eye over the accounts?" continued Mrs. Mopus, in a matter-of-fact, business-like tone, as wholly ignoring all this by-play. "There's an overcharge of one-and-ninepence in the ironmonger's bill, but I have placed it to your credit, sir, on the next page; and Sarah's wages is paid up to the day she left, and the new maid begins on the 24th. I think you will find everything correct."

So Mrs. Mopus glided softly out of the room, rightly concluding that she would be left undisturbed for the next hour at least.

A good deal, she reflected, might be accomplished in an hour with skill, courage, ingenuity, and, above all, a steady hand.

John Roy sat over his house-books without moving a finger, scarcely an eyelash, staring hard at the straight ruled columns, yet taking little note of their homely details as to expenditure of pounds, shillings, and pence.

He was back in the wet spring weather once more, brandishing his billhook among the dripping laurels, cheerful, contented. Yes, he was contented then, he told himself, with a happy home and a wife he loved. After all, what mattered her little shortcomings in manner and knowledge of the world? They only made her seem more charming, more unsophisticated, more entirely his own! When Lord Fitzowen cantered up the park to pay his visit, Nelly had been more precious than rubies, a treasure beyond price.

Then with that fatal evening rose the rankling doubt. Could such gold be dross, such a diamond only paste, after all? He had been forbearing, he thought, and patient, had not judged hastily nor in anger, had used his own faculties, calm and temperate, like a rational being. Could he have arrived at any other conclusion but that his wife was false? Good, faithful Mopus seemed to entertain no doubt, and for these matters women had far quicker eyes than men. Well, it simplified everything to be satisfied of her guilt. There *was* a heart left that could console even such a calamity as his; a heart that had ached for him through long years of separation, and that wished no better than to make its home on his breast at last! Could he obtain actual proof of his wife's infidelity, he might do Lady Jane justice, and ask her to marry him as soon as the Court of Probate and Divorce would allow.

It was characteristic of the man, that when he came to this determination he could so far abstract his mind from his grievances, as to add up column after column in Mrs. Mopus's books with the attention of a lawyer's clerk. The mistress, no doubt, would have detected seven-and-sixpence charged for oil that ought to have cost five shillings, half-a-crown for soap and candles instead of eighteenpence, and a consumption of cheese below-stairs that might have supplied the country; but master, in happy ignorance, passed swimmingly over all such trifles, congratulating himself on the accuracy of his own arithmetic, which tallied with his housekeeper's to the uttermost farthing.

"I will send you a cheque by to-morrow's post," said he, meeting her in the passage. "Don't mention it, sir!" answered Mrs. Mopus in her blandest manner, but continuing to interpose her person, which

was tolerably substantial, between Mr. Roy and the hall-door. He knew he had not done with her yet. "What is it, Mopus?" he asked, with less impatience than he would have shown to any other servant in his household, because of all she knew.

"There was one thing more, sir," said she, looking paler and speaking quicker than usual. "Only one thing as I wanted to ask about particular. But I wouldn't trouble you to-day, Mr. Roy, not if you was likely to be soon here again."

"Soon here again, my good woman! Certainly not. Do you suppose I have nothing else to do but travel up and down our hateful railway in trains that never keep their time? Out with it once for all, and have done! I hope you won't see me again for six months."

What a white face was that of which the features twitched so uneasily and the eyes could not be brought to meet his own! He did not fail to notice her changed appearance; and before she could speak a word in reply, asked anxiously if she was ill.

"I have not been quite myself, sir, for the last day or two," answered Mrs. Mopus; "and it's such a pleasure to see you back in your own home, Mr. Roy, that it has upset me a bit, that's all. What I wanted to speak about was a jewel-case as your lady left on her table unlocked. I should wish to give it over into your hands, sir, just as it was when she went away."

"All right, Mopus. Let us go and have a look at it."

So they went up-stairs to poor Nelly's room, the husband hardening himself at every step against a host of memories and associations painfully connected with his wife.

Mrs. Mopus, pointing out a shallow, oblong box, observed that, having found it unsecured, she had neither touched it herself, except to dust, of course, nor suffered the maid to do so, till her master should come home. "And now, sir," she added, "it's only fair for you to open it this minute and see what it contains with your own eyes."

He complied languidly enough, as taking little interest in the matter. There were but a few chains and bracelets of trifling value coiled in their velvet resting-places, and he was wondering vaguely what he should do with them, when Mrs. Mopus, who watched every movement, called his attention to the tray on which these trinkets were disposed, observing that there might be bank-notes or what-not, as she expressed it, put away in the vacant space beneath. He lifted it, accordingly, to find a sheet of letter-paper bearing his wife's monogram (how well he remembered that morning in the library when they *invented* this hideous device between them!) inscribed with a few

sentences written in her clear, fine running-hand ! The first line sent the blood to his head ; but that he caught the edge of the dressing-table to steady himself, he must have staggered against the wall. With the British instinct, however, that forbids a man acknowledging a hurt, and prompts him to get on his feet again directly he has been knocked down, John Roy folded the paper, and coolly putting it in his pocket, thanked his housekeeper for the care she had taken of his property, and desired her to lock the jewel-case away in one of her store-closets, as he felt confident it would be even safer in her hands than in his own.

While she curtsied her acknowledgments he passed out, muttering something about the "stable," and that "he should see her again before he went." But his voice was hoarse and indistinct, his face drawn and white, like that of a man who has sustained some mortal hurt.

It was half-an-hour before he visited his horses ; an interval of time which he spent pacing a walk skirted by thick Portugal laurels, that screened it from observation of prying eyes, either in the house or offices. During this half-hour he resolved on his future course. There seemed no more room for doubt, no further plea for compunction or delay. He had substantial proof in his pocket at last, and the woman who had deceived him need be his wife no longer, by the laws of earth or heaven.

It was a relief to see his way clear before him ; it was a satisfaction to know that he could do a loving heart justice after all ; but it was a torment and a puzzle to feel at this most untoward juncture that he could not resist instituting many comparisons between Nelly and Lady Jane.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUT OF SOUNDINGS.

"Is Mr. Brail going to live with us altogether, Auntie?" asked Mrs. John from the recesses of her glass-house, while she made out that naval officer's frugal account under a date that showed how many weeks he had been in the occupation of his bed-room. "He's a credit and a comfort, I won't deny ; but don't you think, Auntie, he ought not to waste his time in London ? And I fancy he's unhappy, too, which seems so strange in a *man*."

Nelly's own experience led her to overrate the advantages of the

other sex ; she did not understand how masculine spirits could be affected by anything short of positive misfortune or ill-health.

"He won't wear out his welcome *here* in a hurry," answered Mrs. Phipps, with a beaming smile. "It's like old times to have both of you back at once ; and if I could see *one* look a little merrier, Nelly, I wouldn't trouble about the other. However, he must be on the move again soon, he says. He's not been down to visit those aunts of his in the country yet, and he was never one to forget old friends. But I don't think he takes so much pleasure in things as he used, and I've seen him looking out of spirits sometimes myself, what I call 'down,' when I've met him going in and out. I wonder what's the matter with him."

"I can tell you, Auntie—Mr. Brail is in love !"

"Lor, Nelly ! Not with *you*, my dear?—don't say it. Well, I should have thought he was the last to trouble about the women. You surprise me, my dear ! And I remember him a slip of a lad in a jacket and turn-over collars ! Are you sure, Nelly ? How can you tell ?"

The niece knew the symptoms. So, perhaps, did her aunt long ago, though the good lady had forgotten such frivolities now.

"I'm certain of it," said the former. "Don't you see that he wears kid gloves, and a flower in his button-hole ? The flower I think little of, but clean gloves mean they are very far gone. It's the worst sign of all !"

"And you don't know who it can be, Nelly !" asked Mrs. Phipps, keenly interested. "I should think as the best lady in the land would never deny Mr. Brail, not unless she had given her heart to somebody else, of course."

"Why, Auntie," laughed Nelly, "I believe you're in love with him yourself. What a pity you don't encourage him. He might live with us for good and all, and give no more trouble making out his bill."

Mrs. Phipps, pleased to see her niece so cheerful, laughed heartily. "If I was your age, Nelly," said she, "and he made bold to ask, don't you be too sure I should say No ! Well, my dear, if the young man must have an attachment, I can only pray it may be a happy one. There's ups-and-downs in most things, specially in keeping an hotel ; but of all uncertain business in the world, matrimony is the most risky. Sometimes you make fifty per cent. profit without so much as moving in your chair, and sometimes you find you are broke before you can turn round ! My dear, I'm not sure but that for us women it isn't better let alone."

Nelly pondered. Hers had indeed been a ruinous speculation,

yet she could scarcely bring herself to wish she had never taken her chance. It was something to have enjoyed that one fortnight of happiness at Beachmouth, something to feel assured it had been shared by the man she loved, to know that he could never again all his life long see a strip of tawny sand, a sea-gull on the wing, or the white curl of a wave, without thinking of the wife he misunderstood so cruelly, though she prized his happiness far above her own.

"It's weary work, Auntie," said she, with a sigh. "Sometimes I wish I had never been born, and then I hate myself for being so ungrateful and so wicked. After all, there's a good time coming, if we can only keep straight. Everybody has reason to be thankful, and I feel ashamed to feel so dismal and out-of-sorts just because I can't make the world over again in my own way."

"Nonsense! Nelly. You're too good for any of us. You're a sight too good for *him*. But we won't speak of that, for I tell you it gives me the cold creeps right down my back. Happily, we are not all made alike—gentlemen especially. There's as much difference in men as there is in your boots, my dear. Some will let the water through the first time on, and others will last you, rough and smooth, wet and dry, till they're worn into holes. If our Mr. Brail is not sound leather, Nelly, I'll go about in my stocking-feet for the rest of my life!"

Mrs. Phipps was no bad judge. The gallant lieutenant knew his own mind, and was prepared to encounter any difficulties on the chance of winning the girl he loved, just as he would have faced a battery, or an ironclad, or the surf on a dangerous reef, with a quiet, cool resolution that was discouraged by no obstacles, while it never threw a chance away. If the enemy were to baffle his attack, or the broken water to swamp his boat, he would at least perish like a gentleman, true to the death, and go down with all the honours of war!

But the pursuit of a young lady through fashionable circles, by an admirer whose position affords him no prescriptive right of entrance, is up-hill work, involving much expenditure of time, much exercise of ingenuity, much anxiety, heart-burning, and consumption of that dirt which frank and generous natures eat with exceeding difficulty and disgust. It is bad enough to undergo the daily torture of uncertainty as to her engagements,—an uncertainty, as she cannot be altogether a free agent, that is shared by herself,—to fret and fume when she misses an appointment, or, keeping it, is monopolised by a score of rivals, with all the odds of wind and tide, tonnage, and weight of metal on their side; but it is worse to feel at a disadvantage, even when she has done her best to bridge over the gulf of an

irrational and offensive conventionalism, because of the illiberal freemasonry that excludes outsiders from exchanging the passwords of the craft ; and worst of all, to detect in her constrained manner, her wandering attention, that she, too, admits certain deficiencies in her adorer, and pays him so doubtful a compliment as to wish him other than he is.

Though the world we live in, from increasing numbers, becomes less artificial every day, there is yet room for improvement in our manners, as regards that general courtesy which extends the same privileges to all who have been favoured with the same invitation. A true gentleman desires to place his companions on his own level, and, following the example of the highest gentleman in the land, raises his society without lowering himself, sharing with each the interest or amusement of the hour, and, to use a familiar expression, allowing nobody "to be left out in the cold."

"I have been hunting you about like a dog that has lost its master," whispered Brail, in a certain ball-room to which he had obtained access at the cost of two afternoon teas attended from five to seven, a box at the French Play, and a dinner to a young cub aged sixteen at his club. "Will you give me a dance at once, or must I be put on the black list, and wait till after supper? Miss Bruce, I scarcely ever see you now."

Such whispers are usually answered out loud when anybody is listening, whereas young ladies prefer to speak very low, if sure of not being overheard.

"Do you know my chaperon?" was Hester's inconsequent reply. "Lady Pandora, Mr. Brail."

"Who is he, my dear? and what?" asked her ladyship, who had no compunction in treading on the tenderest of feet, and spoke in a fine, sonorous voice through her nose. "I never heard the man's name before."

"A friend of papa's," answered Miss Bruce readily, and, passing her arm through the sailor's, permitted him to lead her off to a quadrille.

How his honest heart thrilled as he felt that hand lie so lightly on his sleeve! What would he have done could he have known, what I know, that Hester had discovered him ten minutes ago, and kept this dance disengaged on purpose? I think he would have gone down on his knees to her before the whole quadrille, taking his chance of removal to a mad-house or a police-station then and there.

She was not going to confess how much she liked him for a partner, but she did whisper, with a pretty little blush—"Lady Pandora takes

me out, you know, when papa is engaged. She gives a ball of her own on the 13th."

He had not served so short an apprenticeship but that he could accept the hint, and turned his mind at once to the problem of how he should get an invitation. On reflection, he determined he would ask Lady Pandora to go down to supper, and ply her with champagne.

Miss Bruce did not fail to notice his abstraction, and expressed her disapproval.

"Have you anything to tell me about your travels?" said she, with a toss of her handsome little head. "You might have been no farther than Putney, for all I have heard yet."

"Do you care to know?" he asked, feeling exceedingly foolish, and trying not to look too much in love. "Haven't you forgotten all about ships and sailors in that long eighteen months?"

"Why should you think I have so short a memory? Is it out of sight out of mind with *you* directly you get into blue water? That is what I ought to say, if I remember right. Your *vis-à-vis* is dancing alone. Why don't you attend to the figure?"

So he was compelled to break off at this interesting juncture and go cruising about, as he called it, over the well-planked floor. Before he could bring-to again, Miss Bruce's mood had changed.

"I wonder you don't write a book," said she; "an account of your Arctic adventures. I am sure it would be very funny."

"Funny!"

"Well, I mean very interesting. My cousin Frank wrote a narrative of his voyage to the Scilly Islands. I didn't read it, but everybody said it was capital."

"Everybody is interested in the Scilly Islands; nobody would buy a book about the North Pole."

"Nonsense! It would bring you in loads of money. I will take half-a-dozen copies myself."

"Why need you? Don't you know that I should like nothing better than to sit and spin yarns to you from morning to night? Don't you know——"

"Don't *you* know that you are *cavalier seul*? Really, Mr. Brail, I have danced with a great many inattentive partners, but you are quite the most careless of all!"

"You would make any partner inattentive. And it's just the same when you are leagues and leagues away. Do you know, Miss Bruce, one night when it was my middle watch, and I was thinking of you——"

“What’s a middle watch? You can’t wear three watches at a time! I never heard of more than two, and then only on Dick Turpin or Claud Duval—*grand rond*: give that lady your other hand. Now make me a sea-bow, and take me back to Lady Pandora. Perhaps she will ask you to her ball.”

Surely this was encouragement enough. Surely he need not have felt disappointed that he could make no more of the opportunities offered by their dance, and that the sentiments he would fain have expressed were cut short by the exigencies of the figure. Whether or no, his life had at least taught him at all times to improve the occasion, and when Miss Bruce was carried off in the gyrations of a waltz by a long-legged gentleman with a glass in his eye, Mr. Brail did his best to ingratiate himself with the formidable lady who had his treasure in charge.

This was a less difficult task than he expected, for the girl had whispered to her chaperon that he was “the famous Mr. Brail, the great Arctic explorer.” And her ladyship, who dearly loved anything in the shape of a celebrity, was prepared to afford him the more homage that she had not the remotest idea where, or why, or how he had earned his claim.

When a lady has become, I will not say too old, but too heavy to dance, it is touching to observe how unselfishly she resigns that wild excitement, those turbulent pastimes, for which the majesty of her figure is now unfitted, and contents herself with the many pleasures she has left. Because obliged to sit on a chair against the wall, it does not therefore follow that she has become wholly unattractive to the simpler sex. While lighter limbs are bouncing and darting and getting hot in the turmoil of the dancing-room, she may while away many pleasant moments in the cooler atmosphere of gallery, conservatory, or staircase, with that interchange of sentiment and opinion which is just too earnest for small-talk, too conventional for flirtation. Should it overleap the bounds of the latter, is it the less welcome? Should it fall short of the former, is there not the unfailing resource of the supper-rooms? And can anything be more delightful than a judicious combination of all three? It is a closer race than we might imagine at first sight, between the matron with her champagne-glass, and the maiden with her teacup; a trifling individual superiority will balance the attraction either way, and taking mamma to supper is in many instances a much lighter penance than young ladies are apt to suppose.

Brail, as became his profession, was chivalrously courteous to all women, irrespective of weight or age. His genial nature and manly

bearing made an exceedingly favourable impression on Lady Pandora, though I fear he did not return her good opinion, confiding subsequently to Hester that she reminded him of the figure-head of a ship.

Meanwhile, he plied her ladyship freely with refreshments and information about the Arctic Circle, storing her mind with many remarkable facts, to become still more remarkable as she reproduced them in her crowded dinner-parties.

"That's an agreeable man, my dear," observed Lady Pandora to her charge, while they drove home in the calm, clear morning. "How polite he was about the carriage, and he got it in five minutes. Sailors are always so ready. He liked my dress too, and thought the trimming very pretty. Sailors always have such good taste: I suppose because they see so much variety. I like him better than the young whipper-snappers you generally dance with. What did you tell me his name was?"

"Brail," answered the young lady, with rather a tender accent on the simple monosyllable.

"I'm sure to forget it, my dear. Never mind. Send him a card for the 13th. We shall have done the civil, at any rate, though I dare say he won't come."

Miss Bruce was of a different opinion, and it is needless to say that Collingwood Brail, Esq., Royal Navy, received his invitation in due form.

Alas for Gog and Magog! Their beloved nephew again put off his visit; but they comforted each other, good, simple souls, with the conviction that he was detained for approbation of the Admiralty, would be examined before both Houses of Parliament, and in all probability sent for to Balmoral by the Queen.

How he looked forward to this particular festivity, and what a disappointment it was after all! In vain he arrived before the very music, a solecism which would have been unpardonable in a landsman, and remained to the last, even till Gunter's merry-men began to take away. Hester was engaged ten deep. He only danced with her once, when she seemed colder than usual, silent, and even depressed. Our nautical friend was quite taken aback. He could read, nobody better, the signs of mischief brewing on the horizon; the stooping cloud, the rising sea, the tokens that warned him to shorten sail and look out for squalls, but he had yet to learn how a woman's fair face may be no certain index of her mind, and how the shadow on her brow does not always mean displeasure at her heart. Greater experience would have taught him that Hester's pale cheeks and

guarded tones augured suspicions of her own firmness, a mutiny, so to speak, between decks, that must be kept down by the stern rule of discipline and self-restraint. He was winning, had he only known it, hand over hand, while he believed himself drifting hopelessly to leeward, a mere water-logged wreck that could never come into port again.

He watched for a kind word, a kind look—but the girl's eyes, though he *felt* them on him more than once, were always averted ere they met his own, and the few words she vouchsafed would have been considered, from other lips, intolerably commonplace and inane! Too loyal to revenge himself by embarking on a series of flirtations, too dispirited to attack in force boldly and at once, which would have ensured victory, he was content to stand mute in a doorway, and watch her figure as it floated by, with the humble fidelity of a dog, and something of the creature's wistful expression, half surprised, half reproachful, when it has been punished without cause.

How the kind face haunted Hester that night, or, I should say, that morning, while she laid her weary head against the pillow! She was dreaming of it at ten when her maid woke her with coffee, and looked for it that afternoon in a score of places, actually bidding the coachman drive down Whitehall, past the Admiralty, on the vague chance that Mr. Brail might be going in or out.

That night she went to the French Play; no Mr. Brail! He was not much of a linguist, but would have attended a comedy in Sanscrit had he known Miss Bruce was to be amongst the audience! Next day she visited the Botanic, and even the Zoological Gardens, with the same result. "Those dear white bears," as she called them, nearly made her burst out crying. At the end of a week, she had decided she was the most miserable girl in the world, and must give up all hope of ever seeing him again; but before a fortnight elapsed came the inevitable reaction, certain as the backwater from an inflowing tide. She told herself she loved him dearly. There was nothing to be ashamed of, and, come high, come low, she would marry no man on earth but Collingwood Brail.

CHAPTER XXV.

STANDING OFF-AND-ON.

THE lieutenant, too, was having what he called "a roughish time of it." He took himself seriously to task for his own self-conceit, and came to the conclusion that it was madness for a man in his position to aim at such a prize as Miss Bruce. He had too much respect for her to conclude that she was only amusing herself at his expense, and indeed knew his own value too well to encourage a suspicion so uncomplimentary to both. What he *did* think was, that she had begun to care for him a little, and, feeling such an attachment would not be for her future welfare, had resolved to stop while there was yet time. If this was the case, how ought he to act? Our friend had been brought up in a school that lays great stress on duty, making it, indeed, the first of all earthly considerations, and Brail's duty, he told himself, was to secure Hester's happiness at any cost. Could it be ensured by his absence, he would not hesitate to get afloat again were he offered the worst berth in the worst ship that carried the royal ensign, and he wandered more than once down to the Admiralty with the intention of applying for immediate employment on the farthest possible station from home. But he paused when he reflected that, with his claims, there was little chance of such a request being denied; and if Hester should change her mind in the mean time, should really want him back when he couldn't come, the position would be even more disheartening than at present. With all his courage and self-denial, to sacrifice her, as well as himself, seemed beyond his strength. It was not for lack of consideration that he arrived at no definite conclusion. Hours and days were passed in debating the one subject that engrossed his thoughts as he walked on foot through the parks, squares, and principal thoroughfares of the West-end, perhaps in the vague hope of an accidental meeting, arguing the point again and again, with a different result at every turn.

Sometimes a waft of the southern breeze, a wave of lilacs overhead, the voice of children playing in a garden, would change the whole aspect of the future, and he would tell himself that even in this life there were higher and happier aims than the giving of dinners, the keeping of carriages, or the holding one's own in general society, with something very like the effect—rotatory, but not progressive—of a squirrel in its cage. Then he would paint for himself a little cabinet picture of a snug villa, a trim lawn, perhaps a nurse with a perambulator, and Hester's figure in the foreground, as he had once seen her,

rigged for a garden-party in a white chip bonnet, trimmed with forget-me-nots, and blue ribbons about her dress.

Oh ! if she were only a penniless beauty like so many of the others ! If Sir Hector would but invest his all in an explosive speculation and be ruined ! Gladly would he take them both to his happy little home, and share with them, oh ! how freely, the modest pittance of a lieutenant's half-pay !

Having persuaded himself that such a romance was possible, he would walk on with a clearer brow and lighter tread, till his dream was dispelled by some commonplace incident that tumbled him down to the realms of reality once more—such as the giving of a shilling that he wanted for a cab to a crossing-sweeper, or the denying himself a cigar because of a washing-bill on his dressing-table, and that his month's pay was ebbing fast in the daily necessities of London life. Those kid gloves, from which Nelly drew such alarming conclusions, formed no inconsiderable item of weekly expenditure ; but I think he would rather have gone without his dinner than abated one article of personal adornment, so long as there was the remotest likelihood of meeting Miss Bruce.

And this was a man who could shin up the rigging as deftly, or pull as strong an oar in the gig, as any able seaman under his command !

But in these walks abroad, that which dispirited him most was one continually recurring disappointment. London carriage-horses, particularly bays with good action, are very much alike. It requires a practised eye to distinguish brass harness and dark liveries, one set from another ; while all ladies in summer dress, bowling quickly through the air, resemble garden flowers stirred by a breeze. Ten, twenty times in an afternoon would he be startled by the approach of some well-hung barouche that he fondly hoped bore Sir Hector Bruce's crest on its panels, his daughter within ; and as often would the smile of welcome freeze round his lips, the hand snatching at his hat fall awkwardly to his side.

But oh ! the scorn with which contemptuous beauties, well known to others, unknown to him, ignored while they detected the abortive homage thus checked ere it could be offered at their shrine ! No man can long tread London pavement without observing, shall I not say admiring, the inscrutable demeanour of these high-born, high-bred ladies—

“ Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine in Spanish gold ; ”

the eager look, the pretty bend, the flattering greeting to those

gentlemen who have the honour of their acquaintance, as contrasted with the cold, cruel indifference bestowed on all the world beside; the haughty bearing, the implied disgust, and the abstracted glance beneath half-closed lids, that seems to say, "It does not matter the least, but I wonder you presume to be alive."

Mr. Brail, who felt on such occasions that he was by no means "the right man in the right place," would then blame himself severely for "humbugging about," as he called it, when he ought to be shouting his orders from Her Majesty's quarter-deck in a monkey-jacket, with three feet of ship's telescope under his arm.

But going to the Levée, as in duty bound, being presented by the captain, and kindly welcomed home from an arduous service in a few cordial words by the best judge of manly merits in the kingdom, to whom he made his bow, Brail began to rise again in his own esteem. It would not hurt a man much, he thought, who felt that he had done his duty to his country, and who found the value of his services heartily acknowledged by his Prince, to be ignored by a few fine ladies. When he backed out of that presence-chamber, through which he had passed with more trepidation than he would have felt under the fire of a harbour-battery, he could not but reflect that he was somebody after all. Officers of high standing in both services, covered with medals and decorations earned in that deadly peril which proves the genuine steel, greeted him as one of themselves. A colonel of the Guards, with an empty sleeve, put out his remaining hand; a vice-admiral of the red, bravest among the brave, noted for his hilarity of spirits at the most critical moments, patted him kindly on the back; while a dashing hussar, maimed, shattered, tanned to the bronze of his own Victoria Cross, asked him to dinner that very day. He stood among the men who make history, and he was one of them. Cabinet ministers desired his acquaintance; the most affable of bishops greeted him with a benignity that seemed tantamount to a blessing; while the handsome Sailor-prince vouched for him with professional cordiality, observing that "he was not only a smart officer on deck, but as good a fellow and pleasant a messmate as ever broke a biscuit below."

It would have been a proud day for Gog and Magog could they have witnessed their nephew's triumph. It *was* a proud day for Mrs. Phipps when she received to luncheon in her own parlour this handsome young sailor fresh from his presentation, in the uniform he kept on at her particular desire, looking, as she declared, with a redundancy of aspirates on which she laid the lightest possible stress, "Happy, handsome, and hearty, and a hero every inch!"

Nelly was summoned from her book-keeping to hear the whole account of the Levée ; waiters lingered and loitered unrebuked ; housemaids pervaded the passage to catch the gleam of his epaulettes ; the dirty face of a charwoman peeped above the kitchen stairs ; and the work of the whole establishment came to a stand-still in honour of Mr. Brail's late appearance at St. James's Palace in appropriate costume.

But all this brought him no nearer to Miss Bruce. The veterans were not in her set ; she was little acquainted with differences of rank, military or naval ; and it seemed unlikely that she would so much as read the list of presentations in the *Morning Post* next day. Our gallant lieutenant could not but reflect with a sigh how willingly he would exchange this bushel of glory for a grain of love or hope. Men who allow themselves to become unhappy about the other sex have various ways of betraying their discomfort. Some take to cards, some to drink, a few abjure the society of their natural enemies, scrupulously avoiding a petticoat, as a bird avoids a scarecrow ; but the majority incline to seek solace in such gentle company as reminds them, not unpleasantly, of her who has done all the mischief ; and, on some strange principle of homœopathy, derive considerable benefit from the soothing smiles and kindly glances women are always ready to bestow on real objects of compassion. About this time Brail began much to affect the quiet conversation of Mrs. John, to pervade the entrance-hall in which stood her glass case ; nay, even on occasion to invade that sanctuary and mend the pens or hold the ruler while she posted her books. Though she tolerated rather than encouraged these intrusions, there sprang up between the two a firm and lasting friendship, originating in interests and experiences common to both ; none the less staunch and consoling that such interests and experiences were less akin to pleasure than to pain.

Each had a grief of the same nature, a wound in the affections that required the salve of sympathy and commiseration. That of the man was a mere scratch, of the woman a deep and deadly hurt. Of course, the latter bore her pangs in silence, while the former cried aloud for help.

It was not long before Brail confided to Mrs. John, as he had learned to call her, the whole story of his attachment ; and Nelly, in the pitiful kindness of her nature, could not conceal from him that she had made the acquaintance of Miss Bruce during the previous winter, that she highly appreciated her charms, both of body and mind, and that her intuitive tact as a woman had led her to detect some symptoms of a lurking preference in Hester's manner and

conversation, though she had been egregiously mistaken as to the object. By degrees it came out that they both knew Lord Fitzowen, Brail having met that young nobleman more than once in the maze of London society; and Nelly was sorely tempted to give the sailor her entire confidence, in hope that she might learn something definite about Mr. Roy.

She checked herself in time; nor, indeed, was Brail disposed to take much interest in any matters but his own. To find someone who knew Miss Bruce, who admired her, who understood her, who had a suspicion that she liked him, and who would listen while he talked about her, was such a piece of good fortune as could not be too much appreciated and enjoyed. He missed no opportunity of visiting Mrs. John in her sanctum, and attended her on her affairs, so that even Auntie lost patience, declaring, almost with ill-humour, "You two seem never to be apart. I'm sure whatever you've got to say to each other must have been said over and over again!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

JOHN ROY returned to London with his freedom, he firmly believed, in his pocket. On that sheet of note-paper his wife had inscribed in her own hand such expressions as were tantamount to an avowal of guilt, as would surely be held conclusive in a court of law. He dreaded the exposure, he winced from the shame, he even pitied the culprit; but while he sat in the train, reading this document over and over again, his heart grew harder with every perusal, prompting him to carry out his merciless intention to the bitter end.

"This," he thought, "comes of not marrying a lady! Why, she cannot even express herself in good English; and though I ought to have expected it, there is a vulgar tone about the whole production, not much less offensive than its actual depravity! No doubt Fitzowen's rank constituted the attraction—she could not resist the glitter of his coronet—she was glad to take *me* because I was a gentleman. She has deserted the gentleman for a lord; damn me, she'd throw *him* over for a duke! *C'est ce que c'est que la femme!* I ought to have known better from the first! I ought never to have believed in one of them. And yet they cannot all be so bad. There must be *some*, surely, who are to be trusted when one's back is turned, and who *mean what they say!*"

Is it not so with the rest of us? We holloa loudly when we are hurt, but we lose no time in applying plaster to the wound. "Women are all alike!" cries the indignant husband, the despairing lover. "Women are so different!" reasons the former with a second-hand consolation, the latter with a brand-new fancy; while the cynic laughs at both, and agrees with neither. "So far from women being alike," says he, "they are not the same for two hours together. So far from being different, their noblest sentiments, their most pitiful weaknesses, their best and worst qualities, are common to the whole sex." And the wise man—— My friend, there is *no* wise man where women are concerned, neither in fact nor fiction! Was not Merlin made a fool of in romance, and Solomon in history? Vivien is no less real than the Shunamite, and both are of all degrees, all nations, and all times.

Let us peep over John Roy's shoulder while he reads his wife's letter once again.

"MY VERY DEAR LORD,—I will look for you as usual on Tuesday, and expect as you will not disappoint me like you did last time. Mr. Roy is sure to be out a-hunting, so no doubt but the coast will be clear, and nobody will notice if you come right up to the front door and ring the bell—that is better than the garden-way; for servants have such sharp eyes, and always suspect something. I write because you said you was not sure you would come; but if you fail, I shall begin to think you do not care for me as I feel to care for you, my dear. I may be interrupted at any moment; so no more at present from your loving sweetheart,—ELINOR ROY."

No date—women are very vague about dates—but her name—oh! unutterable disgrace, *his* name, signed in full. Every stroke of the well-known autograph correct to a hair—the very flourish with which she loved to adorn it, finished off to a scratch! There could be no mistake as to the whole meaning and intention of this shameless production. It had obviously been written at leisure, and kept back for a convenient opportunity to be posted unobserved. Tuesday! Yes, he remembered how he intended to hunt on that very Tuesday when he came to an open rupture with his wife, but changed his mind on the previous Sunday because of lame horses in the stable. It was clear enough. The letter had not, therefore, been sent, and in the hurry of departure she forgot to destroy it. No doubt there had been many such exchanged, and this one left little impression on her mind. How could such a woman write that clear, firm, Italian hand? How could she look so guileless, so fond, so

handsome? He felt he must have loved her dearly once to hate her so bitterly now! But this was no time for remembrance or regret. He would act for himself, and carry the whole business through without compunction or remorse.

He did not take Lady Jane to the Aquarium, but wrote instead so affectionate a note that it caused her very heart to glow with a sense of satisfaction and triumph. While she put it away in some safer hiding-place than the bosom of a dress changed three times a day, Mr. Roy was driving into Lincoln's Inn for a personal interview with that unerring adviser, that unimpeachable authority, that unquestionable institution, the family solicitor.

I suppose nobody ever crossed the threshold of his "own man-of-business" without a painful consciousness of mental inferiority; less the result of professional inexperience, of pitiful ignorance concerning the wonderful ways of the law, than of a strange sense that he has been suddenly shifted, as it were, to the stage side of the footlights, and begins to see everything in life from an entirely novel point of view.

That which appeared an hour ago as clear as the sun at noon, seems now to require corroboration by a mass of evidence. The statement, prepared with so much thought and study, that carried conviction in every sentence, is found to be loose, garbled, incapable of holding water, and in some respects tending to furnish arguments for the other side. Facts are no longer stubborn, except in the one sense that they stubbornly elude substantiation, and the litigant is surprised to find how much he has been in the habit of taking things for granted that have no legal existence till fortified by actual proof. He doubts his own senses, memory, and reasoning powers, and, vaguely conscious of a benumbing imbecility, approaches the shrine of his oracle with as little self-dependence as the most ignorant of savages asking help from his god.

A clerk in the outer office—pale, inky, but of self-important demeanour, as being brimful of law—took the client's name to his employer, and returned with "Mr. Sharpe's compliments; he was engaged at present, but would see Mr. Roy in a quarter of an hour." There was nothing for it but to wait in the office, and make the most of yesterday's *Times*, as perused in an uncomfortable attitude on a shiny high-backed chair.

"Mr. Sharpe will see you now, sir," said the clerk, when the stated time had expired, ushering out an old lady in black, smelling of peppermint, and dissolved in tears. "This way, sir. Allow me, ma'am, if you please," to the lady, who was fumbling helplessly at

the door-handle ; and John Roy found himself fairly committed to make his statement under the critical observation of Mr. Sharpe.

"Take a seat, sir. A fine day, sir ; warm, but seasonable for the time of year," were the reassuring words of that gentleman, as he scanned his client from under a pair of bushy eyebrows that gave character to a countenance in other respects commonplace enough. "We have not met for a considerable time, Mr. Roy, and I hope I see you well."

His client's mouth was dry, and his answer wholly unintelligible.

Mr. Sharpe, fitting the tips of his fingers together with the utmost nicety, afforded no more assistance, but waited for the other to begin.

It was no easy job. "Mr. Sharpe," he stammered, "I have come to consult you professionally—professionally—you understand ; of course in the strictest confidence, entirely between ourselves, and to go no farther."

Mr. Sharpe bowed. He was used to these preliminaries, accepting them with mild contempt.

"My business," continued John Roy, sadly discomposed, "is of a very disagreeable kind."

"Nothing remarkable in *that*, sir !" returned his solicitor. "If business were not usually disagreeable, we lawyers would have nothing to do."

"The fact is, Mr. Sharpe, that I—that I—I have reason to be much dissatisfied with my wife."

"Nothing remarkable in *that*, sir !" repeated his adviser. "Forgive me for saying so, it is a *commune malum*, for which there is no remedy at common law. May I ask, sir, is the lady residing at present under your roof?"

"Not the least ! That is what I came to talk about. She has left her home for several weeks, and I have no means of ascertaining where she is."

Mr. Sharpe grew more attentive, but waited for his client to go on.

"I have reason to believe she came to London," resumed the visitor, "and perhaps I might be able to trace her movements, if I chose to take the trouble ; but having quitted my house at her own caprice, she shall not re-enter it with my consent. I mean to state my case fairly, and ask your assistance to set me free."

"One word, Mr. Roy. Is there no prospect of reconciliation ? Ladies are apt to be hasty—inconsiderate, and repent when it is too

late. I should be willing to mediate between you, not professionally you understand, but as a private friend."

"It is no question of anything of the kind," replied the other in great heat and excitement. "Matters are so bad, that I am justified, morally, and, I believe, legally, in cutting myself adrift from a woman who has dishonoured me."

"That is a grave accusation," replied Mr. Sharpe with some solemnity. "May I ask, sir, if you have any proofs?"

"Judge for yourself!" returned the other, placing Nelly's letter on the table. "If that is not proof, I don't know what they require. I'll have a divorce, Mr. Sharpe, as sure as you sit there, if it costs me ten thousand pounds."

The lawyer perused it attentively, twice over, took a sheet of paper, made a memorandum or two, and returned the important document to its owner without a word.

"Well?" asked the latter, expecting, no doubt, an outbreak of virtuous indignation.

"That letter, sir, is compromising, very compromising, no doubt," admitted the solicitor. "*Primâ facie*, it argues a degree of intimacy with the person to whom it is addressed that a husband would be justified in disallowing. I cannot, however, advise you, Mr. Roy, that this, and this alone, should be held proof sufficient to justify the taking of our case into court. I assume you have consulted me with a view to ulterior proceedings. May I ask how you purpose to act?"

"That is what I want *you* to tell *me*. I mean to have a divorce! How am I to set about it?"

The lawyer pondered. "In matters of so delicate a nature," said he, "direct proof is of course difficult to obtain. At the same time, the presumptive evidence must be very conclusive, not a link must be wanting in the chain; there must be motive, intention, opportunity, and the injured party must come for redress with clean hands, or it is my duty to advise you that the court will not grant a rule."

"Do you mean they won't give me a divorce? Then, all I can say is, that the laws of this country are a fallacy, and its justice a sham!"

"I do not go so far as that, my good sir. I only point out to you certain difficulties you must be prepared to encounter, certain conditions indispensable to success. This letter carries with it a large amount of indirect testimony. I have seldom seen so much in so few lines, and its very shortness argues a probability that it is one of many *others similar in character*; for a correspondence of this nature, if at

all limited in opportunity, is usually exceedingly diffuse. I assume, of course, that there is no difficulty in proving your wife's handwriting?"

"None whatever. Besides, my housekeeper found the letter hidden away in Mrs. Roy's jewel-case."

"What is your housekeeper's name?"

"Mopus—Mrs. Mopus. She has been with me for years. I can trust her. I have trusted her with untold gold."

"Before your marriage?"

"Before and after. Nobody in the world can have my interest more at heart."

Mr. Sharpe made another memorandum, and continued his questions in the same low, equable tone.

"Your wife left her home on the 13th?"

"On the 13th."

"Alone, do I understand? and without your consent?"

"She never asked it. I remonstrated with her on the frequency of a certain person's visits, and she went off in a huff. My carriage and servants took her to the station, where she dismissed them, and I have heard nothing of her since."

"Till you obtained possession of this letter? How did it fall into your hands?"

"Very simply. I went home lately to pay bills and wages. Hearing from my housekeeper that a jewel-case had been left in Mrs. Roy's room unlocked, I went to examine its contents. By mere accident I lifted the tray, and found that letter concealed beneath."

"Had you any previous suspicions of your wife? Had you occasion to reason with her, or to express your disapproval of her conduct, at any time before the difference that led to her sudden departure?"

Mr. Roy now entered into a long and rambling statement, detailing many matters already narrated, and on which it is unnecessary to dwell, the more so that Mr. Sharpe, though closely attentive, seemed to think them of little importance, and never put pen to paper once during the recital. When his client finished, however, he rose as if to conclude the interview, observing in the matter-of-course tone he had preserved throughout—

"There appear at least sufficient grounds for farther inquiry. I presume you would wish me to submit the case to counsel, and take the best opinion I can get?"

"Go to the sharpest fellow out! I don't care what it costs. And let me know as soon as you can, for this suspense is more than I can bear!"

Then Mr. Roy seized his hat and made his escape, driving straight off to visit Lady Jane, that he might give her a detailed account of his proceedings, and be soothed by the sympathy that he felt he had a right to expect, that she was now more than ever willing to afford. Both seemed to believe the chief obstacle to their union was removed, and to consider the expected counsel's opinion almost tantamount to a license from Doctors' Commons for immediate wedlock. After considerable delay, it arrived in due course—sound, practical, sensible, and carefully expressed, balancing pros and cons, the chances for and against, with a nicety and exactitude that left the matter at precisely the same degree of uncertainty as before.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK:

A FIFTY MEMOIR.

IT is no more my intention to attempt in this place to write a biography, even of the briefest nature, of George Cruikshank, or to enter into an exhaustive examination and criticism of his astonishing Art Work, than it is to attempt the life of *Rafaëlle* or of *Lionardo*. I lack equally the time, the capacity, and the inclination to adventure upon such an undertaking. That which I had to say about George's career and labours was said hastily and slightly, but I hope honestly and lovingly, in the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper, the morning after his death. I did not see a proof of the article (which I have never read in print), and it is possibly replete with errors both of omission and commission—with blunders both of a clerical and a literal kind. But should it contain any facts or any observations which any present or future biographers may esteem of the slightest value as supplementary to the information which they possess or may acquire concerning my dear old friend, all I can say is that the biographical gentlemen are heartily welcome to the whole or to as much of the three columns which I penned in the *Daily Telegraph* as ever they choose to appropriate. I shall feel indeed flattered by the act of appropriation; and I may be likewise permitted to point out that concurrently with the publication of my necrological notice, there appeared in the *Daily News* an admirably graphic and appreciative essay on the great artist who is dead. Also was there published in the *Times* a leading article (written, I hope, by Mr. Tom Taylor), in which full, eloquent, and generous justice was done to the brightness of George's artistic merits and to the excellence of his personal character; and equally sympathetic notices of him appeared in *Punch* and in many of the weekly newspapers and periodicals. I have seen, again, an excellent *résumé* of George's career, both as an artist and a man, originally delivered in the form of a lecture by Mr. Walter G. Hamilton, and published in pamphlet form after the humourist's death. Mr. Hamilton has stated a number of comparatively little-known circumstances connected with the Cruikshank family, and his agreeable pamphlet will under any aspect amply repay perusal. For the rest, biographers of a more ambitious order will not be lacking. My friend

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who is himself not only a gifted man of letters but also an artist of no mean attainments, is busy,¹ I understand, on a work to be entitled "George Cruikshank, Artist and Temperance Advocate;" and finally, the estimable widow of my revered friend has undertaken the task of revising and editing a life of her husband of which the greater portion was written by George himself. The appearance of so valuable an autobiography will not of course militate against the continuance to the exhaustive stage of criticism on George's artistic work; but that criticism in a fully comprehensive sense will scarcely be possible yet awhile. The existing generation of caricaturists and illustrative draughtsmen must pass away before we can fitly decide upon the place to be assigned to an artist who was in a certain sense the grandsire of the present race of graphic humourists, but who was assuredly a great deal more than a caricaturist and an illustrator of books.

It has not been without reflection, nor is it, I hope, without reason, that I have appended to this paper the supplementary title of "A Life Memory." This have I done, because I cannot remember any time in my life (after nursery days, of course) when I was not familiar with the name of George Cruikshank, and when I was not accustomed to dwell with love and admiration on his name and on his works—and I so loved and admired him long before I knew him personally. My individual knowledge of, and friendship with, him, extend over five-and-thirty years. The vast majority of young children are, to my thinking, very deep thinkers: meditating obviously in various ways, and according to their different capacities. Thus your embryo Pascal will mentally bisect angles and erect perpendiculars on given straight lines ere ever he has seen a copy of Euclid. Your incipient Chatterton playing truant from the abhorred charity school, and moping in his garret at home or lying in a meadow behind St. Mary Redcliffe, "in a kind of trance," as his biographers record, may be cudgelling his brains to devise sham genealogies, afterwards to be matured to flatter the vanity of conceited Bristol pewterers who fancy that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or he may be lisping rudely metrical fragments afterwards to be welded into that consummate mediæval forgery, "Ye Romaunte of ye Cnyghte." These are your marvellous boys; and there are girls as marvellous in intellectual precocity. I need cite no historical instances.¹ Just note one little passage in Charles Lamb's exquisite little tale of "Rosamund Gray," and you will arrive

¹ It was on the tip of my tongue to mention the Byzantine Empress Eudoxia, surnamed *Macrimbelitissa*, who at the age of six years, being asked what she was
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(if you are a man : the women will need no prompting) at a thorough comprehension of the meditative girl. "Rosamund's mind was pensive and reflective rather than what passes usually for *clear* or *acute*. From a child she was remarkably shy and thoughtful :—this was taken for stupidity and want of feeling ; and the child has been sometimes whipped for being a *stubborn thing*" (the italics are Charles's, not mine) "when her little heart was almost bursting with affection. So much for what you may be pleased to term the more refined organisations—the 'superior minds.'" Having only one solitary mind of my own (unless Dr. Wigan was right in his theory of the dual brain), I can only recognise the superior minds of other people. Whether there are any intellects inferior to mine own I do not and cannot know. I can only adhere to my position that most children Think, and that very deeply indeed. We cannot divine the thoughts of that little dusky-faced, tow-headed country urchin in a smock frock, who is set in a field to scare the crows away ;—who *was* set, I should say : the local School Boards have doubtless deprived him of his bird-frightening occupation, and its consequent shillings which enabled his mother the widow-woman to get a bit of meat now and then for himself and his callow brothers and sisters. The young hawbuck may be thinking about the thrashing he got for letting three marbles fall on the pavement of the church last Sunday in the very midst of the Second Lesson. He may be thinking that Heaven is a very nice place, where there is nothing to do but to sit astride on a five-barred gate, and eat crisp, brown, warm pancake edges, whistling and swinging one's legs between whiles. Or he may be thinking on and scanning and studying and inwardly tabulating and figuring the birds of the air and the flowers of the field and all the creeping and gliding and crawling things around him. He may be young Cobbett, young Audubon, young Thoreau, young Francis of Assisi. How do I know ? I can strip him of his smock frock and his shirt ; but I cannot take off the lids of his heart, and look into his Mind. Were I to interrogate him as to his thoughts, he might become as terrified as the birds that he is appointed to alarm. Nervousness might prompt him to answer simply "Dunno." Inarticulate confusion might beget anger and lead him to fling a turf-sod at my head. Your own thoughts should be quite sufficient for you ; and you had best meddle as little as may be with those of other folk.

thinking of (perhaps they offered her a besant for her thoughts), replied that she was thinking of the gods and goddesses of Olympus. Second thoughts are best ; and on reflection I decide to let Eudoxia, surnamed Macrimbelitissa, alone. Would that I always exercised similar reticence !

Be this as it may, I know that, so soon as I began to think, George Cruikshank was, next to my Mother, the most prominent person in my mind, and that he was my hero. Almost any child has a hero or heroine—secretly, persistently, passionately cherished. I forget Macaulay's; but I think that Mrs. Gaskell has told us in her life of Charlotte Brontë that the hero of the authoress of "*Jane Eyre*," when a child, was the Marquis of Douro (the existing Duke of Wellington), to whom she used to pen pages after pages of microscopically crabbed handwriting never to be forwarded to the idol, and the composition of which was due to Heaven only knows what mysterious psychological yearning (or aberration, perchance) of affinity. I wonder what the noble Marquis would have thought had he been told that a weird little girl-child, a parson's daughter down in Yorkshire, had set up a paper altar and was pouring out libations of ink to him continually. Charlotte's sisters, I fancy, shared in the Douro-worship, but not to the extent to which it was carried by Jane Eyre herself. My *cultus* of George Cruikshank took not a scribbling but a graphic turn. I could draw before I could write, and before I could read; and before I was taught my pothooks and hangers I fell blind, and was sightless for two long and profitable years. I say profitable; for during those dark twenty-four months I learned, thanks to a loving sister who was always reading to me and telling me stories, the greater part of that which was long afterwards to be useful to me as a journalist. Books being for the time inaccessible for reference, I garnered up, systematically, albeit unconsciously, in holes and corners, and improvised chambers, and shelves, and nests of drawers within me, the stories and anecdotes, the facts and figures repeated by the dear voice Outside, and so at last I came to have what is called a memory; that is to say, the mindfulness of a number of things all classified and ticketed and put away and ready at a moment's notice for production, precisely as is the case with the bundles and parcels at a pawnbroker's. My mother must have had a good stock of George's works by her (and indeed I have often heard her say that my father, whom I never saw, entertained great admiration for the artist); but in any case I know that about the year 1836, when the "*Sketches by Boz*" appeared, I was sedulously copying in pen and ink George Cruikshank's wonderful etchings to Charles Dickens's earliest work.¹ I have the copies—vile niggling

¹ By pure accident, but still by an accident worth recording, my family had something to do with the ushering into the world of the "*Sketches by Boz*." The book was one of the earliest ventures of the late Mr. John Macrone, a young Manxman, who had been in partnership as a bookseller with Mr. Cochrane, in Waterloo Place (C. published a number of works illustrated in George's best style), and who after-

scrawls they are—by me now, packed in a little album, of the plates illustrating the "Streets by Morning" (you remember the Saloop, stall, the marvellous view of Seven Dials, and the inimitable figure of the policeman leaning against a post in the distance?) I copied, also, the Greenwich Fair scene, with the madcap holiday-makers dancing at the Crown and Anchor booth, and again I tried to imitate in pen and ink the plate of "Public Dinners," in which George has introduced among the stewards his own portrait and that of Charles Dickens. But the sketches were soon to be followed by that glorious serial "Oliver Twist," in copying every one of the illustrations to which I positively revelled. I am sure that I tried my hand on "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," and "Sikes Attempting to Destroy his Dog," twenty times. I was never tired of portraying the Artful Dodger, and was always able to discover fresh beauties in Mr. Bumble. I think that I could draw all those immortal people now, with my eyes

wards set up for himself in St. James's Square. A maiden aunt of mine, long since deceased, lent John Macrone five hundred pounds to start him withal. He meditated great things. Among others I have seen advertised on the fly-leaf of one of his books a projected work to be called "The Lions of London," to be written by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth and illustrated by George Cruikshank. It never saw the light, any more than did that "Life of Talleyrand," by William Makepeace Thackeray, likewise announced for publication by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. On the other hand, the London idea seems to have lingered in Mr. Ainsworth's mind, since, in 1845, he began the issue in monthly numbers of a mysterious, and indeed supernatural romance, entitled "Revelations of London," which was embellished with superb etchings on steel, not by George, but by "Phiz" (Hablot Knight Browne). The mysterious romance hung fire and came to an incomplete end, like the story of the bear the fiddle. As for poor John Macrone, he died prematurely; and for the benefit of his wife and children Dickens, Robert Bell, "Phiz," George himself, and other well-known authors and artists, got up among them, by "voluntary contributions," a work in three volumes called the "Pic-Nic Papers,"—a benevolent idea, clearly founded on the famous "Livre des Cent et Un," produced about 1830 by the foremost writers of France to aid the widow of the esteemed bookseller Ladvocat. In 1850, I succeeded to the modest heritage bequeathed to myself and brothers by my maiden aunt (I very soon spent my portion, first in establishing a periodical called—Heaven save the mark!—the "Conservative Magazine," of which one number was published and of which eleven copies were sold; and the remainder in trying an infallible system, based on mathematical certainties demonstrated by Descartes, Leibnitz, and Laplace, for breaking the bank at a game called roulette, and at a place called Hombourg von der Höhe): and I remember, when we received our ultimate cheques from the esteemed solicitors of our kinswoman deceased, being shown a capacious tin box, in which, I was told, was lying *perdu* poor John Macrone's bond. *Perdu*, indeed! Does it slumber still in the tin box in the antique legal offices hard by Old Cavendish Street, or are the *dossiers* of defunct clients periodically cleared out and scattered? In that case some tobacconist may, even now, be mixing snuff on the valuable parchment, or the precious vellum may have been long since cut up to skin a war-drum or for the more ignoble end of making tailors' measures.

shut. Every touch of the Cruikshankian etching needle I slavishly followed ; but it was the slavishness, I hope, of a faithful dog, not that of a cowering serf. I did not know that the dotted lines frequently made use of by George in his flesh tints and in relief to the dark lines in his foreground were produced by a mechanical implement called a roulette ; so with the pen's point I stippled in the lines, dot for dot. I did not know that the gradations of tone and depth in the colour were due to successive " bitings " and rebittings of the plates, but I traced with Indian ink, lampblack, sepia, vinegar, gum, and what not, fluids of varying intensity and thickness, to express the different shades between deep dark and tender greys. Those processes led to carpets and table-cloths being daubed and stained, and to my being scolded and cuffed for my " nasty, dirty messing." It was all the fault of George Cruikshank. I " played at him," I drew imaginary portraits, I thought out imaginary biographies of him ; and when I went to bed, I dreamt about him.¹ During this period I was gradually learning to read and to write. My sister was the most patient and the most loving of instructresses ; but George had unwittingly a vast deal to do with my schooling, so far as the two of the Rs were concerned. I copied up-stroke for up-stroke and down-stroke for down-stroke, curve for curve and bar for bar, the inscriptions over the shops and taverns in his etchings, and the legends in the memorable little cramped characters which, with a balloon-like surrounding line, issue from the mouths of the personages in his caricatures. In letter-writing George Cruikshank's hand was a vigorous careless sprawl ; while on copper and steel his caligraphy was, as all the world knows, singularly neat and symmetrical. And remember, it was all etched *backwards*. This fact, when first imparted to me by a gentleman who smilingly sympathised with me in my Cruikshankian labours, was to me a bright revelation. The wonderful man who could write backwards ! I immediately set to work to try writing in reverse, and not only then, but for many years afterwards, I doggedly exercised myself in this useful craft. Useful to me it certainly was, for, as a very young man, I was once literally saved from impending starvation by a commission to draw a map of London

¹ That renowned master of English art, Sir John Gilbert, wrote to me not long ago that, as a boy, he had copied hundreds of etchings and wood-drawings by George Cruikshank. But then George was not our only English Rubens' only love. He copied Seymour, Harvey, Clennell, Stothard, Smirke, Browne, Corbould, Stephanoff : all the book-illustrators of his childhood, in fact. These early efforts, quite apart from the natural genius with which Sir John Gilbert was endowed, and the severer studies upon which he entered in the studio of George Lance, may not, however, have been without use to him as a draughtsman in after years.

on wood. And I drew it,—every street, square, lane, and alley having been, of course, pencilled the reverse way,—and rejoiced in unaccustomed food and raiment. That I owe again, clearly, although indirectly, to dear old George Cruikshank. The only drawback to the advantage which I derived from his having been virtually the only writing-master from whom I ever received instruction lies in the circumstance that what my friends have been good enough to call a “copper-plate hand” has always been *drawn* and not *written*. “Cursive English” in a caligraphic sense has always puzzled me as sorely as Mr. Gladstone confessed that he was puzzled by Signor Negropontes’ “cursive Greek.” How I envy the people who can “dash off” a letter! How jealous I am when in the club writing-room I hear the quill pens galloping over the paper! Meanwhile I am painfully forming and digging in the letters, very possibly swaying my head and protruding the tip of my tongue in unison with the movements of my pen, as servant maids are said to do when they attempt epistolary labour. Many thousands of pages of “copy” have I thus had to cover, with no one but myself can tell how much toil and anguish. It is all the fault of George Cruikshank.

’Twas in 1838-9, you will remember, that the late Mr. Richard Bentley (he was discriminating enough to publish my first book, the “Journey Due North,” and to pay me generously for it, and I consequently hold his memory in much esteem) brought out “Jack Sheppard,” written by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, illustrated by George. Needless to say that my pen and my graduated ink-pots were in immediate requisition for copying purposes. But this fresh task of imitation did not last long. I had not got farther than the etching of “Jack Sheppard Carving his Name on the Beam” when I was sent in a hurry to school in France. I think that my old friend Edmund Yates must have somewhere or another a little flat book which I gave him containing my pen and ink imitation of Jack in his shirtsleeves, mounted on the three-legged stool on the carpenter’s bench, and hacking out his name on the joist while his master, Mr. Wood, watches him angrily from behind a screen of planks. There is a wonderful wealth of technical detail in George’s etching, which is, to my mind, in its every detail essentially Hogarthian. There used to be floating about among artists and men of letters a belief that the carpenter’s shop in Wych Street (on the left-hand side, going towards St. Clement’s) was standing a dozen years ago, and that the name of Jack Sheppard could still be traced on a blackened timber in the garret of the house. I remember meeting George about five years ago in Drury Lane, and making him point out

to me many places of antiquarian interest in the neighbourhood (he was a walking Directory in low-life London, and was one of the few men who could tell you anything definite about Great Swallow Street, the site of the present Regent Street); but I was unable to extract any information from him respecting the carpenter's house in Wych Street, and the name on the beam. He knew as well as I did, and better, that at the Black Lion ale-house in Drury Lane, Sheppard (the historical Jack I mean, not the mythical one) first met Elizabeth Lyons, otherwise Edgeworth Bess, the *bona roba* who exercised a singularly powerful influence over him throughout his career; that his first burglary was committed at Mr. Baines's, a piece-broker, in White Horse Yard; that it was from St. Giles's round-house that he carried off Edgeworth Bess in triumph (knocking down the beadle and literally out-running the constable); that it was into the house of Mrs. Cook, a linen-draper in Clare Market, that Jack was assisted by the Amazonian Elizabeth; and that it was at a tavern in Maypole Alley, Clare Market (*on revient toujours à ses premières amours*; and the pitcher goes often to the well but gets broken at last), that, having put himself in funds by breaking into a pawnbroker's shop in Drury Lane, Sheppard indulged in his last revel, sent for his mother (whom Mr. Ainsworth kills and buries, so sentimentally, prior to her son's execution), treated her to brandy, and then getting mad drunk wandered about from tippling-shop to tippling-shop until, being recognised by a law-abiding potman at a public-house in Wych Street itself, he was denounced to a constable and conveyed to Newgate, not to leave it any more save for Tyburn. All these *cari luoghi*, George and I could cover, as it were, with a pocket-handkerchief; but touching the carpenter's shop and the name on the beam, he could or would say nothing more than that there were a great many things in Mr. Ainsworth's romance of Jack Sheppard which did not meet with his (George's) approval. And then he shook his good old head in the oracular manner so distinctive of him, and departed, waving his celebrated gingham umbrella (it was not quite as large as Mrs. Gamp's, but it might have belonged to that lady's husband; you remember, the person with the wooden leg, of whose remains Mrs. G. disposed for the benefit of Science?) and looking as though with that humble implement (little David had but a sling and a stone) he could confront the great Goliath of Beer and Gin himself, and slay the giant in full view of a Philistine host of Licensed Victuallers. I never knew a man who made such effective exits as did George Cruikshank; and it is (as all actors know) an extremely difficult thing to quit the stage with *éclat*. When George left you

with a flourish of the umbrella, or a snapping of the fingers (or sometimes with a few steps of a hornpipe or the Highland fling), he never failed to extort from you a round of mental applause, and you felt yourself saying, watching his rapidly departing form (for he was as active at eighty-one, ay, and at eighty-five, as a County Court bailiff), "God bless the dear old boy! how well he looks, and what spirits he has."

I was abroad at school a long time, and my pen and ink pastimes were suspended to give place to that rigid and systematic course of instruction in practical geometry which forms the basis of all teaching of drawing in France. The knowledge of lines and their properties is insisted upon before even the most elementary study of solid forms is permitted. George Cruikshank, however, had not ceased to be my artistic idol, although I own that I met with some formidable French rivals to him in the shape of the lithographed works of the broad and vigorous Charlet, the versatile Victor Adam, the subtle humourist Granville, the powerful Raffet, the passionately grotesque Daumier (the Gillray of France), and the graceful, witty, and philosophic Gavarni. Lithographs, on the other hand, were scarcely susceptible of being copied in pen and ink, and I was fit for nothing else. But on my holidays and "days out" I found a second home in the house of an English family living in the Parc Monceaux. They took in "Bentley's Miscellany" regularly, and I was thus enabled to follow George consecutively through the striking episodes of Jack Sheppard's career until his final removal from the world at Tyburn Tree. The tiny etchings representing the different episodes of the escape from Newgate—the scenes in the "Red Room," the "Castle," the "Chapel," the "Leads of the Turners' house," and so forth, with the procession of the cart and the criminal surrounded by soldiers and constables up Holborn Hill—the rest and attempt at rescue at the Great Turnstile; the quaffing of St. Giles's Bowl, and the final scene at the place of execution—are to my mind supremely excellent examples of George's genius and capacity. In conception they too are Hogarthian. In saying this I would entreat you to bear in mind that from first to last you will find no attempt on my part to assert that George Cruikshank ever *equalled* William Hogarth: George was no more Hogarth's compeer in the grander qualities of art than Teniers and Gerard Douw were the compeers of the terrific Rembrandt; and Hogarth, like Rembrandt, had the power on occasion to terrify; witness the "Faustus" of the former, "The Death of the Countess" in the "Marriage à la Mode" of the last-named master. There are nevertheless in George Cruikshank, both spiritually and technically considered, frequent phases very strongly suggestive, not of imitation

Of Hogarth, but of a sympathy with him so intense as to amount to a temporary affinity to his genius. As to the manner in which these surprising little pictures to "Jack Sheppard" are drawn and etched, they surpass in beauty and skilfulness the most elaborate productions of a similar nature of Jacques Callot and Stefannino Della Bella: draughtsmen both renowned in their day for the microscopic delineation of great crowds in active movement. George had otherwise little in common with the superb Florentine, the limner of pomps and triumphs, *carrousels* and ballets for the kings and princes of his age; but there were a great many points of contact between George Cruikshank and Callot. The blunt, rugged, almost brutal philosophy of the "Bottle" is closely akin to the downright literalness of the Lorrainer's "Misères de la Guerre." Callot had met the horrors of war face to face just as George had personally seen and made himself familiar with the horrors of drunkenness; and both artists proceeded to preach their sermon and to point their moral in their own honest and unmistakable fashion. Neither reveals anything that is positively new, but both tell you an immense amount of what is undeniably true. It may be that, recalling the scenes in the drama of the "Bottle," or the episodes full of fire, famine, and slaughter in the "Misères de la Guerre," you will feel inclined to think that I spoke too hastily in denying that George Cruikshank possessed to any marked extent the power of terrifying. But I adhere to the opinion which I have formed. The "Bottle" is intensely melodramatic, but it is not purely tragic. It contains no surprises. It shocks and pains, but it fails to astonish or to appal. You know what is coming. You can tell as well as the artist can what sottishness must lead to. In the incident of the drunkard battering his wife's brains out with the very engine and implement of their common misery, the Bottle itself, there is another of those Hogarthian touches which I am always glad to recognise in George; but in the concluding scene the artist has, I conceive, been false to himself and to the stern requirements of the tragic art. The sot has been tried for the murder of his wife, but he has been acquitted on the ground of insanity. He is to be "detained during Her Majesty's pleasure," that is to say, he is locked up in Bedlam, whither his son and daughter come to visit him. The boy has grown up to be a thief and the sister a harlot; and both, to judge from their attire and their mien, seem to be doing remarkably well. The spectacle of their father reduced to the condition of a drivelling idiot has not, it would appear, the slightest effect upon them as an example to warn them from evil courses. They go away, and in the series which is a sequel, and a greatly inferior one, to the "Bottle," they follow the paternal "lead" with the ultimate result, easily foreseen by the spectator,

that the girl flings herself over Waterloo Bridge and that the boy is transported and dies on board a convict hulk. This is melodrama—very stirring melodrama, but it is not real tragedy. In the "Bottle" the drunken assassin should have been hanged. In the actual drama of life he would have inevitably swung. In such cases the plea of insanity is scarcely ever admitted, and intoxication is judicially held to be rather an aggravation than a palliation of the act committed. It has, moreover, been argued, not very philosophically, but still with some show of common sense, that it is in the highest degree expedient to hang men who have murdered while under the influence of strong drink; for the reason that a drunken murderer, whose sentence has been commuted and who is sent to Bedlam (it is Broadmoor now), is apt, under the careful treatment and with the nourishing diet of the asylum, not only to get physically hale and strong, but *recover his senses again*, and the country is thereby saddled with the maintenance of a hearty man, who is honest, sensible, and industrious enough, so long as the gin which sets his brain on fire is kept from him. The prospect of such a contingency, in the case of the maniac who is gibbering by the caged-in fireplace in the last scene in the "Bottle," suggests a dilemma which is well-nigh ludicrous; and one reason why the boy thief and the girl courtesan look so unconcerned may be, that they may be thinking that the "governor," who has cheated the gallows and is now comfortably housed and abundantly fed (there was neither comfort nor food in the drunkard's home), has not made such a very bad thing of it after all. The inference is as absurd as though Æschylus had relegated Clytemnestra to a refuge for female penitents, or as though Shakespeare had permitted Macbeth to sneak away from Scotland under the name of Mr. Smith, and die peacefully in his bed at Claremont, highly respected as a "Monarch retired from business." But the son of Euphorion and the Bard of all Time knew better. They knew that there is no compromising with Nemesis, and that the Eumenides are not accustomed to accept ten shillings in the pound. In tragedy, the crooked road must have but one goal. Hogarth saw, felt, insisted upon that cardinal fact in the "Rake's Progress," in the "Harlot's Progress," in the "Marriage à la Mode." These are tragedies as awful as the Greek's, at the first representation of which, according to the scholiast, many women swooned, and children even died through fear at the sight of the horrible things done. In the "Rake's Progress," a madhouse, not a scaffold, was plainly the natural termination to the spendthrift's career. It was as *plainly* and as inevitably fitting that poor frail Kate Hackabout

should die as she did, of phthisis and geneva. In the "Marriage à la Mode" the requirements of tragedy are more exigent and more dreadful; and they are all unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly fulfilled. Whither can tend these nuptials, based, not on love and honour, but on pride and avarice? What is to be the end of this wretched union between a rake-hell young lord and a silly, vicious young woman? Does Counsellor Silvertongue come to my Lady's assemblies for nothing? The questions are all answered in two terrific scenes:—the room at the bagnio, where the guilty woman, repentant too late, kneels at the feet of her profligate husband, who has been stabbed (in an informal kind of duel, it must be granted) by the silver-tongued counsellor, who leaps from the window and escapes for a time, but is soon caught and hanged as a murderer. It is the sight of his last dying speech and confession, brought in by a blundering servant, that gives the finishing stroke to the wretched countess, who has come home—"home!"—to the house of her miserly old father. As she dies—dies with a terrific realism that a Croizette or an Irving might strive vainly to approach—the skinflint alderman is slyly drawing the gold wedding-ring off his daughter's stiffening finger; and the nurse holds up to her for a last kiss her sickly child, its little rickety limbs supported by irons. Mark, too, that the child is a girl. The ancient peerage of which in the First Scene my lord was so pompously proud is, in the male line, extinct. There will be no more transmitters of that foolish handsome face, which we saw in Scene the Second jaded and haggard with profligacy and dissipation, as its owner lounges on his chair, knocked up, dead beat, "pounded," with his hose ungartered, his vest open, and the sly little terrier sniffing at the woman's cap he has thrust into his pocket unwittingly in the midst of an orgie at the Rose, or the Key in Chandos Street. It is the same face that you see, with a leer of cynical profligacy on it, in the quack doctor's laboratory in Scene the Fourth; it is the same face, agonised, despairing, moribund, that, with Æschylean awfulness, comes upon you in Scene the Fifth—the face of the man who has been mortally stabbed, whose legs give way, whose arms fall inert, and on whose convulsed lineaments plays the crimson glow of the bagnio fire, dreadfully contrasting with the black shadows of death. You must not tell me, rising from this supreme work, that George Cruikshank's "Bottle" is a Tragedy in the strictest sense of the term. A real tragedy, τραγῳδία, is a song, a chant, an epic, "a dramatic poem, representing some signal action performed by illustrious persons, and having a fatal issue."¹

¹ "Tragedy is an imitation of a grave and perfect action containing its proper

The "Bottle" was published in 1848, when George Cruikshank was in his fifty-sixth year.¹ If I am not mistaken, he had become by that time a teetotaller *pour de bon*, but for many years previously he had been an ardent combatant with the pencil and etching needle of the Demon of Strong Drink. Without being by any means an abstainer, he had already done good service as a temperance advocate. That he had not altogether forsworn the use of fermented liquors so late as the year 1842 (when he was fifty years of age) seems tolerably clear from the fact that his name is not to be found among the persons of note (the penultimate Lord Stanhope among the number) who took the pledge when Father Mathew visited London in 1842. George was not at any time given to hiding his light under a bushel; and if in 1842 he had determined to be an abstainer in practice as well as in theory, it is tolerably certain that he would have made the world acquainted with his resolu-

magnitude, in a style sweetened partly by voice alone and partly by voice accompanied by song; an action, I say, exhibited not (like heroic poetry) in the form of narration, but which by fear and pity effects the purgation of the passions."—Aristotle, "De Arte Poetica." There should be splendour and light, and even a little mirth here and there, to relieve the gloom of a genuine tragedy. Thus the feast in Shelley's "Cenci," the masquerade in "Roméo and Juliet," the banquet in "Macbeth," the toilette and musical assembly scene in "Marriage à la Mode."

¹ While I most fully recognise the wholesome moral inculcated by the "Bottle," I cannot disguise my distaste for it as an artistic production. The scene of the murder in the naked, poverty-stricken room, is forcible; but otherwise the successive tableaux give you the notion of vignettes originally executed on a very small scale, and which had been enlarged by some mechanical process. The generally unsatisfactory aspect of the work was aggravated by the fact that the execution of the plates had been brought about by a (then) new process called Glyptography. In projecting the "Bottle" George reasonably anticipated (and his forecast was justified by the event) that many thousand copies of the work would be sold. Now, an etched copper plate will not yield more than a couple of thousand full and clear impressions. The "Bottle" was to be sold for a shilling, and therefore steel was out of the question. The publisher may have shrunk from the costliness of having George's drawings engraved on wood, although that was manifestly the best process that could have been chosen (witness the magnificent series called "The Bible," the drawings for which were made by John Gilbert and engraved on wood by Gilks). Eventually glyptography was fixed upon as a *mezzo termine* for the "Bottle." The process is an electro-metal-lurgic one; the principle of the invention (Palmer's) consisting in depositing copper in the grooves or lines laid bare by an etching needle or a graver through a layer of varnish on a plate of copper. The whole is ultimately covered with a sheet of electrically deposited copper, and a counterpart in relief having been thus produced, it can be printed like a wood block at an ordinary press or machine. The lines, however, are apt "to come up ragged;" and it is not possible to obtain in glyptography more than the two positive hues, black and white. Intermediate greys, which alone can give colour to a plate, are not procurable in a glyptograph, which is consequently tame, monotonous, and dispiriting.

tion by putting in an appearance when the enthusiastic Irish Apostle of Temperance gathered half London round him on Hampstead Heath, and cleared two hundred pounds a day (the money was strictly devoted to the purposes of the cause) by the sale of temperance medals.

Between the period when I left George illustrating "Jack Sheppard" and the year when he startled society by the publication of the "Bottle," he had done an immensity of good work. There were the yearly "Comic Almanacs," to begin with, published by the late worthy Mr. David Bogue, of Fleet Street; the plates of which were executed (still on copper) by George, while the letter-press was written in successive years by different "eminent hands"—Thackeray and Henry Mayhew among the number. In "Bentley's Miscellany," likewise, George was contributing delightfully racy chalcographic embellishments to the incomparable "Ingoldsby Legends." Ere the "Legends," however, came to a conclusion, the artist (who was nothing if not pugnacious) managed to quarrel with Mr. Bentley. He was under contract to supply a certain number of etched copper-plates to the New Burlington Street firm; but when the misunderstanding of which I speak took place, he began, although he kept to his contract, to "scamp" his work and to show himself artistically at his worst. This is particularly apparent in the "Lay of St. Cuthbert," which is poor and bald in drawing and colour. "A Lay of St. Nicholas" is in his good old mellow manner: Diabolus, horns, hoofs, tail, and all, is glorious; but the "Merchant of Venice" is weak and pallid. George seems to have been himself aware of the fact, for the etching is devoid of his well-known signature. Equally anonymous is the "Legend of St. Medard" (with a "machine-ruled sky," and a scandalously slurred distance); and also the "Dead Drummer," which, although a splendidly forcible effect of light and shade, is poorly drawn, and etched without heart or spirit. This etching is not wholly unsigned. There is a kind of ghost of "George Cruikshank" scratched into the herbage of the foreground. The plain truth is that George's heart and spirit were at this time not with "Bentley's Miscellany," but with "Ainsworth's Magazine;" only the letter of his bond with the former did not permit him to be off with the old love before he was on with the new. Of course his connection with a rival periodical was to some extent resented in New Burlington Street. "Father Prout" (the Rev. Francis Mahony, the wittiest pedant, the most pedantic wit, and the oddest fish I ever met with) was retained to write a

pungent poetical "skit" upon Mr. Harrison Ainsworth and his new venture. The Father was very hard upon the pictorial embellishments to Ainsworth's. I remember that he wrote of them these two lines—

And though such illustrations were at best but rude and scratchy,
(His Guido was a man of straw, the Cruikshanks his Caracci).

Only one Cruikshank, George, was to my knowledge and belief ever employed on "Bentley;" but the thrust "served," as Mercutio observed; for George's later contributions had certainly been rude and scratchy enough in all conscience.

The immediate successor to "Jack Sheppard" as an Ainsworthian romance, illustrated by George Cruikshank, was "Guy Fawkes," a bitterly bad novel, and the etchings to which, although uniformly clever and workmanlike, show no traces of the genius which shone so highly in "Jack" and "Oliver." It is not possible that there should be more than two types, historical or unhistorical, of Guy. He must be either the gloomy, half-crazy, brave, bad fanatic who was so deservedly close to death in Old Palace Yard, or he must be the grotesque monster who is burnt by the roughs every Fifth of November. Mr. Ainsworth, whose literary character (in private life he is a most estimable gentleman) always presented a queer combination of the Bravo of Venice and a Burlington Arcade hair-dresser, had to invent a third Guido Vaux, a kind of sulphureous fine gentleman, a brimstone Bayard, a "Fatal Goffredo" of the slow match and the powder barrel. He was ready for conscience sake to assist in blowing up King, Lords, and Commons; but otherwise he was, according to Mr. Ainsworth, a high-minded gentleman, a knight without fear and without reproach, *caballeresco in su caballerosidad*. He is made to behave in the novel in the most sentimental style; he has a lackadaisical love for a distinguished Roman Catholic lady, Miss Viviana Radcliffe; and, in fine, he is more monstrous and more ridiculous than any straw-stuffed Guy with a pipe in his mouth and his thumbs stuck out the wrong way that ever was consigned to a Lewes or a Guildford bonfire. George Cruikshank, who, artistically, had felt, and lived, and acted Jack Sheppard, Blueskin, and Jonathan Wild, Mr. Marvell the hangman, Poll Maggot, and Edgeworth Bess—who had positively, in a graphic, albeit not in a literary sense, invented Sikes and Fagin, Charley Bates, and the Artful Dodger¹—could make nothing of the lifeless *plastrons* provided

¹ The types of all these criminal characters—to their very counterparts, with Nancy and Mr. Bumble to boot, may be traced in many of George's etchings and wood drawings published between 1825 and 1830. The truth is, that he had

for him by Mr. Ainsworth. The house on which he was to build had no foundation in probability or fitness ; and the edifice is consequently a tottering kind of structure, shored up only by the technical excellence of the etching. Much of the action of this irritating romance takes place in London. It is the London of Aggas's map—the London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of Bacon and Raleigh, and it is really exasperating to think what a grand opportunity for a display of George's capacity was herein thrown away. How superlatively delightful would have been a series of little etchings *à la* Sheppard, illustrative of London life in the streets and on the river in the reign of James I. For this deplorable omission, however, the plates to the "Tower of London" (in many respects George's noblest work) were afterwards to make partial amends. I say partial ; for, through the very nature of his subject, George was rarely suffered to pass the Tower Moat, and was cribbed, cabined, and confined behind the West Bastion and the Brass Mount.

It has not failed to strike me, many and many a time in my life memory of George Cruikshank, that until he had fully reached middle age the world troubled itself very little about his individuality, and, while laughingly applauding his work from the very outset of his career, allowed him to turn the corner of forty years without evincing the slightest curiosity to know what manner of man he was. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that in many quarters there existed a vague *pocourante* notion that "Crookshanks"—into which George's surname was constantly corrupted—was as much a myth as a man, and was a level of generic qualification which any anonymous caricaturist was warranted in assuming. One reason for this vagueness of impression in the popular mind may be ascribed to the fact that George had a brother named Robert ; and that both worked for a long period, if not actually in partnership, at least in parallel grooves. Very often have I had offered to me for sale etchings and woodcuts as the work of Robert or "Bob" Cruikshank which were unmistakably the work of George. As the son and grandson of the late Mr. Robert Cruikshank are alive, I do not intend to say anything more about him here, save that there is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth, and that George's was the Macedonian stream. About 1822, however, a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* had discovered that there was a George and a superior Cruikshank ; and in an early number of *Maga* I find a very complimentary notice of him, in which, oddly enough (at that time he was thirty), he is advised to husband his energies acquired by that time a visual acquaintance of more than a quarter of a century's standing with the criminal classes.

and not work so hard, remembering how short is life, and how liable is vitality to be impaired by excessive toil. For fifty-five years longer was George destined to work hard. Scattered up and down the "Noctes," too, between 1820 and 1830, I find numerous friendly allusions to the artist and his works on the part of Christopher North (Professor Wilson), Odoherly (Maginn), and the "Shepherd" (Hogg); but, on the whole, one rises from the pages of *Maga* with the impression that the "Melanexylites" looked upon George as a kind of pictorial Pierce Egan, a Tom Spring with a turn for drawing—a bruising, gig-driving, badger-baiting, rat-matching, dog-and-duck-hunting pet of the "Fancy," Corinthian from the soles of his top-boots to the crown of his curly-brimmed white hat, who spent all his "mornings at Bow Street," and many of his nights in St. Giles's roundhouse; who was always ready to knock down a "Charley," wrench off a knocker, or ride one of Mr. Cross's rhinoceroses from Exeter Change (as the sedate John Kemble is said once to have done) round Covent Garden Market for a frolic at five o'clock on a summer's morning. An analogous idea of the individual man George Cruikshank is instilled in the brief notice (it is evidently by Maginn) appended to the outline caricature portrait of George by "Alfred Croquis" (the late Daniel Maclise, R.A.), which appears as No. 30 in the "Portrait Gallery" of *Fraser's Magazine*—a gallery which may be called the "Vanity Fair Album" of the period. "There," says the writer of the notice in question, "we have the sketcher sketched; and, as is fit, he is sketched sketching. There is George Cruikshank—the George Cruikshank, seated on the head of a barrel, catching inspiration from the scenes presented to him in a pot-house, and consigning the ideas of the moment to immortality on the crown of his hat. We wish that he would send us the result of his easy labours. . . . Of George Cruikshank the history is short." (He had been constantly before the public for twenty years.) "He stands so often and too well in the eyes of the world to render it necessary that we should say much about him, *and we confess that of his earlier annals we know little or nothing.*" This avowal is so much sheer carelessness on the part of Maginn, or whoever else was the writer of the notice, which is otherwise very flattering to G. C. For George Cruikshank was by this time personally and intimately known to almost every publisher in London. Maginn had a wide acquaintance among booksellers, and had he taken the trouble to go down to Fleet Street or the Row he would very soon have learned that George was at this time a *lithe*, well set-up, broad-shouldered little fellow, strong and tenacious

as a bulldog and nimble as a squirrel, with a hawk nose, a broad forehead, noticeable grey eyes, and black hair and whiskers ; that he dressed habitually in a blue swallow-tail coat, a buff waistcoat, grey pantaloons, and hessian boots with tassels ; that he was not averse from using his fists in an up-and-down tussle ; that he danced horn-pipes, and jigs, and reels to perfection ; that he was married, and lived in Myddelton Terrace, Pentonville ; that he worked desperately hard, and had so been working since he was a boy, when his only playthings had been copperplates, and ground "dabbers," and bordering wax ;¹ and that he was an enthusiastic admirer of the Royal

¹ Moulding the wall of bordering wax round a plate before the acid is poured on for etching is as amusing as making a mud pie. The composition called bordering wax is softened in warm water until it is thoroughly ductile ; it is then pulled out into straps about six inches long, one inch broad, and a quarter of an inch thick, and the outer edge is then hastily pressed down before it cools along the margin of the plate ; while the thumb of the left hand is passed along the inner edge with a strong pressure so as to squeeze the wax close down to the metal. The soft straps are "tailed" on to each other until the wall of circumvallation is completed, leaving a spout at one corner to carry off the acid. In the year 1852 Henry Alken (the well-known painter of racing and coaching scenes) and the present writer were engaged in etching and aquatinting on steel a panoramic representation of the procession at the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington—a work executed for the well-known firm of Ackermann and Co., in the Strand (the premises are now those of Mr. Eugene Rimmel, the perfumer, and on the site of his factory at the bottom of Beaufort Buildings was Beaufort House, the printing offices of Messrs. Whiting, where William Hazlitt finished his *Life of Napoleon*). A score of plates, "imperial" size, were requisite for the panorama, which contained thousands of figures, and the mere manual labour of laying the grounds, smoking the plates, and fastening down the bordering wax was the reverse of light. I delight to remember the times when my good old friend, the late Adolphus Ackermann, one of the partners in the firm, used to run round from his ledgers and cash books in the Strand counting-house into our workshop in the Buildings, and help us at the task of ground-laying and wall-building. He would tuck up his shirt-sleeves and go to work, pulling out interminable straps from a mighty rolling-pin of softened wax, with a will. "I've laid hundreds of miles of it," he would say to us triumphantly when he had turned a corner deftly or fashioned a very successful spout. "When we were boys, my governor" (old Rudolf Ackermann, father of *Annals* and books of the fashions, and foster-parent to the art of lithography in this country) "used to allow us, as a great treat, to go to old Mr. Rowlandson's, in Southampton Street, and help him to border his plates." Rowlandson was the famous caricaturist and contemporary of Gillray ; and on the shoulders of the twain just one little shred of the mantle of Hogarth had descended. Rowlandson, in his later years, was in the constant employ of the house of Ackermann ; but I do not remember George Cruikshank having done anything for that firm. Touching wall-building, I have been given to understand that the young gentlemen etchers of the present day are too high and mighty to manipulate the homely and somewhat oppressively-smelling bordering wax. Either they "put out" their plates to be bitten-in for them, or they strongly varnish the backs and margins of their coppers and then immerse them in a galvanised india

Navy and its Jack Tars. (Did you ever see George's illustrations to Charles Dibdin's songs? I declare that G. C. was the only artist who ever gave the world a definite and sufficing notion of the shape and fit of those immortal trousers which the heroine of Wapping Old Stairs washed for her Thomas when the 'tween decks of one of His Majesty's line-of-battle ships was converted for a whole fortnight into an Annida's garden.) The Fraserian writer might have learned likewise that George hated the French in general, and the Emperor Napoleon I. in particular, with an intensity of animosity which might have won applause from Dr. Johnson; that in politics he was an odd combination of an extreme Radical and a violent Tory (the Tory predominated); and that, although his services were in constant demand in the publishing world, he was, as a rule, very poorly paid. I have heard that for an illustrative etching on a plate octavo size he never received more than twenty-five pounds, and had been paid as low as ten pounds, and that he had often drawn a charming little vignette on wood for a guinea. By the "Bottle" he must have realised a large sum of money; still, I very much question whether, even when he was at his noontide of capacity and celebrity, his average income, taking the bad years with the good, exceeded six hundred pounds a year. And be it remembered that, although George knew every nook and corner of the city of Babylon-Prague, he would not be called a Bohemian. From his youth upwards he had been a householder and "kept up an appearance," as the saying is. In these times an artist (I don't say a Millais, a Frith, or a Tadema, but a sound, practical, hard-working painter or draughtsman), who had made his way among publishers and his name with the public, would think himself very ill rewarded if he did not earn from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds a year.

The prodigious fame which all-deservedly had greeted the author of "Oliver Twist," and the pleasant notoriety which had been the lot of the writer of "Jack Sheppard," a novel which criticism would wholly refuse to tolerate nowadays, but which took the taste of the rubber bath full of diluted aquafortis. George Cruikshank was bred in a sterners school. When the meridian of his career was past he allowed a trusted assistant to bite in his plates for him, but in his early days the *main d'œuvre* was entirely his own; and not less reverently attentive than the Hero of old listened to the sage who told "the fairy tales of science and the long result of Time," have I and Watts Phillips (George's pupil) sat smoking our pipes (long "churchwarden" pipes, I am ashamed to say, Madam), and listened to the brave old man telling how plates were best polished, or oil- or whiting-rubbed, or roughened with emery powder; how the burnisher, the scraper, the dry-point, and even the glazier's diamond should be used on copper, and how to conduct the crucial process of the *opus mallei*, or "hammering-up," a portion of a plate which had been too deeply bitten in.

town forty years ago, seems to have awakened George Cruikshank to the conviction that the time had come for the world to know something about the personal *faits et gestes* of the writer who had pictorially immortalised Fagin's nose and beard, Noah Claypole's bandy legs, the Dodger's battered hat, Sikes's bulldog, Sheppard's cropped head, Blueskin's ruffianly visage, and every stone and iron bar of the old gaol of Newgate. So, with the co-operation of the late Mr. David Bogue, the publisher : his shop was in Fleet Street (next the *Punch* office eastward, St. Bride's Passage lying between), G. C. started, in 1841, the shilling serial called "George Cruikshank's Omnibus." The wood-engraved frontispiece representing in dexterous perspective the interior of an omnibus full of passengers was in itself alone worth the shilling. But the first number contained likewise a marvellously etched conspectus by George of the World as it Rolls, crowded with minute figures, and a number of highly comic sketches drawn on wood, to which was attached something approaching an autobiographical *résumé* of George's career. His own portrait in a variety of aspects and attitudes, drawn by his own pencil, was capital. Whether the accompanying letter-press was from George's pen, "revised and settled," as the lawyers say, by Thackeray or by Laman Blanchard or by both (G. C.'s own literary style being as hazy, and grammatically as "weak at the knees," as the march of his pencil and etching needle was strong and clear and sure), I have not been able to ascertain. The article displays, throughout, much diverting and good-humoured self-consciousness, which is never, however, fulsome or offensive. An egotist George certainly was—in the sense that Montaigne, and Howel, and "Anatomy" Burton were egotists—but he was the very reverse of a selfish man. Throughout his long and laborious life he was continually sacrificing himself for others. Vain, too—pardonably vain—it must be candidly admitted that he consistently showed himself to be ; but he was not a conceited man. Lest I should be accused of stumbling into a paradox, I will briefly define that which appears to me to be the distinction between tolerable vanity and tolerable conceit. The pardonably vain man knows his own worth and strength, what he has done, what he means (D.V.) to do ; and he cannot help telling the world now and again of those wishes. But he knows that there are a great many folks as good and better than he, and he admires them and does them loving justice. The unbearably conceited man thinks himself to be just the cleverest and wisest creature on the face of the whole earth, and refuses to admit the existence of talent or sagacity in any other human being. It is a good thing, I take it, for a nobleman to

remind himself now and again that he is a peer of the realm ; but at the same time he might likewise bear in mind that there are other members of the House of Lords in addition to himself.

The "Omnibus" which started so gaily was not on the whole, I am afraid, a very successful venture. If the first number contained slightly too much of George, there was scarcely enough of him in the succeeding instalments ; and one month his admirers were bitterly disappointed to find, in lieu of a whole-page etching of some droll subject by this favourite humourist, a full-length portrait of Miss Adelaide Kemble as Norma. For the rest, the "Omnibus" afforded George ample opportunity to display his mirth-provoking powers in "Nobody and the New Police Act," "The Strange Cat," and that inimitable scene supposed to take place in a boarding-school for young ladies, with the motto, "Oh ! Goodness Gracious : here's a great Blackbeetle !" The blackbeetle—or rather beadle, for the insect is a sable representation in miniature of Mr. Bumble himself, cocked hat, parochial staff of office and all—is slowly crawling over the carpet to the horror and affright of the young ladies, who are jumping on chairs and sofas and gathering up their skirts to avoid contact with the abhorred but harmless little creature. Why this prejudice against blackbeetles ? I am not ashamed to say that I like beetles, and that in their cockroach form on board ship, in the West Indies, I have found them quite agreeable companions.

While George Cruikshank's "Omnibus" was taking up, and (alack !) also setting down subscribers, the fire in the Tower of London took place. The great Armouries (hideous piles of brick, erected by Sir Christopher Wren for William III.) were utterly consumed ; hundreds of thousands of stands of arms were consumed ; and the regalia in the Martin Tower had a very narrow escape. George was, I think, on terms of intimacy with Mr. Swift, the then keeper of the Jewel-house, and he seems to have been present at the fire ; at all events, there appeared in the "Omnibus" some very striking little etched vignettes, showing how Mr. Swift, assisted by a posse of stout warders, broke down with pickaxes and sledge-hammers the bars of the great iron cage enclosing the regalia, and conveyed the crowns and sceptres to a place of safety. Soon after this the "Omnibus" ceased running. Apart from its artistic merits, which were many, its literary contents were varied and brilliant. Specially to be remembered in the letter-press was Thackeray's "King of Brentford's Testament," and a number of very beautiful little poems by poor Laman Blanchard. Finally, the "Omnibus" should be noted as the closing point of an important stage of George Cruikshank's career. It was the last piece of

important work executed by him on copper; and his enforced abandonment of chalcography for chalyptography (enforced by the larger number of impressions which a steel plate will yield) is to be regretted from the circumstance that when executing elaborate etchings on steel he ceased to a great extent to bite in his plates with his own hands; and that, moreover, many of the skies, and much of his closely cross-hatched architectural and foreground work, was now "machine-ruled," instead of being free-handed. Some of the later plates to the "Tower of London" seem to be (the figures apart) almost wholly "machined." Look in particular at "Jane Imploring Mary to spare her Husband's life;" "Elizabeth confronted with Wyatt in the Torture-chamber;" the sky and distant buildings in the "Fate of Nightgall;" and "The Night before the Execution;" the last being at least three parts of machine work to one of free-handed needling. A good deal of this mechanical labour was "put out" and performed by Robert Cruikshank.

The great success of the "Tower of London," which, in addition to the etchings, was graced by a host of delightful little vignettes drawn on wood by George in his best and mellowest manner, naturally led to the publication of "Windsor Castle," another of Mr. Ainsworth's unwieldy and sensationally melodramatic romances. The literary portion of "Windsor Castle" was additionally marred by the introduction of a supernatural personage, our old friend Herne the Hunter, about the clumsiest fiend ever introduced on the stage of letters since Ben Jonson's dunderheaded demon in "The Devil is an Ass." The conversations of Herne with King Henry VIII. and the Earl of Surrey are inexpressibly ludicrous; but Herne wears even a more comical guise when George represents him as mounted on the celebrated Cruikshankian horse, an animal which certainly deserves a place in a Museum of Extraordinary Quadrupeds, between the historic steed on which Mr. Millais made Sir Isambard cross the ford and the celebrated camel evolved by the German artist out of his internal consciousness. George could draw the ordinary nag of real life well enough: witness the memorable "Deaf Postilion" in "Three Courses and a Dessert," the inimitable post-boy in "Humphrey Clinker," and the graphically weedy "screw" in "Protestant Bill;" but when he essayed to portray a charger, or a hunter, or a lady's hack, or even a pair of carriage horses, the result was the most grotesque of failures. The noble animal has, I apprehend, forty-four "points," technically speaking, and from the muzzle to the spavin-place, from the crest to the withers, from the root of the dock to the fetlock, George was wrong in

them all. His fiery steed bore an equal resemblance to a Suffolk punch with the head of a griffin and the legs of an antelope, and that traditionary cockhorse on which the lady was supposed to ride to Banbury Cross, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. "Windsor Castle" contained, nevertheless, some astonishingly fine work in small figures, and in effects of light and shade. No less than three artists co-operated in the illustrations to the romance. George was of course *facile princeps* as an etcher, but the small vignettes were drawn on wood, not by him, but by a very skilful and graceful draughtsman, the late W. Alfred Delamotte; and four or five of the etchings in the earlier portion of the book were specially commissioned from Paris and were the production of the famous Frenchman, Tony Johannot, the illustrator of Molière, of "Don Quixote," of "Manon Lescaut," of the "Nouvelle Héloïse," and of a host of French classics. In the plates which he contributed to "Windsor Castle," M. Johannot showed himself to be an accomplished master of form and chiaroscuro and a very graceful manipulator of the etching needle; but he was evidently imperfectly acquainted with the processes of "biting in" and "stopping out," and the tone of his etchings, delicate and symmetrical as they were, was too uniformly grey. In his foregrounds he seems to have made frequent use of the dry-point; but the effect which he produced by this means, although charming in the earlier plates, soon disappeared under the action of the rolling press, or remained visible only in the form of a series of unmeaning scratches. The faintest of Tony Johannot's illustrations to "Windsor Castle" is the "Banquet in St. George's Hall." The most forcible is the "Meeting in the Cloisters of St. George's Chapel."

At this point I designedly leave George Cruikshank as an etcher. In the outset of this paper I remarked that I had not the remotest intention of writing a biography, however slight, of him—that is a task which will be undertaken by far abler hands than mine; nor does it enter within the compass of my design to compile a *catalogue raisonné* of his works. *That* must be a labour of time and patience, and one, moreover, that must be subject to continuous additions and emendations, for I doubt whether the most enthusiastic admirer of the artist or the most assiduous collector of his prints is completely cognizant of all the things he did; and I very much question whether George in the last years of his life had a complete cognizance of the full extent of his work himself. I remember while in Mexico in 1864 disintombing from a dusty cupboard in the country house of my dear deace^d Don Eustaquio Barron, a book called, I think, "Life

in Paris," written about 1822, and containing at least forty coloured etchings by George Cruikshank. Don Eustaquio gave me the book, and on bringing it home to Europe I showed it to George, who at first professed his utter ignorance of the entire performance. Slowly and dimly, however, the remembrance came back to him, but in ultimately recalling the circumstances under which the work had been done—he specially remembered that he had been very inadequately paid by the publisher of "Life in Paris"—he mentioned the curious fact that he had never himself been in Paris in his life.

It remains for me only to conclude this Life Memory by briefly narrating how it was that I first came to know George Cruikshank personally. It was early in the year 1843. I had just left school, and my mother was somewhat perplexed to know what to do with a raw, headstrong, moody, and ill-conditioned lad, whose main qualifications for active life were an imperfect acquaintance with three or four languages and a capacity for drawing grotesque figures with pen and ink. Stay: I had a considerable practical knowledge of cookery, acquired from my mother, who, like most West Indians, was an amateur *cordón bleu*; and it is only a pity that she had not money enough to apprentice me to the head *chef* at the Crown and Anchor or the Thatched House Tavern. As it was, at the age of fifteen, I was little more than an embarrassing incumbrance. It suddenly occurred to me that I might earn a livelihood as an artist. Among our intimate friends was a then celebrated oboe player named Grattan Cooke, the son of that esteemed British *maestro*, the late T. P. Cooke. Grattan knew nearly all the famous artists of the day; and he gave me three letters of introduction: one to good old Mr. Riviere, the drawing master (the father of the renowned cantatrice and traveller, Madame Anna Bishop); another to Edwin Landseer, and a third to George Cruikshank. Edwin Landseer I did not succeed in seeing. He was away, I think, in Scotland; and it was not until nearly twenty years afterwards that, meeting him—then become Sir Edwin—at dinner, I told him how I had missed him. Good old Mr. Riviere, who was busy "touching up" a multitude of pencil and water-colour drawings, emanating I fancy from boarding schools for young ladies—and the time of year was close on the Midsummer holidays—looked over my pen-and-ink scratches; but his criticism, on the whole, was not much more encouraging than that which Sir Joshua was always ready to pass on the productions of juvenile aspirants in art. It amounted to "pretty, pretty, pretty," and little else. And then I went—in a somewhat dejected mood, I must admit—to George Cruikshank, who lived at the time in Amwell Street, Pentonville Hill.

He must then have been about fifty years of age, and, his short stature excepted, was a strikingly handsome man. I can see him now, in a shawl-pattern dressing gown, and with the little spaniel which he has introduced in the meerschaum-smoking reverie in the "Table Book" basking on the hearth-rug. He received me with great kindness, and kept me with him more than two hours minutely examining my drawings, pointing out their defects, showing (with a little curved gold pencil) how the faults might be remedied, but giving me words of bright comfort and hope. I went away trembling all over with surprise, and gratitude, and joy; but I was yet lingering on the doorstep, when he opened the door and called me back into the passage. These were his "more last words." "It's a very precarious profession," quoth he, "and if you mean to do anything you'll have to work much harder than ever the coalheavers do, down Durham Yard." It was my fate, not so many years afterwards, to discover that art was not my vocation, but I adopted in its stead a profession quite as precarious and involving perhaps quite as much hard work as that accomplished by the coalheaving gentlemen who used to wear red plush breeches and fantail hats.

My life for a long period following the year 1843 was a very wandering and uncertain one; and I have been in a great many more places and have picked up crusts in a great many more ways than the majority of my friends are aware of. During fifteen years I saw scarcely anything of George Cruikshank; but in the year 1860, when I was writing some papers about Hogarth in the *Cornhill Magazine*, George came, spontaneously, to see me, beaming, of course, and with both his hands out. Eighteen years have elapsed since then; and to the day, almost, of his death our intercourse never ceased to be of the most affectionate and cordial nature. Watts Phillips and myself (Watts had been his favourite pupil) he always addressed as "his boys;" and we never dreamt, although he was old enough to be our grandfather, of calling him anything else but "George." I had secretly loved and admired him in my childhood long before I knew him; and in the maturity of my age, when scarcely a week passed without my seeing him, I loved him with my whole heart. To me he will ever be, next to William Hogarth, the brightest of English pictorial satirists and humourists and the best of men. No insinuations of his shortcomings or his frailties (who is without some?) will ever remove his image from the niche in which I placed it, long years ago; and I should have been miserably wretched to the end of my days had I not been suffered to see my dear old friend laid peacefully in his grave and to be one of the bearers of the pall at his burial.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE TRANSIT OF MERCURY ON MAY 6.

ON May 6th, one of those astronomical events will occur which depend on three members of the solar system being for a while nearly in a straight line. There are so many of these bodies, and their movements are so varied, that in reality it very often happens that three of them get nearly into a straight line. But most of these occurrences have no special interest for us. It is only when the earth herself is one of the three bodies that as a rule a phenomenon well worth observing takes place. There are exceptions to this rule as when astronomers watch an eclipse of one of Jupiter's moons; for when such an event happens, the sun, Jupiter, and that moon are the three bodies which fall for the moment into line. When we watch Jupiter hiding one of his moons, however, or one of his moons entering on Jupiter's face, it is the earth, Jupiter, and that moon which fall into line. When our own moon is eclipsed, the moon, earth, and sun are in line. When the sun is eclipsed, the earth, moon, and sun are in line. And when the transit of one of the planets Venus or Mercury occurs, it is the earth, that planet, and the sun, which are for the time nearly in line. But it is not every case even of this kind which has any special interest. For if the earth, the sun, and Mercury (for example) are nearly in a straight line, but the planet beyond the sun, the occurrence is not worth watching; and the like if the earth, the sun, and Venus are in line. As for the other planets, when any one of them comes nearly into line with the earth and the sun, no interest whatever attaches to the phenomenon, whether the earth lies between the sun and such planet, or the sun between the planet and the earth. When, however, two planets on the same side of the earth come nearly into line with the earth, we have the pretty phenomenon of a visible conjunction of two planets, if at the same time the sun is on the other side of the earth from that on which lie the two planets. When, as very seldom happens, the sun is so placed on the other side that the two planets, the earth, and the sun, are all four nearly on a line, the phenomena are still more striking, because then the two planets shine with their *fullest splendour on a midnight sky*. Or, again, if three planets (well

illuminated) are all nearly on a line with the earth, we have the still more interesting phenomenon of three planets nearly in conjunction. It will show how seldom such phenomena as this occur, to mention that there is as yet no recorded case in the history of astronomy of three planets being visible at the same time on a space as small as that covered by the moon's disc. And if there were aught of truth in the fancy of some old astronomers that at some remote time all the planets and the sun were in a straight line, and were then simultaneously started on their courses, it may be shown that they would not again fall into that position in a million times as many millions of years as the earth had lasted seconds according to the simple faith of those old astronomers.

Transits of Mercury are neither so infrequent as to possess, like transits of Venus, very great interest, nor so frequent, on the other hand, as to be among those common astronomical events with whose phenomena all astronomers and nearly all well-educated persons might be expected to be familiar. A little consideration will show on what their recurrence depends. I do not think that the readers of this magazine need turn in despair from the few considerations into which I propose now to enter, on this special point. I believe, indeed, that, in many cases of the kind, it is not any inherent difficulty in the subject dealt with, but the use of technical terms only, which renders explanations of this kind unacceptable.

Mercury goes round the sun once in a little less than 88 days, while, as we all know, the earth goes round the sun once in 365½ days,—Mercury traversing an inner circuit, his distance from the sun being only about 36,000,000 miles, while the earth's is about 92,500,000 miles. If the three bodies, the sun, Mercury, and the earth, were in a line, *in that order*, Mercury going round at his rapid rate would complete a circuit while the earth was traversing rather less than a quarter of her circuit round the sun. So that in these 88 days Mercury would have gained more than three-quarters of a circuit. He would gain another quarter in about a third of the time, that is, in about 29 days; but as he has not *quite* another quarter to gain, he comes into line with the sun and the earth (in the order, sun, Mercury, earth), as at first, in about 28 more days, making close on 116 days in all. Thus, on the average (for Mercury has a rather eccentric path, and travels with a rather wide variation of rate), the two planets come together nearly in a line on the same side of the sun at intervals of rather less than 116 days, or rather oftener than three times a year. Mercury is then said (technically but con-

veniently) to be in inferior conjunction with the sun. So that, if Mercury travelled in the same plane as the earth, we should see him thrice a year or more pass right athwart the centre of the sun's face. But the plane in which he travels is inclined to that in which the earth travels, the line in which the two planes cut each other passing from the point crossed by the earth on about November 8 or 9, through the sun, to the point crossed by the earth on about May 6 or 7. Accordingly, when the two planets are in the same direction from the sun (or Mercury in inferior conjunction) at any other time in the year except these two (or within a day or two of November 8 and May 6), Mercury, though he crosses the sun's place on the sky, passes either above or below the solar disc, not athwart its centre or any part of it.

We see, then, that for a transit of Mercury to occur, the date must be near one of these two, May 6 and November 8, and Mercury in inferior conjunction. Suppose this to happen, as it will on May 6. Then rather less than four months later Mercury again passes between the earth and the sun, but at quite the wrong time of year for a transit; and the same is the case when he next passes that way, rather less than eight months after May 6. The third passage of the kind would give a transit if, instead of three times about 116 days, or about 347 days, exactly a full year had passed from the transit of May 6. For in that case the passage of Mercury between the earth and the sun would occur at the right time of year. But the difference of about 18 days is more than enough to prevent a transit from occurring. In fact Mercury passes between the earth and sun on April 17, 1879, which is too far from the critical date May 6. In 1880 the corresponding passage occurs about 18 days earlier still. All this while, too, no passage of Mercury between the earth and sun occurs anywhere near November 8-9; for, roughly, the next passages after May 6 occur four months after and eight months after May, or are as far as possible from occurring at a date six months removed. So for a while there are no transits. Yet it is easy to see that the backward movement of the dates, for each of the three passages of the year, will cause a transit to occur before long. The dates step backward by about 18 days each year, and in thus stepping backward must before long step either on to or very close to the two critical parts of the year, May 6-7 and November 8-9. The dates which step backward from May 6 are safe enough for a long succession of years. Those which step backward from the next passage of Mercury between earth and sun (September 10, 1878) have also a long clear range before them till

they come near the critical May dates, and as a matter of fact, when they do get there they will step clear over the critical part of the month. But the dates which step backward, year by year, from the inferior conjunction of Mercury on December 26 next, have not far to go before they come near the critical November dates, and as a matter of fact they do not step clear over those dates, but right among them. Thus their first step back is to December 10, 1879; their next, to November 23, 1880, and their third, to November 7, 1881, well within the November transit period; and therefore a transit will occur.

But enough of considerations of this sort. Let it suffice to note that the next transit of Mercury will occur on the date just named, November 7, 1881, the next thereafter on May 10, 1891, the next on November 10, 1894; and so forth. The intervals between successive transits, from that of 1802 to the end of the present century, have been as follows in years, 13, 7, $9\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $9\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, 13, 7, $9\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $9\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, and it will be noticed that the latter half of the series repeats the numbers of the former half. The series does not, however, go on continuously through these six numbers, 13, 7, $9\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $9\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, for ever and ever, though for the next century or two it will do so.

But now, it may perhaps be asked, what special interest exists in the transits of the small planet Mercury? Supposing he does every now and then come between the earth and the sun in such sort as to be seen in the form of a small black spot crossing the sun's face, does science gain in any way from the observation of such events? It is known that when Venus crosses the sun's face astronomers are enabled to obtain a fresh measurement of the sun's distance; and though the measurements obtained in this way seem to labour under the disadvantage of differing widely from each other, it is to be inferred that the astronomer finds some advantage in obtaining them. But Mercury cannot, it appears, be used in this way. What advantage can there be, then (it is asked), in observing transits of this planet?

There is one scientific result of considerable value which is gained by such observations, though it is not a result on whose utility I could advantageously descant in these pages,—the motions of Mercury can be more exactly noted by timing him on these occasions than by any other form of observation. Passing over that point, however, the importance of which can only be rightly appreciated by the mathematician, let us see what else the observer of a transit of Mercury may hope to recognise.

When Mercury was first observed in transit, the chief interest of the observation probably arose from the evidence which it afforded *in favour of the Copernican theory*. Not, indeed, that the Ptole-

maic theory would have been overthrown by the mere recognition of the fact that Mercury can pass between the earth and the sun ; for he might have so done, even if the earth had been the chief centre of his movements. But, in reality, it was essential to full faith in the older system that the planets should, one and all, be regarded as self-luminous bodies—celestial orbs, as distinguished from bodies terrestrial, dull, and opaque. To see Mercury as a black spot on the sun's face was to see him as, according to the true Ptolemaic faith, he could not be, as a body, namely, having no lustre save what it owes to the illumining sun.

Probably it was the recognition of this fact which gave to the earliest observations of Mercury and Venus upon the sun's face their special charm—a charm which even the most enthusiastic modern astronomer is unable fully to realise. Thus when Crabtree, at the invitation of Horrocks, saw Venus on the sun's face on December 4 (November 24, Old Style), 1639, he was for a while so lost in ecstasy as to be unable to take due record of the planet's position. "Rapt in contemplation," says Horrocks (in an account more fully given in my treatise on the transits of Venus,) "my most esteemed friend William Crabtree, a person who has few superiors in mathematical learning," "stood for some time motionless, scarcely trusting his own senses, through excess of joy ; for we astronomers have, as it were, a womanish disposition, and are over-joyed with trifles, and such small matters as scarcely make an impression upon others ; a susceptibility which those who will may deride with impunity, even in my own presence ; and if it gratify them, I too will join in the merriment. One thing I request : let no severe Cato be seriously offended with our follies ; for, to speak poetically, what young man on earth would not, like ourselves, fondly admire Venus (emblem of love) in conjunction with the sun (emblem of riches), *pulchritudinem divitiis conjunctam*.

Gassendi had described, in like playful vein, his earlier observation of a transit of Mercury. It may be remarked in passing, however, that Gassendi in 1631, like Horrocks and Crabtree in 1639, had one reason for delight which is wanting to the modern astronomer. They were far from being sure on what day, even, the transit would happen, or if it would happen in the day hours (of their observatory) at all. The astronomer who prepares to watch the transit of Mercury on May 6 next will know, thanks to the Superintendent of our Nautical Almanac, the true time within a minute or so when Mercury will first appear on the sun's face. This contrasts strangely with Gassendi's position. Kepler had announced that Mercury would cross the sun's

face probably on November 7 (October 28, Old Style), 1631. But so far was Gassendi from expecting the exact fulfilment of the prediction, that he began to watch on November 5. On that day the weather was unfavourable; and on the 6th also clouds covered the sky nearly the whole day. The morning of the 7th was also cloudy. Shortly before eight the sun broke for a few minutes through the clouds; but it was still too misty for Gassendi to determine whether there was any small black disc on the face of the sun. It was not till about nine on the 7th that he could examine the sun's disc closely enough to assure himself whether Mercury was there or not.

But before we note the result of this scrutiny, let us consider how Gassendi was observing the sun. Our modern astronomer has his powerful equatorial, steadily driven by clockwork, so as to keep the observed object always in view, without hand-guidance. When observing the sun, his eyes are protected either by darkening glasses or by one or other of several ingenious devices for reducing the brilliancy of the sun's light. When the time draws near on May 6 for transit to begin, the astronomer can set his telescope on the sun, can set his clockwork going, and can commence his watch within a few seconds of the appointed time. How was it with Gassendi? We have seen how he had waited for more than two days in uncertainty when the transit might begin; and if it had not occurred on the 7th, he was prepared to continue his watch until evening on November 9. But what instrumental adjuncts had he? To begin with, he had no telescope at all. Though Mercury in transit is utterly invisible to the keenest eyesight, Gassendi was prepared to observe the transit without a telescope. His only instrumental appliances were a white screen on which a circle was traced, and a shutter with a small hole in it, through which the sun's light was allowed to fall upon the screen, placed at such a distance that the solar image thus formed just coincided with the circle, no light being admitted into the room except through the small hole in the shutter. These were all his arrangements in the room in which he was himself observing. He had an assistant in another room above him, armed with one of the large quadrants then in vogue for taking altitudes of the sun. This assistant was to observe the sun's height when Gassendi gave a signal by stamping on the roof of the floor beneath—a method of communication somewhat inferior to the telegraphic signalling adopted nowadays in large observatories. Even if the assistant attended, a stamp on the floor of a room below him might easily have escaped his notice; and we shall see presently that the assistant did not attend.

Towards nine the sun became clear, and the image of the sun

formed on the screen was as well defined as by Gassendi's arrangement it could well be made. Upon it a small black spot could be seen. But the spot was by no means large enough to be the planet Mercury, whose diameter had been estimated by astronomers at about 7,000 miles (or rather, they estimated the apparent diameter at what would correspond to about 7,000 miles according to our present estimate of the scale of planetary distances). Gassendi was familiar with the existence of spots on the sun, which Fabricius, Galileo, and Scheiner had discovered twenty-one years earlier. He concluded that one of these had formed since the day before, when no such spot had been visible. Soon after nine he had another view of the sun, and it seemed to him that the spot had moved much more quickly than an ordinary sun spot would have moved in the time. In fact, a sunspot takes twelve or thirteen days crossing the sun's visible hemisphere, and this spot seemed travelling at such a rate that it would complete the transit in a few hours at most. Gassendi began to suspect that the spot, small though it was, must be Mercury in transit. He endeavoured, however, to recall his earlier determination of the spot's position, conceiving that he must have made some mistake, especially as the hour assigned by Kepler for the transit had not yet come. But presently the sun again broke through the clouds, and now the spot had so manifestly moved away from its former position that no doubt could remain. The phenomenon, so long waited for, was in progress, — a transit of Mercury was, for the first time, witnessed by human eyes.

Gassendi stamped loudly on the floor, expecting that his assistant would immediately take the sun's altitude. But the assistant made no sign. He was perhaps tired of watching; or possibly a friend had called in and the two were strolling away from the house of the anxious astronomer, whose hopes very likely seemed fanciful enough to others. Poor Gassendi had to watch Mercury passing steadily onwards to the place where it was to leave the solar disc, without any means of timing the stages of the planet's progress, but hoping his assistant would return before Mercury had passed quite off the sun's face. Every minute that he was thus kept waiting involved a distinct loss to the astronomy of our own time; for it may truly be said that really exact observations of the motions of Mercury began on the day of Gassendi's transit. Astronomers consider that their science suffered appreciably through Horrocks's absence from his telescope at the critical moment when the transit of Venus on December 4, 1639, was beginning; but at least Horrocks had the excuse that he was engaged (the day being Sunday) in attendance at church. Gassendi's assistant had no such excuse; for November 7,

1631, was a Friday. Fortunately, this Gallio came back before Mercury had passed off the sun's face; and he effected some time-observations, giving a starting-point whence the motions of Mercury might thereafter be reckoned, though we may be sure the time was not nearly so accurately determined as it would have been if the careless fellow had been at his post from the beginning.

As already mentioned, Gassendi's account of his observations, addressed to his friend Professor Shickhard, of the University of Tübingen, is as fanciful as Horrocks's description of the ecstasy of Crabtree during the transit of Venus in 1639. "The crafty god," writes Gassendi, "had sought to deceive astronomers by passing over the sun a little earlier than was expected, and had drawn a veil of dark clouds over the earth in order to make his escape more effectual. But Apollo, acquainted with his knavish tricks from his infancy, would not allow him to pass altogether unnoticed. To be brief, I have been more fortunate than those hunters after Mercury who sought the cunning god in the sun. I found him out, and saw him where no one else had ever seen him."

I have said that Gassendi at first considered the black spot too small to be Mercury. Yet the spot, as he measured it, was a great deal too large for Mercury. Of course, the image formed on his screen was but a blurred and imperfect picture of Mercury in transit. Indeed, it is somewhat surprising that he should have seen Mercury at all by so unsatisfactory a method.

The next transit of Mercury observed by astronomers occurred on November 3, 1651. It was only seen by Shakerley, a young Englishman, who, finding it would be visible in Asia, went to Surat in India for the express purpose of seeing it. In Wing's "*Astronomia Britannica*" this gentleman appears under the strange and scarcely English-sounding name of Schakerlaus.

The third observed transit of Mercury occurred on May 3, 1661, and was the first which was ever seen by more than one astronomer. Huyghens, Hevelius, Street, and Mercator witnessed the phenomenon. Huyghens observed it at Long Acre, with a telescope of excellent workmanship. May 3, 1661, was the day of the coronation of Charles II., but Huyghens was not diverted from the study of Mercury by the rejoicings of the London citizens at the coronation of that exemplary prince. Hevelius, who observed the transit at Dantzic, was surprised to find how small Mercury really is. He found its disc to be scarcely half as large in diameter as Gassendi had estimated it.

The fourth transit of Mercury—at least, the fourth which is

recorded as having been observed by astronomers—was that of November 7, 1677. It was witnessed by Halley at St. Helena, and is interesting as having suggested to him the idea of that special method of observing transits of Venus for the determination of the sun's distance, whereof we heard so much during the three or four years preceding the last transit of the Planet of Love. His account of the matter, written in 1716, runs as follows :—"About forty years ago, while at the island of St. Helena, I was attending to the constellations which revolve around the South Pole ; it happened that I observed, with all possible care, Mercury passing over the sun's disc ; and succeeding beyond my expectations, I obtained accurately, by means of an excellent telescope, the moment when Mercury, in his immersion, appeared to touch the inner edge of the sun ; and also the moment of his touching the edge at emerging, whence I found the interval of time to be—" but it matters little what he found the interval of time to be—"without an error of one single second of time. For a thread of solar light, intercepted between the dark body of the planet and the bright edge of the sun, appeared, however fine, to meet the eye ; and as it struck the eye, the denticle made on the sun's edge at Mercury's entrance was seen to vanish, and also that made at his emerging seemed to begin in an instant." Then he explains how and why this observation suggested to him the idea of using observations of the same kind, but on the nearer planet Venus, to determine the sun's distance. It has been claimed for Gregory, the mathematician, that he preceded Halley in making this suggestion ; but on insufficient grounds ; for what Gregory really suggested was altogether different, and had, indeed, no value whatever, as Sir Edmund Beckett has pointed out in the two last editions of his fine work, "*Astronomy without Mathematics.*"

So far we have considered only such interest as transits of Mercury derive from the evidence they afford of the accuracy of astronomers' calculations of this planet's movements. At the present time this accuracy has reached so great a degree of perfection that astronomers would be dissatisfied if Mercury failed to make his transit stages within a few seconds of the predicted time. Probably the last occasion when any special gratification was derived by an astronomer from Mercury's close fulfilment of predictions respecting his motions, was the transit of November 8th, 1802, when the veteran Lalande, after forty years' labour in perfecting the tables of planetary motions, had an opportunity of testing their accuracy, or at least the accuracy of those special tables which related to Mercury. He was seventy years old when he witnessed the transit, "a sight," he says,

"which I was the more anxious to view, as I can never see another." We are glad, therefore, to learn that the transit was well seen by the aged astronomer. "The weather was exceedingly favourable," he says, "and astronomers enjoyed in the completest manner the sight of this curious phenomenon."

But now we must consider the peculiarities of appearance presented by the planet Mercury when passing athwart the face of the sun. For though the circumstances are not then altogether the most favourable for studying the physical condition of the planet, yet some phenomena may then be looked for which could not possibly be presented at any other time.

Gassendi had noted in 1631 that the planet seemed to be surrounded by a ring of ruddy light; but Gassendi's method of observing the transit was too unsatisfactory to allow of our placing much reliance upon any such peculiarities. The single fact that the planet as seen by him seemed to have a diameter half as great again as the true diameter, is sufficient to show that he could not possibly have detected any of the delicate phenomena which might arise from the existence of an atmosphere round Mercury.

Plantade seems to have been the first to clearly recognise the fact that during transit the disc of Mercury appears to be surrounded by a luminous ring. In 1799 the astronomers Schröter and Harding observed the ring, which they describe as a nebulous ring of a dark tinge approaching to a violet colour. The same appearance was noted by Dr. Moll of Utrecht during the transit of 1832. Dr. Grant, in his "*History of Physical Astronomy*," remarks that "many persons, on the other hand, who have observed the transit just mentioned did not perceive any indications of a ring around the planet, nor have the observations of more recent transits of the planet served to confirm the existence of such a phenomenon. It is, therefore," he considers, "very probably a spurious appearance depending upon some optical cause." It could readily be understood that observers less closely attentive than those above named might fail to detect a phenomenon which is probably of some delicacy, whether optical or real. And so far as later observations have been concerned, it is certain that some of the most skilful observers of modern times, using telescopes of the best construction, have recognised the appearance of a bright ring round Mercury in transit, to say nothing for the moment of corresponding observations in the case of Venus under conditions apparently precluding the possibility of any merely optical explanation.

During the transit of Mercury on November 5, 1868, Mr. Huggins,

the eminent astronomical spectroscopist, made the following observations: First, to show that the atmospheric conditions were favourable he notes that, though "the sun's edge was a little tremulous from atmospheric agitation, the solar surface was so well defined that the bright granules of which it is composed could be distinctly seen. The planet appeared as a well-defined round black spot. Whilst carefully examining the immediate neighbourhood of the spot for the possible detection of a satellite, I perceived that the planet was surrounded by an aureola of light a little brighter than the sun's disc. The breadth of the luminous annulus was about one-third of the planet's apparent diameter. The aureola did not fade off at the outer margin, but remained of about the same brightness throughout, with a defined boundary. The aureola was not sensibly coloured, and was only to be distinguished from the solar surface by a very small increase of brilliancy."

Let us consider attentively the relations here presented, because if the observed phenomena were in truth objective, not merely subjective, they are pregnant with significance.

Mercury has a diameter of about 3,000 miles, but the disc of Mercury hides a circular space on the sun having a diameter of about 4,300 miles, because Mercury is nearer than the sun to us in the proportion of about 7 to 10. So that the aureole's apparent breadth corresponded to a breadth of 1,430 miles or so at the sun's distance, or to rather more than 1-600th part of the sun's breadth. Of course the envelope (if the ring indicated the existence of an envelope) surrounded Mercury, and to estimate its true thickness we have to consider its apparent thickness as 1,000 miles, not 1,430; but my object just now is to consider what relation the apparent breadth of the ring bore to the solar features, because in that way one can judge what room there was for probable error of estimation. Every observer of the sun knows that a breadth of 1,430 miles on the sun's globe is a very insignificant quantity indeed, even in a telescope of considerable power. I find from observations made at Greenwich upon the same transit that at the end (a more favourable time for observing the phenomena than when Huggins first saw the aureola—for the transit ended at nine o'clock—two hours only after sunrise) there were marked signs of distortion of the disc of Mercury as seen by two observers at Greenwich. These effects were due partly to what is called irradiation—the apparent expansion of a bright object seen on a dark ground, accompanied by the corresponding contraction of a dark body seen upon a bright ground—and partly to optical peculiarities arising from the nature of the instrument employed. One is

a physiological phenomenon, the other an optical one; but neither is subjective, for of course Mercury does not really change in shape as he enters on the sun's face or emerges from it at the time of transit. Now, when we inquire to what degree these subjective phenomena affected Mercury, as seen at Greenwich at a time more favourable for observation than when Mr. Huggins first noticed the bright aureola of light, we find reason for believing that no small portion of the apparent breadth of the aureole *must* have been due to optical illusion, and that the entire breadth *might* have been. For they saw Mercury when emerging from the sun's disc apparently connected by a dark ligament with the edge of the sun, the length of this ligament being equal to half Mercury's true diameter.¹ The ligament had no real existence. We must attribute one-half of its length to the encroachment of the sun's light on the dark background outside the solar disc, the other half to the encroachment of the same light on the dark disc of Mercury. Wherefore we infer that the dark disc of Mercury was encroached upon or reduced by one-fourth of the true diameter of the planet. This would have made the encroachment equal to one-third of the diameter which remained, the part remaining being, of course, three-fourths of the true diameter, while the part cut off was one-fourth. This would precisely correspond with the aureola seen by Huggins as to breadth, though, of course, we should find no explanation in this way of the slightly *superior* brightness of the aureola as compared with the surface of the sun on which it was seen projected. The just inference would seem to be that, while there was a true aureola of light superior in brightness to the solar disc, the breadth of this true aureola was very small indeed; since of the ring between its outer edge and the black body of the planet the greater part, or very nearly all, must have been due to that encroachment of sunlight upon the disc of Mercury of which I have already spoken.

But it may be well to consider an objection which has probably occurred to the reader: The telescope used by Huggins may have shown much less of the encroachment described than those which showed the phenomenon so markedly at Greenwich,—it may have shown no more of this peculiarity than was shown by the great

¹ This is not a mere random guess. It results from a careful examination of the Greenwich views which I made in 1869 for a different purpose altogether. With the great Greenwich equatorial there was very little distortion; and the above estimate of the length of the dark ligament, made from the views with the other telescopes, also brought the observed times of egress with these telescopes into accord with the time as noted with the great equatorial.

Greenwich equatorial. And if the phenomenon depends in any degree on personal peculiarities, it may well be that Mr. Huggins's long experience in observation may have saved him from being misled in this way at all. But, in the first place, this is not a case where experience would affect the result. No telescopist has seen so many transits of inferior planets that he could be regarded as a practised transit observer; and I believe Mr. Huggins observed a transit on November 5th, 1868, for the first time. In the second place, we have plain evidence that his observation of the transit was affected in the way described, for he has recorded what he saw when Mercury was emerging from the sun's face. (Oddly enough, what he says on this point has been mistakenly regarded as applying to a bright spot which he had seemed to see on the planet's black disc. The mistake is natural in one sense, because in the paragraph immediately preceding he had spoken of this bright spot simply as "the spot"; but in the rest of the article he means Mercury itself when he speaks of "the spot," and most certainly he does so in what follows):—"The following appearance was noticed almost immediately after the planet disc came up to the sun's limb (edge). The spot appeared distorted, spreading out to fill up partly the bright cusps of the sun's surface between the planet's disc and the sun's limb." (That is, the corners of light between the planet and the sun were partly cut off.) "This appearance increased as the planet went off the sun, until, when the disc of the planet had passed by about one-third of its diameter, it presented the form represented in the diagram" (the corner spaces being altogether cut off), "thus entirely obliterating the cusps of light which would otherwise have been seen between the planet and the sun's edge." The aureola and bright spot just mentioned, and presently to be considered more at length, would seem to have remained as the planet thus passed off the sun's edge, for Mr. Huggins remarks that the aureola and the bright spot are not repeated in the figure of the planet on the sun's edge, which seems to imply that strictly speaking they should have been repeated, but that, to save time or cost of engraving, he had left them out. Certainly this remark disposes of the absurd interpretation which has been put on the description of the planet's emergence, as though the bright spot had changed in shape, filled up the cusps between the planet and sun, and so forth; for if the bright spot could have done anything so ridiculous, the diagram would not have left the strange behaviour of this spot altogether unnoted.

We see, then, that the planet Mercury, as viewed in transit on this occasion by Huggins, was largely affected by the optical encroach-

ment of the sun's light upon the black disc of the planet. Yet, as already mentioned, we can in no sense dismiss Huggins's bright aureola on this account. The breadth of the aureola we must reject; the existence of the aureola, or rather of the finest possible thread of light around the planet's disc, we must admit. The mere fact that the sun's surface outside the aureola appeared relatively dark would compel us to this belief. But Dr. Huggins noted more. He saw the aureola most plainly when a darkening glass of considerable depth of tint was used. As he truly remarks, "This is scarcely what could have been expected on the supposition that the aureola is merely an optical or ocular phenomenon; for the conditions when the sun was darkened were favourable for the discrimination by the eye of the existence of a small difference of illumination; but they were in the same degree unfavourable for a mere optical effect produced by contrast." It is abundantly clear that, to an eye affected by none of the ordinary defects of vision in such cases, an aureola of bright light would have been seen around Mercury. But it is equally clear that the aureola would have been exceedingly narrow.

Now, how is an aureola of light like this to be explained? We know quite certainly that, so far as the absorptive action of an atmosphere round Mercury would be concerned, the sun's light would be reduced, not increased. It might appear to those unfamiliar with optical cases, perhaps, that the solar rays passing directly through such an atmosphere might be strengthened by others passing through after reflection or refraction. *That*, however, is altogether impossible, though it would not be possible to explain here why it is so; suffice it to say that any atmosphere or other envelope which allows light to pass through along one course to the eye must of necessity prevent light which has followed another course from reaching the eye (*finally*) from the same direction.

Yet the peculiarity is quite readily explained; though, strangely enough, Mr. Huggins himself overlooks the true explanation, and (dealing probably somewhat lightly with the matter) reasons incorrectly about the aureola. He says, "If Mercury be surrounded by a transparent atmosphere, the solar rays would be bent in on all sides, and would cross in front of the planet, but would then proceed in directions far too much removed from the line joining the sun, Mercury, and the earth, to be received by the telescope. Such an atmosphere, in consequence of its power of turning aside the solar beams incident upon it, should appear darker than the solar surface." A somewhat similar error was made by Mr. Russell, Government astronomer in Australia, in dealing with the aureola of

light seen round Venus in transit. (Strangely enough, it is made also by Newcomb in his "Popular Astronomy," published since the preceding lines were written.) The nature of the mistake may readily be illustrated by a well-known terrestrial phenomenon. When the sun is setting, our atmosphere, by its bending power on the solar rays, causes the sun to appear to be in a different position from that which he really occupies. The rays which come directly from the sun towards the observer are bent and sent off in a different direction, not reaching the observer. It would, however, be a mistake to infer that therefore the sun will not be seen. He will be seen, but by rays which started in a different direction, falling upon that part of our atmosphere which was rightly placed to bend them towards the observer. So the part of the sun immediately behind Mercury, which part, were Mercury not there, would send its rays directly to the telescope, is not seen, even where only the atmosphere of Mercury lies in the way, for that atmosphere (as Huggins correctly enough points out) will deflect the solar rays so that they will not reach the telescope of the observer, but pass far away from the earth. But rays from other parts of the sun, falling on such parts of the atmosphere of Mercury as are suitably placed, will be deflected towards the observer; and if those parts of the sun are brighter than the part on which Mercury is projected as on a background, then the atmosphere of Mercury will seem filled with a light brighter than that of the solar background. As, when Huggins saw the aureola, Mercury was near the edge of the sun, where the light is measurably less than near the centre, we perceive that the sun-light from at least the greater part of the aureola round Mercury would be greater than that from the sun's disc. I think it very probable, that if Huggins had made a careful estimate of the brightness of the aureola in different parts, he would have found the parts lying towards the centre of the sun's disc perceptibly less bright than the parts towards the edge. The latter only would send light to the observer from the brighter parts of the sun's face.

There can be no question whatever that the aureola of light round Mercury in transit, is caused by an atmosphere which surrounds the planet. Nor is it at all unlikely that in time astronomers may succeed in determining the extent and density of this atmosphere, and the exact nature of the gases and vapours of which it consists. In fact, the spectroscopist Vogel seems satisfactorily to have demonstrated the existence of the vapour of water in the atmosphere of Mercury.

Very different, and altogether less satisfactory, is the phenomenon of the *bright spot* to which passing reference has already been made.

This perplexing phenomenon was first noticed by Wurzelbau at Erfurt, during the transit of November 3, 1697. He describes the appearance as that of a greyish white spot on the dark body of the planet. During the transit of May 7, 1799, two small spots of a greyish colour were seen on the disc of Mercury, by the observers Schröter and Harding. These astronomers assert also that, during the progress of the transit, the spots moved on the disc as though carried round by the planet's rotation,—the rate and direction of this motion corresponding with the rotation they determined later by direct observation of Mercury. In the transit of November 9, 1802, Fritsch and others saw a greyish spot. In the transit of May 5, 1832, Moll of Utrecht saw a grey spot, and Gruithuisen thought he saw one. Harding, on the other hand, saw two.

Huggins gives the following account of the bright point of light as seen by him during the transit of November 5, 1868 :—

"I noticed a point of light nearly in the centre of the planet. This spot of light had no sensible diameter with the powers employed, but appeared as a luminous point. The phenomenon was distinctly visible as long as the transit continued. The whole aperture of the telescope (eight inches) was in use, with a prismatic solar eye-piece, and powers of 120 and 220 diameters. A sliding wedge of neutral-tint glass allowed the apparent brightness of the sun to be rapidly varied, *but with all parts of the wedge brought before the eye the phenomenon described above continued* to be visible. I watched carefully the bright point upon the planet as Mercury was passing off the sun, to ascertain if this luminous spot could be seen after the planet had become invisible. I kept it steadily in view until the part of the planetary disc, where the point of light was situated, reached the sun's limb. *I then ceased to see it.* This observation must be regarded as negative merely, and not as proving the invisibility of the luminous point when the planet had passed off the sun, for so small a point of light might be easily overlooked when the form of the planet was no longer visible to serve as a guide to the eye. It may be well to state that at the time of making these observations the appearances described by Schröter, Moll, and others, which I had not read for some years, were absent from my memory. I was not looking for these appearances, and it was some little time before I would believe in their reality."

The first question to be determined is whether the point of light seen on the disc of Mercury is an objective reality or merely an optical phenomenon.

Those who object to *à priori* reasoning may perhaps not find any great force in the argument that, if Mercury is a planet in the least degree resembling our own earth, no such phenomenon as the bright point *ought* to be seen as Mercury transits the sun's disc. It is considered by many a sufficient answer in such a case to say that the phenomenon has been seen, and that therefore the question whether it should be seen or not is disposed of. But the question really is *whether* the phenomenon has in truth been seen; and until that

point has been determined, the *à priori* argument remains of weight, or rather it is of weight in determining this point.

Now, until the contrary has been proved, we must assume Mercury to be a world like our earth. When he is in transit we are looking at that hemisphere of his globe where night is in progress. Light on that side would mean some sort of illumination on that half of his globe, and if seen centrally on his disc, or nearly so, it would mean an illumination in that part of Mercury where not only is night in progress, but where it is midnight, and midnight also of the deepest sort so far as the sun's light is concerned. At that part of Mercury, in fact, where the light seemed to be seen, the sun of the Mercurials would be situated directly opposite the zenith or point overhead. Mercurials *there* would see the earth overhead, on their midnight sky, and there would be no twilight whatever, the sun being vertically under their feet, or directly opposite their Antipodes.

But again, let it be noticed what manner of light must illuminate this midnight region of Mercury to enable the terrestrial observer to see a point of light there when Mercury is in transit. We have seen that Huggins used the ordinary measures for protecting the eye during solar observation. It is well known that these are so effective as to reduce almost to blackness the dark parts of spots, and to absolute (apparent) blackness the nucleus which careful observation has detected in the darkest part of each large spot. Yet, in reality, that nucleus even shines with intense lustre. Langley, of Pittsburg, has seen it shining, when alone in a minute field of view, with the lustre of an exceedingly light violet-tinted star. But an even more convincing experiment shows that the lustre of an object which shows any degree of light under such circumstances must be intense indeed. The electric light and the lime light, though almost unendurably bright when viewed alone, appear absolutely black when projected on the solar disc. "Greyiness under these circumstances," as I remarked in an article written shortly before the transit of 1868 (see "Cornhill Magazine" for November 1868), "would signify an absolutely unbearable intensity of illumination, if Mercury could be viewed directly without darkening glasses or any of the other arrangements which astronomers are compelled to make use of in viewing the sun."

Now, on *à priori* grounds, it certainly is a strong argument against the objective reality of the bright light, regarded as a Mercurial illumination, that such a view of its nature would require us to believe that over many square miles of the surface of Mercury (and always near *that special region which has the sun vertically below or in its nadir*)

an illumination far exceeding in intrinsic intensity the light of the oxyhydrogen lamp was maintained or in progress during the continuance of those transits in which this greyish spot of light was seen. In other words, many square miles of the surface or of the atmosphere of Mercury must then have been glowing with an intensity of lustre far exceeding that with which the lime used in the oxyhydrogen lantern glows when at its brightest. I venture to say this is antecedently improbable.

Another explanation has been advanced recently by one who believes in the "glorified thermometer-bulb" theory of Venus, and would extend the theory to Mercury. When Mercury is in transit he is so placed that if his surface were mirror-like there would be seen on his globe, as in a convex mirror, an image of our own earth, which is, in fact, suspended at the moment before Mercury with its fully illuminated face turned towards that imagined mirror. In fact, the clever painter to whom the stupendous theory in question is due, exhorts observers of the transit of Venus in 1882 to look specially for the image of our earth mirrored in the disc of Venus. "At the next transit it would be worth while for some one with a good telescope and a Dawes diaphragm" (a contrivance for greatly reducing the field of view) "to look at the centre of Venus's disc for the reflected image of the earth. If the envelope of the planet has great refractive power, I think it not improbable that it might be seen as a minute nebulous speck of light." What is sauce for the great goose Venus should be sauce also for the small gander Mercury. Might not, then, the small spot of light have been the reflected image of our earth?

Such ideas, however, are, unfortunately for their authors, open to numerical tests. We can tell precisely how bright an image of the earth seen in this way would be if Venus really were a sort of mighty thermometer-bulb. We can compare this brightness with that of known stars, and we can infer what probability there is that the pointlike image of the earth would be seen. I find that, assuming the most favourable conditions, and that the reflective quality of the surface of Venus is equal to that of the best speculum metal, the image of our earth in the disc of Venus would be equal in brightness to a star so faint as to require a telescope a little larger than the largest yet made by man to render it barely visible on the darkest and clearest night. What chance there would be that even such a telescope, or a telescope ten times as powerful, would show the image of the earth in Venus when Venus is actually on the sun's face, I leave the reader to imagine. Only the astronomer can tell how utterly hopeless such a

telescopic feat would be. And as yet such a telescope is as imaginary as the mirror surface of Venus. That the bright spot on the disc of Mercury could have been an image of the earth is of course still more incredible, if aught can be more incredible than what is utterly impossible. For the image seen in Mercury would be many times fainter; and we know that the bright spot was not seen with the aid of a Dawes diaphragm, but actually through the darkest part of a neutral-tint wedge (so-called), used to reduce the brightness of a solar image already greatly reduced in lustre by the use of a prismatic solar eye-piece.

Considering that, unless we assume Mercury to be in a condition utterly unlike that of our own planet, or of any other known planet, we cannot regard the spot of bright light as an objective reality; we may fairly consider that it is an optical illusion of some sort. It may be due to some instrumental peculiarity like that which has on divers occasions caused astronomers to imagine that Venus has a satellite and that certain bright stars have a faint companion. Or it may belong to a different order of optical peculiarities, as Professor Powell formerly suggested. But it is antecedently so utterly unlikely that the phenomenon can be real, that we are to all intents and purposes compelled to regard it as an optical phenomenon only. The explanation is supported, however, and very strongly supported, by direct evidence. For if the spot were real it should always be seen, whereas only a few observers have ever noticed it. It should always, when seen, present at any given time the same appearance to different observers. But we have seen that sometimes one spot has been seen by one observer, when another has seen two, and others none at all. And lastly, notwithstanding Mr. Huggins's caution as to the evidence he obtained when Mercury was passing off the sun's face during the transit of November 1868, I cannot but think that evidence was in reality decisive as to the optical nature of the phenomenon. When Mercury was but half off the sun's face, Huggins had ample means of determining where the spot should have been visible if real; yet we have seen that at this time it had vanished from view; nor could he see it afterwards, though, until the planet was entirely off the sun's face, he knew exactly where to look for it. That a spot which had attracted his attention (not then directed to the point) when he first observed Mercury that morning, under less favourable conditions, should not be discernible, even when he looked for it, at the later epoch, is in reality proof positive that it had greatly faded in brightness. This is precisely what we should expect in an optical phenomenon of the kind, as Mercury passed off

the bright background of the sun, and is precisely the reverse of what we should expect if the spot were a real region of intensely bright illumination on the surface or on the atmosphere of Mercury.

But I have already written more on this subject than I had intended, or perhaps than its interest to non-astronomical readers may seem to warrant. I hope, however, that, in these days of cheap yet serviceable telescopes, many who do not care for the routine work of astronomy, may yet take pleasure in observing the interesting phenomena presented during a transit of Mercury—in seeing, in fact, a mighty globe, having a surface as large as Europe, Asia, and Africa together, reduced by immensity of distance to a mere black dot upon the glowing surface of our sun.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

TROÿA FUIT.

SUGGESTED BY THE HISSARLIK REMAINS.

STRANGE relics these of a race long since dust :
 Quaint cups once brimming with the grape's sweet juice
 Drained amidst laughter and with jests profuse
 And passionate vows of lasting love and trust ;
 Gauds that once glittered, spite their present rust,
 In the ears of maidens fair as could be seen,
 Sprightly voiced maidens of soul-gladdening mien,
 Now, a mere part of earth's strange-kneaded crust ;
 Swords too and spear-heads that once dealt out death ;
 Ay, and the charms they wore for fear of ill ;
 Even the idols unto whom they knelt
 And cried, when anguished, with wild frantic breath,
 If haply their gods' hearts for ruth might melt.
 O race long dust, we see, we hear you still !

J. W. HALES.

RESTORATION COMEDY AND MR. IRVING'S LAST PARTS.

IF any observer who had watched the stage in England a dozen years ago, and had watched it again to-day, were asked what two great changes had come over it in the interval, he would say that Mr. Irving had arisen and that we had imported the Palais Royal. Our dramatic imports have always been considerable, but they have varied in kind ; and, a dozen years since, the melodrama of the Porte St. Martin and the Ambigu had distinctly the advantage over the boisterous comedy of the Palais Royal and the Variétés. At that period the adopted melodrama shared with the melodrama of home growth—with “Peep o’ Day” and the “Colleen Bawn”—the favour of the public ; and the public, not over-critical nor over-nice, threw itself with fervour into the scenes that were enacted, held its breath or wept sympathetically over Mr. Falconer and Mr. Fechter. We have come upon a period when the public considers itself more conscious of art, and when certainly it is more given to analysis. The “Bells” is not a three hours’ excitement, but a psychological study. We have come likewise upon a period when the public has grown in the knowledge of good and evil. The sensational leap and the brilliant fencing-match yield in interest to the Divorce Court ; and the theatre, which reflected a dozen years ago a life of impossible romance, reflects to-day the life of an impossible *demi-monde*. So it is that, while our serious hours of play-going belong to Mr. Irving, our lighter are delivered over to the Criterion.

Twice only, within the last year, has there seemed a fitting moment for speaking of “Pink Dominos”—the last commercially successful importation from the haunts of the unrecognised. The first moment was when the piece was produced, and immediate, if hasty, record had to be made of it. The second, perhaps, is now, when the countenance which might have been withheld has undeniably been given, when more than three hundred audiences have filled the play-house—when the *bourgeois* has gaped at broad allusions, and even Society has been a little surprised (since these things sound so

much more civil in French), and all vulgar Bohemia has surged, I suppose, into the theatre—jockey and betting man, gambler and bagman on the loose, the idlest product of Manchester wealth and the last wielder of a tooth-pick from Aldershot—these, I suppose, have surged into the theatre to see in some shabby reflection of the life they lead that which purports to be a reflection of the life of the world.

The moral of "Pink Dominos" is eminently popular, for it is that of the English or French popular play-wright and not of the master of poetic fiction: it is the moral of the superficial joker and not of the brooder on life: it is the result, not of the knowledge of men, but of the acquaintance with the stray half-hours of men. I am only surprised that Mr. Albery has preached it instead of Mr. Gilbert, for, after all, it is far less in keeping with the "Two Roses" than with the chain of dramas, cheaply cynical, which began with "Pygmalion and Galatea," and ended—or has it *not* ended?—with the piece at the Haymarket you forget the name of. In private life Mr. Gilbert may have a child-like confidence in every virtue under the sun, and in the sweetest propensities of Humanity; but, in public, knowingly or unknowingly, he has assumed the *role* of the good-tempered sceptic. We are all as bad as we can be, and we are all of us hypocritical. That is the truth urged courteously by Mr. Gilbert in a dozen comedies, and that is the truth thrown at us in "Pink Dominos." It is a welcome theory for us all. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*; but whoso excuses others, excuses himself.

But Mr. Gilbert would never have been chargeable—one hardly thinks that Mr. Albery is personally chargeable—with the great and fatal artistic fault of "Pink Dominos" at the Criterion. That fault, as we shall see, perhaps, a little further on, is that the moral of our universal depravity is insisted upon throughout the course of scenes quite as pathetic as comic. That is the artistic mistake. You might have carried your wild jest successfully enough, along its three acts, had you admitted that the world you pictured was a world you did not believe in. A rattling comedy, and acted *au pied levé*—the personages such as exist in a two hours' extravaganza—that would not have been amiss. You touch a little upon forbidden ground—well and good. You show us your debauched visitors, your thieving serving-men, at Cremorne. Well and good. You are perhaps a little indecent. Well and good; for if you are, at least it is plain and above-board. You are a Rowlandson or a Gillray at all events, and not a Laurence Sterne. But it is in the presentation of such characters as those acted by Miss Fanny Josephs

and Miss Eastlake that there exists the offence, and the offence there exists not so much in the tolerance of one particular evil—if evil we are agreed to name it—as in the representation by the one actress of a cynicism which you call experience, and on the other of a suffering which you call a green simplicity.

The truth is, critics have been too severe upon such faults as they have found in "*Pink Dominos*." Spades have been called spades long enough in our best literature for us to have no need to wince if they are called spades once more. Merriment itself, in our best literature, has been associated with coarseness—minds the most refined have not been the last to recognise that wit may be a little vulgar and not the less piquant. And the theatre itself is not destined for the nursery. The mistake of "*Pink Dominos*" is not in its breadth, but in its cynicism; the gentleman who gloats over the photographs of "actresses" which adorn the drawing-room of a lady is an obvious exaggeration, which passes and is forgotten; but the lady herself, who with icy propriety preaches to a simpler-minded woman, struck down by the disclosure, that there is no faith of any sort left in the world, and that goodness is only greenness—that is the fatal mistake, and the mistake impossible to any serious artist in literature or the theatre. The mistake is thoroughly English—it can hardly have been French.

There are twelve persons of the drama in "*Pink Dominos*," and how many honest people do you think there are among them? Two at the most, and one of the two is utterly disagreeable, and the other is represented as entirely silly. Well, the deepest observer of the world not having yet come to the conclusion that ten persons out of twelve are not to be trusted for a moment, it is plain that the action that passes between these personages at the Criterion must not pretend to be a copy of any that passes off the stage of a theatre. Out of a thieves' den, out of a convict-prison, there is no substantial likeness existing to the action and conditions of action that obtain in "*Pink Dominos*." You have plainly a misrepresentation, if you take it seriously—a burlesque, if you will; a just permissible exaggeration, if you take it in jest. Suppose it then to be jest, and let us, with all the willingness in the world, make believe that it is a good one. We will grant the lewd Tartufe of the photograph album, and the hypocritical youth who flirts with Rebecca. We will grant the demure Rebecca who hurries to Cremorne; the head waiter who lies over every bill and puts his fingers into every savoury dish. We may grant even a little more, and the thing may remain burlesque, or may become even one of those comedies which are without a touch of

serious interest ; its action lighter than that of the *Mariage de Figaro* ; its persiflage more wordy and whimsical than Marivaux. But the two women—the wives of London and Manchester—make the comedy impossible, bring us back to actual life from the regions of burlesque ; and the moment we are brought back to actual life, the tone must be altered, and that which we had accepted as extravaganza we must reject as reality.

Lady Wagstaff—I said there were two honest people, but the authors probably would make a third in Lady Wagstaff—she is the most degraded of the set : her own character a thing of thin veneer and tawdry gimcrack as repulsive as the furniture of a Brighton terrace amongst which the scenic management of the Criterion has chosen to put her. It is nothing that she believes in her husband's infidelity ; but it is everything that she disbelieves in everyone's truth. What may be her own virtues ? Sympathy at least is not amongst them, for the experiments she performs on her more simple-minded sister—on the serious young heroine, Mrs. Greythorne, of Manchester—she performs much in the spirit in which the most callous student of the Rue de Médecin would perform an act of vivisection. Mrs. Greythorne is to be enlightened as to the principles of men, and it is the acrid Lady Wagstaff, whose own character is a compound of the cheapest cynicism and the iciest selfishness, who is to accomplish this enlightenment. The formal and even politeness, the chilly and rigid *tenue*, of the actress, Miss Fanny Josephs, do nothing to make the character less disagreeable, or less destructive of that harmony in burlesque treatment which is the only chance for the artistic success of the play. The thing becomes a discord.

And Miss Eastlake as Mrs. Greythorne ? Miss Eastlake, by the very excellence of her gifts and the sincerity of her art, adds to the painfulness, instead of to the cheerfulness, of the general impression. She has one of the most pathetic voices, one of the most expressive faces, and some of the truest gestures in London. It is almost a mistake in art to use these, and to use them so well, when their effect can only be to give to the situations through which the actress is passing that air of reality which the situations, in order that we may endure them, should be wholly without. The caddish baronet and the snobbish manufacturer belong, not very conclusively, to the world they affect to be a part of—cool and clever as Mr. Wyndham undoubtedly is—but Mrs. Greythorne looks all, and more than all, that she professes to be when she is represented by Miss Eastlake. The time will come, no doubt, when the pathetic expression and gracious charm which are Miss Eastlake's so much, will find for themselves

some more appropriate opportunity of exhibition than any they obtain in "*Pink Dominos*"—a play ingenious in unhealthy suggestion and rich in variety of offence.

It could hardly have occurred to anyone to expect failure from Mr. Irving in the "*Lyons Mail*." All the success the piece afforded scope for he was sure of, to begin with ; and those who saw him in it, and who were held a little enchained by what is, after all, the rare interest of successful melodrama, complained of nothing but that they had seen before every phase of his talent which that exhibited. Whatever there was of violent had been forestalled in "*The Bells* ;" whatever of glad and lightsome devilry, in *Jingle* ; whatever of airy, in "*The Belle's Stratagem* ;" whatever of chivalrous, in *Philip*—not to speak of the Shakespearian impersonations, each one of which, whether success or failure, had contained so much, and so much that was new, interesting, and suggestive. But that is one of the inevitable disadvantages of an actor who for a stretch of years has occupied the continuous attention of the public in many parts : the expressions of the voice, of the face, the very gestures of head and hand, have, after all, a limit ; and the repeated expression which must needs be used is none the less true and fitting, because, to an audience that has followed every performance of the actor, it is more or less familiar. An actor, as he adds to the number of his successes, adds to the number of his difficulties ; and this is so more especially if his aim be high ; for while the actor who aims at melodrama alone may be safe in the interest of the situations it offers, and while the actor who is purely a comic actor need fear no grudging of the accustomed laughter when he presents for the thousandth time just the accustomed face, the artist who aims to represent individual character, lighted, too, sometimes by romance or poetry, has much against him when treasures of novelty in invention and expression are no longer at his command. But in the "*Lyons Mail*," Mr. Irving himself, contentedly, one supposes, and for the time wisely, fell back upon such protection as is undoubtedly afforded by the strong interest of melodrama ; and, with an actor whom even those who decline to reckon him poetical or exalted confess to be skilled in the resources of his craft—with such an actor failure was impossible. In "*Louis the Eleventh*," Mr. Irving entered again into the region of experiment, and his success in the experiment is a matter to be warmly debated.

The piece itself has at many times been over-praised. Claiming to be poetical, and a study of character, it voluntarily abandons the interest of well-knit story and strong situation ; and yet its poetical

touches could be counted on the fingers, and its study of character reveals nothing that was profoundly hidden. Sir Giles Overreach is a study of character, and a better one than Louis XI., and one, too, lighted up by more of grim humour than ever Mr. Irving can let forth on the adaptation of Delavigne. Yet it is deemed impossible to fill a theatre for many nights with any representation of Sir Giles Overreach. It is clear, therefore, that if an actor can even fairly satisfy a really difficult audience in this part of Louis, his gifts and acquirements must be beyond our denying. Now, Mr. Irving has already satisfied many audiences. He has done much with the part.

He has bestowed on it great study, much cleverness, an infinity of resource. He has brought to it many of the stage qualities without which it must needs be a failure ; but to say that is by no means to say that the impression produced has been wholly satisfactory. To my own mind, it is in the first act in which he appears—that is, the second of the play—that Mr. Irving is most thoroughly admirable. His entry promises all that any performance of the part can give. Possibly the greatest living master of the art of “making-up”—the most painstaking and careful inventor of all helpful tricks of stage disguise—Mr. Irving in “Louis the Eleventh” has surpassed himself in this particular. It is certainly Louis. Nor is it with any fairness or clearness of judgment to be charged against the actor that his representation is incompatible with our imagination of the King of France, when he was capable—when he was master of all his means. The words of the play expressly record that, from the very beginning of the action of the piece, Louis is marked for death : his death is waited for ; and Mr. Irving, instead of being chargeable with the fault of anticipating the period of utter decay, is to be commended for the gradations he has known how to indicate—the passage from death certainly coming to death certainly come. Nor, again, is it greatly to be urged against Mr. Irving that the whole performance is one monotonous record of suffering and evil. The play leaves to the actor little choice in the matter. The Louis of Mr. Boucicault’s version of Delavigne is seen only at the very weary end of life : no glimpse of the great and active politician, but a man fertile only in pettiest and meanest expedients : to the last revengeful, and even at the first a coward. Mr. Irving has varied the picture as best he could, according to his lights. The confidential friendliness of his chat with the peasants in the throne-room, for instance, is a vivid illustration of recorded character—a monarch to whom men of noble nature were permanently strangers, but at home with the intriguer and at home with

the boor. Full, too, of bitter humour is the scene with the peasants at their merry-making. There is a touch of comedy wherever comedy can be. Variety is carefully aimed at. And all that can be urged against this is, that it is gained sometimes at the cost of probability.

No one is more skilled than Mr. Irving in the art of effective surprises—of sudden transitions of mood and voice ; and an audience need not be very intelligent to appreciate the display of this art. But Mr. Irving's rapid transitions from resolute villany to abject fear, and abject fear to piety, and piety to villany again, however permissible in the earlier acts of "*Louis the Eleventh*," become unnatural in the later. The bed-chamber scene finds the King in the last weakness. He is quite incapable of changes of voice as marked and sudden as the actor makes them. The slowly-ebbing life has left him fictitious strength enough, perhaps, to be irritable, but too numbed and torpid, too lowered, to be violent. The swift changes which were right in the earlier scenes, become merely theatrically effective in these later.

Again, Mr. Irving—who, for a man of exceptional endowments, is sometimes strangely uncertain to perceive rare opportunities for pathetic and serious effect—is not only, in the opinion of many, a little lacking throughout in the signs of that kingliness which at moments at least must have been Louis's, but is, in my own judgment, irritatingly unmindful of the one legitimate opportunity for securing the passing sympathy which even Mephistopheles himself could hardly be continually without. Mr. Boucicault, who is not a poet, who is not a discoverer, missed the point in his translation, or gave merely a hint of it ; which hint it might have remained for the skilled actor at the Lyceum to catch sight of—to enlarge upon. The king has watched with relief the rustic merry-making, and turns to it again in his thoughts, and Casimir Delavigne has put into his mouth words suggested very likely by lines of Shakespeare very familiar to us :

Après la danse, au fond de sa chaumière,
Le plus pauvre d'entre eux va rentrer en chantant :
Ah ! l'heureux misérable ! un doux sommeil l'attend ;
Il va dormir ; et moi—

Here there is an opportunity for breaking for a moment the long chain of hypocrisy one hates and suffering one cannot care for. There is one true cry—of complaint common to all and appealing to all—and the actor has somehow missed it.

Probably nothing on the stage is truer than the death-scene of the fifth act. Unfortunately, truth is not the only quality to be demanded of Art, whose purpose is not alone to hold the mirror up to nature, but to give men a noble pleasure. The condition limits

the scope of Art very much less than it is possible for the over-dainty, the over-sensitive, or the one-sided enthusiast to believe. The sorrows of Lear give men a noble pleasure—and the death of Colonel Newcome, and the death of Sydney Carton. The death of Louis the Eleventh, as the actor has represented it—and one ought to state expressly that in so representing it he has gone not beyond what may be sanctioned by text and by tradition—the death of Louis the Eleventh is not a thing I should see twice for pleasure at all. I have never relished the art of Ribera any more than the art of Bega and Brouwer. We owe too many recreating hours—evenings of vivid interest—to Mr. Irving, to bear hardly upon him even in thought for his adoption of a realism to some of us at least profoundly disagreeable; but the impression he produces from the moment at which he staggers on to the stage, green with death—studied I know not with what terrible accuracy—to the moment when, after the last weak grasp of coveted crown and the last gasp for coveted life, he reels on the floor—that impression, at all events, is without pleasure, let alone “noble pleasure.” A somewhat restrained effect at last might, I think, have closed a somewhat more sympathetic portraiture—a portraiture which, if it did not take into account—and it might legitimately decline to take into account—the Louis of great politics, and the Louis of “Quentin Durward,” should still perhaps have remembered the stray poetry of Delavigne, lost in the ignoble prosiness of Boucicault, and that much profounder, because unconscious, touch of poetical suggestion made in these words of the contemporary chronicler: “I have known him and been his servant in the flower of his age and in the time of his greatest prosperity; but never did I see him without uneasiness and care. Of all amusements he loved only the chase, and hawking in its season; and in this he had almost as much uneasiness as pleasure, for he rode hard and arose early and sometimes pursued far, and recked of no weather; so that he was wont to return very weary and well nigh ever in wrath with some. I think that from his childhood unto his death he had no ceasing of labour and of trouble.” It may be that the suggestion is compatible with some touch of greater dignity than Mr. Irving has given to his most studied and most skilful portrait of Louis the Eleventh.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

LORD NORTHINGTON.

MOST of us, no doubt, remember the names of Lord Hardwicke and Lord Thurlow, as occupants of the Woolsack in the last century. Their fame has not passed away with them, but remains to our day ; partly because their judgments are quoted with respect and reverence by the legal profession ; and partly also, it must be owned, because their titles still survive in the persons of their descendants and representatives, and the roll of the House of Peers in 1878 would not be complete without a Lord Thurlow and a Lord Hardwicke.

But in the interval between those two learned lawyers there sat upon the Woolsack a man whose name is comparatively forgotten by the world, though he was scarcely inferior to either of them in ability, and had almost as marked an individuality of character as Thurlow, of whom it used to be said that no man could *be* half as wise as he *looked*. I refer to Robert Henley, Earl of Northington.

Descended from the Henleys, of Henley, in Somersetshire, he had for his great-grandfather Sir Robert Henley, Master of the Court of Queen's Bench, who being successful in his career at the Bar, became late in life the owner of the magnificent estate of The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, originally built by Inigo Jones, and also of a fine town mansion, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the site now covered by the Royal College of Surgeons. His grandfather, and his father, Anthony Henley, were successively Members of Parliament ; and the name of the latter frequently occurs in the memoirs of correspondence of the reign of Queen Anne as one of the most polite and accomplished men of his age. Leaving Oxford, and settling down in London, he was admitted to the society of all the first wits of the time, and became the friend and companion of the Earls of Dorset and Sunderland, as well as of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Burnet. He was equally acceptable as a politician at the Court of King William at Kensington, and also at Wills' and Tom's coffee-houses as a wit. He was the patron of Garth, who dedicated to him his "Dispensary ;" and he became a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of his day, including the "Medley" and the

"Tatler." As a member of the Lower House he was a zealous assertor of the principles of liberty, and he became an object of hatred to the Tory party on account of having moved the address to Queen Anne in favour of Bishop Hoadley's promotion.

By his marriage with one of the family of Bertie, Earl of Lindsey and afterwards Duke of Ancaster, one of his immediate neighbours in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mr. Henley obtained a fortune of £30,000; and his wife bore him two sons, the younger of whom is the subject of this sketch. His elder brother died young, but not till he had secured for himself much notoriety by his dissipation and wit, his frolics and profusion, both in town and in country circles; and especially by a "most humorous but insolent reply to his constituents, who had desired him to oppose Sir Robert Walpole's famous excise scheme." He married a daughter of the noble house of Berkeley, but passed to his grave childless. The other son of Anthony the elder, and brother of Anthony the younger, was Robert Henley, who was born about the year 1708, and was educated at Westminster, where he was the schoolfellow of the great Lord Mansfield, though somewhat his junior in age, and also of Bishop Newton. He was afterwards entered at St. John's College, Oxford, whence he was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls. Having left Oxford, he was called to the Bar, and became a Bencher of the Inner Temple. His family connections led him to choose the Western Circuit, and he became in due course Recorder of Bath, and its representative in Parliament. In the gay society which gathered in that city to "drink the waters," he met his future wife, a Miss Huband, who had been for a long time wheeled about in a chair, but was afterwards able to hang up her crutches and walk, thanks to the goddess of the waters or the little god of love. The newly-married couple, not being blessed with wealth, (for the elder Henley was still living and held the purse-strings rather tightly,) on coming to London, took up their abode in Great James Street, Bedford Row, which then commanded a view across the fields near the Foundling towards Hampstead and Highgate. In Parliament he was a frequent debater, and an active supporter of the politics of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and of the "Leicester House party." On the Prince's death in 1751, he adhered to the Princess, and so laid the foundation of his subsequent success in life: for he was made Solicitor and Attorney General to the Heir Apparent—a post which he subsequently exchanged for the Attorney-Generalship of England, on the formation of the Ministry headed by Lord Bute and the elder Pitt; and shortly afterwards, for the Great Seal, thanks to the strong friendship of "the great com-

moner." In 1757, accordingly, he was sworn into office, not, however, exactly as Lord High Chancellor, but as "Lord Keeper of the Great Seal,"—in consequence of the personal dislike and opposition of the King.

His friendship with the Leicester House party so far rendered him distasteful to George II. that he was kept for three years without the Peerage which is usually attached to the Woolsack ; and he probably would have remained a Commoner till the next reign, but for the accident of the trial of Lord Ferrers for murder, when it was thought that the first law officer of the Crown ought to preside. Accordingly in March 1760, he was created a Peer by the name, style, and title of "Lord Henley, of The Grange, in the County of Southampton."

It is generally said that the newly made Peer did not show to advantage on this occasion. Such, at all events, was the opinion of the old Court gossip, Horace Walpole, who writes with his usual spleen and sneer. "The judge and the criminal were far superior to those you have seen.¹ As for the Lord Steward,² he neither had any dignity, nor affected any. Nay, he held it all so cheap that he said at his own table the other day, "I will not send for Garrick to learn to act a part." But whether this charge be true or not, he sentenced Lord Ferrers to be hung in a speech at once grave, simple, dignified, and appropriate. Curiously enough it was again his lot to preside as Lord High Steward in the House of Lords in 1765, when the "wicked" Lord Byron was tried by his Peers for having killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel in Pall Mall.

The accession of George III., as might be expected, brought with it to Lord Henley the long-delayed reward, for he gave up the Great Seal as Lord Keeper only to receive it back as Lord High Chancellor, being at the same time raised to the higher dignity of Earl of Northington. Not long afterwards he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, and resided mostly at his seat in that county, the Grange, from the time of his retirement from public life down to the end of his days, though he varied his existence by occasional visits to Bath.

He continued to sit upon the Woolsack during the three successive ministries of Lord Bute, George Grenville, and Lord Rockingham. On the accession of the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Pitt to place and power, he resigned the Great Seal, but continued for

¹ The allusion is to the Rebel Lords who were tried for the Scottish Rising in 1745.

² Walpole clearly meant the Lord Chancellor.

a year to hold a seat in the administration as President of the Council. This dignity, however, he resigned in 1767, on account of the constant attacks of his old enemy, the gout, which embittered the five last years of his life. He died in January 1772.

I am sorry to say that, unless Horace Walpole and other writers of contemporary anecdote indulge in gross scandal and lies, Lord Northington, in spite of his great talents and high position, must have been a most inveterate toper. In fact, in his love of the bottle he could not have been surpassed either by Lord Thurlow or by any of those choice wits who used to gather in the upper room of the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, and quaff the midnight bowl in honour of Bacchus, looking up to the lines of Ben Jonson inscribed over the mantelpiece in letters of gold.

Truth itself doth flow in wine.

 Wine it is the milk of Venus,
 And the poet's horse accounted :
 Ply it, and you all are mounted.
 'Tis the true Phœbean liquor,
 Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker,
 Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
 And at once three senses pleases.

I will give one or two examples of Lord Northington in his cups.

If we may believe Horace Walpole, the Lord Chancellor was drunk, or at all events had been drinking freely, one evening, when a smart gentleman, with a staff of civic office in his hand, arrived to tell him that he had been chosen Governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and began in a set speech to allude to his health and abilities. "By G——!" cried out the Chancellor, "it's a lie; I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities, if I ever had any."

Again in 1766, while holding office as Lord President of the Council, he went to stay at Bath, where he entered extensively into fashionable society, though he voted it a "horrid bore," even if he did not use a coarser expression. Horace Walpole at all events, writing to Lady Suffolk, says: "The Dowager Chancellor is here. . . . My Lord President goes to the balls; but I believe he had rather be at the ale-house." So well indeed was his Lordship's proclivity in this direction known, that on Lord Gower being appointed to the Presidency of the Council, one of the wits of the day remarked, "Lord Granville had the post, and now Lord Northington has it: it is a drunken place by prescription."

It must be remembered, however, in forming an estimate of Lord Northington, that toying was the "order of the day" in his time, and that "as drunk as a lord" was a saying as true as it was terse. But those times have passed away, and now-a-days, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, "as drunk as a working man."

There is current in the profession an amusing anecdote respecting the acceptance of the Great Seal by Lord Northington. The Seal had been offered to Chief Justice Willes, but had been declined by him for reasons in part personal and in part political, for it was offered without a peerage. Immediately afterwards Henley called on him at his villa, where he found him walking in his garden, highly indignant at the meanness of the offer. After entering into his grievances in some detail, Willes concluded by asking whether any man of spirit under such circumstances could have accepted the Great Seal, adding, "Could you, Mr. Attorney-General, have done so?" Being thus appealed to point blank, Henley gravely told the Chief Justice that it was too late to discuss the question, as he had called on him for the purpose of telling him that he had just accepted the Seal for himself, and that he had accepted it on the same terms which Willes had rejected with scorn.

Though the name of Lord Northington is almost forgotten upon the Woolsack, he was much respected in his official character by so good a judge and so high an authority as Lord Eldon, who calls him "a great lawyer," and expresses his admiration for his firmness in delivering his opinion. By an accident, unfortunate for his fame, the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, whilst he presided over it, were most inefficiently reported; so that his Lordship must be added to the long list of those who have been obliged to sleep in the shade of long night *carent quia vate sacro*. His grandson, Robert, Lord Henley, however, was able to repair this defect to some extent, by gleaning some of his decisions from sundry manuscript collections in the hands of legal friends, and publishing them in two volumes. These show that, whatever he may have been in private life and over the bottle, on the bench he showed judicial talents of the highest order. "He was gifted by nature," observes his grandson, "with an understanding at once vigorous and acute, and he brought with him to the bench a profound acquaintance with both the science and the practice of the law. He was remarkable for the great energy and decision of his mind, and for the happy capacity of relieving an intricate case from all minor and extraneous circumstances, whilst he grappled with and overcame its weightiest difficulties. His judgments also are conspicuous for their clear, simple, and

manly style." It must be owned that his only judgment which is couched in terms intelligible to non-professional readers—his sentence on Lord Ferrers—fully bears out this praise.

He was succeeded by his only son, Robert, who became second Earl, and is known to the readers of history as the friend of Charles James Fox and the patron of Windham. He was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by the Coalition Ministry of 1783, and also received the green riband of the Order of the Thistle. He died at Paris in 1786, in his fortieth year ; but as he left no son, his titles became extinct. He is spoken of by Horace Walpole as a "decent, good sort of man," and as being "at one time intended by the Ministry (1782) for a diplomatic employment abroad." The Barony of Henley, however, was revived—though only as an Irish peerage—in favour of his son-in-law, Sir Morton Eden, who had married his youngest daughter, Lady Elizabeth, the only one of Lord Northington's children who had a family, though they all found husbands. His son, the present Lord Henley, therefore, is the last Lord Northington's maternal grandson, and representative of his name.

EDWARD WALFORD.

STANLEY'S MARCH ACROSS AFRICA.

THE discoverer of Livingstone has added to his laurels by the solution of some of the most remarkable problems of African geography, and the settlement of many points on which incomplete exploration had up to this time left the scientific world in doubt. He has traced the feeders of the grand old "river of Egypt" from a more southerly point than had been hitherto done, demonstrated the unity of the Victoria Nyanza, added to our information of the lacustrine region, and, greatest feat of all, proved the Lualaba of Livingstone to be the upper course of the mighty Kongo, and not of the Nile. To accomplish these services the intrepid traveller had to pass through many grave dangers and "hairbreadth escapes," the narration of which cannot but be attended with the greatest interest. Commissioned by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* to traverse and explore equatorial Africa, his instructions were "to complete the discoveries of Captain J. Hanning Speke, and Captain (now Colonel) Grant, of the sources of the Nile; to circumnavigate Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, and by the exploration of the latter lake to complete the discoveries of Captains Burton and Speke; and lastly to complete the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone."

Taking with him three young Englishmen—Francis and Edward Pocock and Fred. Barker—Mr. Henry M. Stanley set sail from England on the 15th August, 1874, and on the 21st of the following month reached Zanzibar. Before proceeding on his transcontinental journey, Stanley undertook a short preliminary expedition to explore the Rufiji River, which he ascended to a distance of 120 miles in a yawl drawing 5 feet of water. He thinks the river might be navigated by a light draught steamer to a distance of about 200 miles inland. By the middle of October Stanley was again at Zanzibar, preparing for his journey into the interior. He was provided with a large pontoon named the *Livingstone*. This craft was made of caoutchouc, inflatable, and weighed 300 lbs.; being made in sections, it was

divided into portable loads of 60 lbs. each, requiring but five men to carry the whole. In addition to this, he took a boat named the *Lady Alice*, for the circumnavigation of lakes and long river voyages. This vessel, built of best Spanish cedar, in water-tight compartments, was 40 feet long by 6 feet beam, and was of sufficient capacity to carry twenty-five men with a month's provisions, though drawing but 12 inches of water loaded. For convenience of land transport it was divided into five sections of 120 lbs. each. About 350 Wanguana (natives of Zanzibar) were selected and enlisted in his service, forty-seven of the number being men who had marched with Livingstone on his last journey. With this force he crossed over to the mainland at Bagamoyo, and after the usual difficulties incident to the getting into order so large a force, he commenced his journey into the interior on November 17. His force now numbered 347 men, besides women and children. Leaving somewhat to the south the ordinary track, Stanley journeyed from Kikoka in a W.N.W. direction to Mpwapwa, a village in Usagara, where he arrived on December 12, after an unprecedentedly successful march. In the journey from the coast the party had suffered less sickness, less trouble, and altogether had had more good fortune than any previous expedition. Traversing this distance had occupied them only twenty-six days; on the expedition in search of Livingstone the same march had taken Stanley fifty-seven days, and it occupied Lieut. Cameron's party some three or four months. Up to this half-way point to Unyamwebe Stanley had only paid away three bales of cloth out of the seventy-two he had brought with him.

Leaving Mpwapwa the party crossed northern Ugogo with the usual experience of blackmail and robbery. Some of the tribes, however, were more amicably disposed. Broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce and cloth vanished fast, gave way to hilly districts where provisions were abundant, the people civil, and the chiefs kind. During this part of the journey it was subject to furious storms of rain, and sometimes it seemed as if nature and man conspired together against it. Men died from fatigue and famine, many were left behind ill, and many deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, all were without effect. For the three white men, however, Stanley has nothing but praise. "Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rainstorms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted, brave, and, better than all, true Christians. Unrepining they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their troubles, cheerfully performed their allotted duties."

On the last day of the year 1874 the western frontier of Ugogo was reached, and after a rest of two days they struck due north, along an almost level plain, which some said extended as far as the Nyanza. They also learned that they were skirting the western extremity of the dreaded Wahumba or Masai. Two days' progress brought them to the confines of Usandawi, a country famous for elephants; but here their route inclined north-west, and they entered Ukimbu, or Uyanzi, at its north-eastern extremity. Stanley had hired guides in Ugogo to take them as far as Iramba, but at Muhalala, in Ukimbu, they deserted. Fresh guides were then engaged, but after one day's march farther they also disappeared, leaving the expedition on the edge of a wide wilderness without a single pioneer. Having heard the guides say the previous day that three days' march would bring them to Urimi, Stanley determined to continue the journey without them, but on the morning of the second day the narrow, ill-defined track which they had followed became lost in a labyrinth of elephant and rhinoceros trails. Scouts were despatched in all directions to find the vanished road, but they were all unsuccessful, and the compass had to be resorted to. The next day brought them into a dense jungle of acacia and euphorbia, through which they had literally to push their way by scrambling and crawling along the ground under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cutting the convolvuli and creepers, thrusting aside stout thorny bushes, and, by various detours, taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded. In addition to this obstacle to their progress, they began to experience a want of food, and on arriving on the fifth day at the small village of Uveriveri, were unable to obtain any there. The men were suffering much from hunger and fatigue, so, ordering a halt, Stanley despatched twenty of the strongest to Suna, twenty-nine miles north-west from Uveriveri, to purchase food. Then, to afford some relief to the famishing men, he took from his medical stores 5 lb. of Scotch oatmeal and three tins of Revalenta Arabica, and, in a sheet iron trunk, made of these gruel to feed over 220 men. After forty-eight hours the men sent to Suna returned with grain. The report of the purveyors, and the welcome food, animated the men and made them eager to start for Suna, which they did the same afternoon, though not before some deaths had occurred from the privation and fatigue. Passing from this jungle they passed over a broad plain to the district of Suna in Urimi. The natives here were "remarkable for their manly beauty, noble proportions, and utter nakedness. Neither man nor boy wore either cloth or skins; the women bearing children alone boasted

of goat-skins." They were a very suspicious people, and great tact and patience were required to induce them to trade. They owned no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders, with whom Stanley had to treat for leave to pass through their land.

In consequence of Edward Pocock being seized with typhoid fever, and many of the expedition being ill, a halt of four days was made here, but the covert hostility of the inhabitants decided Stanley to press onward. At Chiwyu, but a short distance from Suna, Edward Pocock, who had been carried in a hammock, breathed his last. His loss was greatly deplored by all connected with the Expedition, and Stanley speaks in the highest terms of his uncompromising devotedness and earnestness. At the spot where he died the party crossed the watershed where the infant rivers commence to flow Nileward.

On the 21st January, 1875, they entered Ituru (Speke's Utatura?) a district in Northern Urim, and encamped at the village of Vinyata, where Stanley discovered the river which received all the streams passed since leaving Suna. It is called Leewumbu, and flows in a westerly direction. In the rainy season it is a deep and formidable river, and even in the dry season it is a considerable stream, some 20 feet in width, and about 2 feet in depth. With the Waturu they effected some trade, but on the third day they were surprised by the war-cry resounding from village to village of the Leewumbu valley. Imagining that the warriors of Ituru were summoned to contend with some marauding neighbour, the travellers pursued their various occupations, some of the men going to fetch water, others wandering off to cut wood or purchase food, when suddenly a hundred natives appeared before the camp in full war costume. The number rapidly augmented, and Stanley despatched a young man who knew their language to ascertain their intention. The reply was that one of the party had stolen some milk and butter from a small village, and payment for it in cloth was demanded. A quantity of cloth vastly out of proportion to the value of the stolen articles was paid, at which the elders expressed their satisfaction, and withdrew. The warriors, however, continued to manifest a hostile disposition, and hurried about the valley, gesticulating violently; and it was not long before they commenced to attack the camp with a flight of arrows. Sending some of his men forward to engage the enemy, Stanley hurriedly prepared his defences; he then had the bugle sounded for the skirmishers to return, and found that fifteen of the attacking party had been killed. They were not molested further that day, but next morning the enemy appeared in much greater force. Acting on the off-

Stanley sent out four detachments of his men, with orders to seize all cattle and burn the villages, and then meet at some high rocks five miles away. With their superior arms these were generally successful, and in the evening the soldiers returned, bringing with them cattle and grain. The losses are stated at twenty-one of Stanley's men and thirty-five Waturu. On the third day Stanley despatched sixty good men, with instructions "to proceed to the extreme length of the valley, and destroy what had been left on the previous day." Driving the natives out of a large village, they loaded themselves with grain and set the village on fire. It was soon evident the savages had had enough of war, and the soldiers returned without molestation through the now silent and blackened valley. The severity of the measures adopted by Stanley seems to have been totally unnecessary, and the bloodshed and destruction of property are proceedings which the circumstances do not seem to justify. It is difficult, of course, for anyone who was not present to appreciate the position, but it may be fairly assumed, that with the superior weapons of the travellers, defensive measures, with an occasional sally to meet the attacking natives, would have been ample to insure their safety.

By daybreak on the following day Stanley had quitted his camp, and, with provisions sufficient for six days, continued his march. His force, however, was sadly diminished. Of the three hundred and odd men who had left the coast with him, but 194 remained: in less than three months he had lost by dysentery, famine, heart-disease and war, over 120 men. Crossing the Leewumbu the travellers entered Iramba, where the frightened natives mistook them for the dreaded Mirambo and his robbers, and some patience and suave language were required to save them from the doom that everywhere threatens this notorious chieftain. Passing northwards, they traversed the whole length of Usukuma, through the districts of Mombiti, Usiha, Mondo, Sengerema, Marya, and Usmaow, and at noon on the 25th of February, reached the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. From Ugogo to the lake, their route, which was to the east of that taken by Speke in 1858, was entirely over new ground. From Muanza to the frontier of Usandawi (35 miles) is a level plain having an altitude of 2,800 feet. At the latter place an ascent leads to a wide plateau from 3,800 feet to 4,500 feet high, which embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanyembe, Usukuma, Urimi, and Iramba. The highest point indicated by the aneroids between Muanza and the Nyanza (300 miles) was 5,100 feet. As far as Urimi the land is covered with a thick jungle, relieved occasionally by the giant euphorbia. The soil is very scanty, and, farther north, the rocks of granite, gneiss, and

porphyry stand out in all their bareness. Amongst these primeval fragments the streams and rivulets unite to form the Leewumbu, which, flowing onward with increasing volume, empties itself into the Victoria Nyanza, and thus forms the most southerly feeder of the Nile. Somewhat to the east of its course is the Luwamberri plain, named after a river that traverses it in a northerly direction and joins the Leewumbu. This plain is about 40 miles in width, and has an altitude of 3,775 feet above the sea, and during the rainy season is converted into a wide lake. It is but a few feet below the Victoria of which Stanley supposes it to have been in former times an arm. The Leewumbu River, after a course of 170 miles, becomes known in Usukuma as the Monangah River, and after another run of 100 miles is converted into the Shimeeyu, under which name it enters the Nyanza a short distance east of Kagehyi, the village at which Stanley struck the lake. The total length of the river is about 350 miles.¹

Kagehyi Stanley places in S. lat. $2^{\circ} 31'$ and E. long. $33^{\circ} 13'$, a few miles to the east of Muanza, visited by Speke in 1858. It is situated in the district of Uchambi in Usukuma, and is one of the principal ports resorted to by slave-traders. There the entrapped victims are collected from Sima, Magu, Ukerewe, Ururi, and Ugeyeya, by Sungoro, agent of Mse Saba, who was constructing in Ukerewe a dhow of twenty or thirty tons burden, with which to prosecute more actively his nefarious traffic. Thence the slaves are taken, viâ Unyanyembe, to the coast. Stanley's expedition now consisted of three whites and 166 Wanguana soldiers and carriers, twenty-eight having died since leaving Ituru thirty days before. Dysentery had carried off many victims, against which the free use of medical stores proved of little avail. The distance of 720 miles from the coast had been accomplished in the very short time of 103 days. Stanley now proceeded to ascertain the elevation of the lake by reading his two aneroids and determining the boiling point. From the latter Captain George, Curator of the Royal Geographical Society, calculates the altitude to be 3,808 feet, which does not differ materially from the result obtained in the same manner by Captain Speke (3,740 feet). The aneroid observations ranged from 3,550 to 3,675 feet. These cannot be considered satisfactory, however, and the elevation of about 3,800 feet may now be conclusively taken as the correct one.

The sections of the *Lake Alâz* were soon put together, and

¹ *Mag.* Vol. 47, 1 (October 15, 1875). This Stanley afterwards shortens (*Mag.*, March 29, 1877) to 290 miles.

Stanley, with a picked crew of eleven men and a guide, started on the circumnavigation of the lake, leaving Francis Pocock and Frederick Barker in charge of the camp. He took with him only an artificial horizon, sextant chronometer, two aneroids, boiling-point apparatus, sounding-line, some guns, ammunition, and provisions, wishing to keep the boat as light as possible. He followed to the eastward the south coast, and soon came to where, with a majestic flood, the Shimeeyu issues into the lake, in E. long. $33^{\circ} 33'$, S. lat. $2^{\circ} 35'$: at its mouth it is a mile wide, but a short distance up the channel contracts to 400 yards. In E. long. $33^{\circ} 45' 45''$ he reached the extreme end of a large gulf, to which he gave the name of the discoverer of the Nyanza (Speke), and then, turning west, rounded the Island of Ukerewe. Speke, on his map, showed two islands, Ukerewe and Maziti. The latter of these Stanley found to be a promontory, though appearing from Kagehyi to be an island. The gulf formed by Ukerewe and Majita (Speke's Maziti) is 65 miles long and 25 miles wide. North of Ukerewe lies an island, 18 miles by 12 miles, called Ukara, which gives its name with some natives to that part of the lake. This accounts for the Ukara Sea of Livingstone's map. The coast-line of Ururi is remarkably indented with bays and creeks, which extend far inland. The country is a level plain, and is noted for its wealth of cattle and fine pastoral lands. At Ugeyeya, "the land of so many fables and wonders, the El Dorado of ivory seekers, and the source of wealth for slave hunters," bold and mountainous shores form a strong contrast to the plains of Ururi. Mountains rise to a height of 3,000 feet abruptly from the lake, and at their foot the *Lady Alice* seemed to crawl along like a tiny insect. The coast is also crooked and irregular, requiring patient and laborious rowing to investigate its many bends and curves. The inhabitants are a timid and suspicious race, much vexed by their neighbours the Waruri on the south and the Masai (Wamasui in *Daily Telegraph*, October 18, 1875). Far to the east, beyond the Nyanza, for twenty-five days' march, the country was reported to be one continuous plain, low hills occasionally relieving the surface—a scrubby land, though well adapted for pasture and cattle, of which the natives possess vast herds. Baringo, the most northerly district of Ugeyeya, extending over 15 miles of latitude, gives its name to the bay which forms the north-east extremity of the Nyanza (the Bahr Ngo of Livingstone). Its coast is also remarkable for deep indentations and noble bays, some of which are almost entirely closed by land, and might well be called lakes by the uncultivated or vague Wanguana. North of

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Baringo the land is again distinguished by lofty hills, cones, and plateaux, which sink eastwards into plains; and here a new country commences—Unyara—the language of whose people is totally distinct from that of Usukuma and approaches to that of Uganda and Usoga. In E. long. $34^{\circ} 35'$ and N. lat. $33^{\circ} 43''$ Stanley reached the extreme north-eastern point of the lake. This corner of it is almost entirely closed in by the shores of Ugana and of two islands, Chaga and Usuguru. On referring to Stanley's map in the *Daily Telegraph* (November 16, 1875) we here find one of those numerous errors characterising the maps sent home by him, which he seems to have drawn without any regard to the positions he had determined. These errors will doubtless be corrected in the map or maps by which his book will be accompanied.

At Usoga Stanley met with the first hostile demonstration, which was checked by the exhibition of superior weapons. Large islands line this part of the coast, the principal being Uvuma, an independent country. At Uvuma the explorers experienced treachery and hostility on the part of the natives. Being induced by show of friendship to approach the shore, a mass of natives hidden behind the trees suddenly attacked them with a shower of large stones, several of which struck the boat; but, with a parting shot, which struck down one of the foremost of them, the *Lady Alice* steered away. Between the islands of Uvuma and Bugeyeya they met a fleet of large canoes, which approached with offers of trade. As they began to lay surreptitious hands on everything Stanley warned them away with his gun, and shot one man dead who had stolen some beads and mockingly held them up to view. His companions naturally resented this high-handed proceeding and prepared to launch their spears, but Stanley's repeating rifle soon laid three of them dead; and as the others retreated, he, with his elephant rifle, smashed their canoes, leaving them struggling in confusion in the water. This heavy retribution for the thieving propensities of the savages completed, the travellers continued on their way. Next morning they entered the Napoleon Channel, which separates Usoga from Uganda, and soon heard the sound of the waters rushing over the Ripon Falls to form the Nile. This point had been visited by Speke in 1862. Coasting Uganda, they secured guides at Kriva, who volunteered to conduct them to King Mtesa's capital. At Beyer they were welcomed by a fleet of canoes sent by Mtesa, and on April 4 they landed at Usavara amid a concourse of 2,000 people, who saluted them with a deafening volley of musketry and waving of flags. Bounteous provisions were brought to them, and in the afternoon

Stanley had an audience with the king at his camp. This potentate Stanley speaks very favourably of. He describes him as an enlightened ruler, and of amiable, graceful, and friendly manner. He, and the whole of his court, professed Islam, and he had 300 wives. His conversation showed a vast amount of curiosity and great intelligence. On the fourth day after Stanley's arrival the king and all his court returned to his capital, Ulagalla or Uragara. Stanley gives to Mtesa imperial dignity, claiming the allegiance of Karagwe, Unyoro, Usoga, and Usui. The population of Uganda Stanley estimates at 2,000,000. Mtesa was fond of imitating Europeans, and had advanced greatly since Speke and Grant visited him. The Arab costume was adopted by the king and chiefs. The palace was a huge and lofty structure, well built of grass and cane; tall trunks of trees supporting the roof, which was covered inside with cloth sheeting. Broad highways had been prepared in the neighbourhood of the capital. Five days after their arrival here another white man appeared at Ulagalla in the person of Colonel Linant de Bellefonds,¹ of the Egyptian service, who had been despatched by Gordon Pasha to Mtesa to make a treaty of commerce between him and the Egyptian Government. The two white men, thus singularly met together, were soon fast friends. Stanley places Ulagalla in E. long. $32^{\circ} 49' 45''$ and N. lat. $0^{\circ} 32'$.

In his journey thus far he had examined the whole of the S.E., E., and N.E. shores of the Victoria Nyanza, had penetrated into every bay, inlet, and creek that indent its shores, and had taken thirty-seven observations. He thus proved the correctness of Speke's theory that the Victoria was one lake, and found Speke's outline of it very approximate. The greatest depth yet ascertained was 275 feet. Stanley makes a difference of 14 miles in the latitude of the north coast as compared with Speke, though he found the longitude the same; but examination will probably show that the results of his observations will require modification. In conversation with Mtesa, Stanley seems to have shaken the king's faith in Mohammedanism, and so far to have converted him to Christianity that he determined, until better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem, and caused the ten commandments of Moses to be written on a board in Arabic for his perusal, as well as the "Lord's Prayer" and the Christian injunction, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Stanley advocated the establishment of a mission at Ulagalla, and indeed stated in his letter that Mtesa himself was desirous of the presence of the white Christian teachers.

¹ See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ccxli., p. 203. (August 1877.)

The suggestion has been since taken up and carried out by the Church Missionary Society, and the party sent by it reached the capital of Uganda on July 1 last, and was most kindly received by the king.

Stanley made arrangements with King Mtesa, by which the latter agreed to lend thirty canoes and some 500 men to convey the expedition from Usukuma to the Katonga River, and then started from Murchison Bay on April 17. Alarmed at the aspect of the weather, the two chiefs of the escorting canoes soon abandoned him and returned to Uganda. Stanley, however, proceeded on his way, and approached Bambireh, a large and populous island, with the object of purchasing food. He had by this time run very short of provisions, but instead of obtaining any here, the natives greeted him with their war cry. Hunger was pressing, so in the hope of overcoming their hostility, Stanley carefully drew near to the shore, taking the precaution at the same time to get his guns ready. As he drew near the behaviour of the natives changed, and they exchanged the usual friendly greetings. No sooner, however, had the keel of the boat grounded than the natives rushed towards it in a body, and dragged it up, high and dry, with all on board. Their aspect then again changed, and they indulged in hostile demonstrations, without, however, doing any injury ; and, by the orders of the chief, the travellers' oars were seized. Taking advantage of an opportunity when the natives had retired to a short distance to consult as to their booty, Stanley shouted to his men to push the boat into the water. With one desperate effort the eleven men shot it far into the lake, the impetus they had given to it causing it to drag them all into deep water. With a furious howl of disappointment and baffled rage the savages rushed to their canoes ; but whilst they were deciding what to do, Stanley called his guns into requisition with fatal effect. One bullet, he afterwards learned, killed the chief, and, according to his own account, he killed and wounded fourteen of the islanders. Whilst he was thus employed, his crew succeeded in getting into the boat ; and, in default of oars, using the seats and footboards as paddles, brought the boat out of the cove. At sunset the next day a fierce gale arose, and kept them in fear and peril the whole night. At daybreak they found they had drifted to within six miles of the large island of Mysomeh. They had not a morsel of food in the boat ; with the exception of a little ground coffee they had tasted nothing for forty-eight hours. A gentle breeze setting in from the west carried them to a small island, on which they were rewarded with an abundance of green bananas and other fruit ; and

two fat ducks were shot. To this island, which bore evidence of having been formerly inhabited, Stanley gave the name of Refuge Island. After a day's rest here, they proceeded on their way, and at Wiro or Wiru, in Ukerewe, purchased meat, potatoes, milk, honey, bananas, eggs, and poultry. On May 5 they were back again at Kagehi, after an absence of fifty-seven days, during which about 1,000 miles of lake shore had been surveyed. Their companions, who had begun to give up hope of seeing them again, greeted them with great joy, but had to impart the sad news that Frederick Barker had succumbed to the climate twelve days before.

Stanley now waited the arrival of Magassa with his fleet, but at the end of nine days he had not made his appearance. As Rwoma, king of Southern Uzinza or Miveri, would not allow him to pass through his territory, Stanley obtained from Lukongeh, king of Ukerewe, by strategy, twenty-three canoes, and, embarking two-thirds of his men and property (June 19), in two days arrived safely at Refuge Island; leaving fifty soldiers encamped there he returned to Usukuma for the remainder. From the king of Itawagumba and his father, Kijaju, sultan of all the islands from Ukerewe to Ihangiro, he bought three more canoes in place of some that had been wrecked, and obtained a guide to take them to Uganda. Halting at Mahyiga Island, Stanley committed an act of barbarity which, according to his own showing, is entirely without justification. He first despatched a message to the natives of Bambireh Island, demanding the surrender of their king and the two chiefs under him, and offering on those terms to make peace. The natives treated the message with contempt, but with the aid of the people of Iroba (obtained by putting the king and three of his chiefs in chains), the king of Bambireh was brought to him. The son of Antari, king of Ihangiro, on the mainland, to whom Bambireh was tributary, and two chiefs who came to treat with Stanley, were also detained as hostages for the appearance of the two chiefs of Bambireh. In the meantime, seven large canoes from Mtesa, on the way to Usukuma, appeared at Iroba in charge of Sabadu, from whom Stanley learned that Magassa, the "Grand Admiral," had returned to Mtesa with the boat's oars and the news that Stanley and his men were dead. Stanley persuaded Sabadu to send some of his men to Bambireh to endeavour to procure food: their advent was resisted by the natives, who killed one of the party and wounded eight. For these demonstrations of hostility Stanley thought fit to take a terrible revenge on the inhabitants of Bambireh. Accordingly he embarked 280 men (fifty with muskets and 230 spearmen) in eighteen canoes, and steered for the shore of the offending

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island. By pretending to disembark, the savages were induced to run from the hills to meet them, and at a distance of less than 100 yards from the shore, Stanley formed the canoes into line of battle, with the English and American flags waving as ensigns. Then a volley, fired at a group of about fifty, brought down several killed and wounded. Bringing the canoes close to the beach, as if about to land, the natives approached with elevated spears to repulse them. Then, at close quarters, another volley was fired into their midst, with such disastrous effect as to compel them at once to beat a retreat. Forty-two were counted dead on the field, and over 100 were seen to retire wounded, while there was no fatality on Stanley's side. Considering the "work of chastisement" was consummated, Stanley now made for his camp, and the next morning, more canoes having arrived from Uganda, embarked the entire expedition.

The perpetration of this wanton massacre casts a slur upon the conduct of the expedition, which otherwise so much redounds to the credit of the indomitable leader. For this wilful and unnecessary act of revenge no plausible defence can be, or indeed has been, urged; and when it became known in England it produced a painful impression on many who have at heart the welfare of the inhabitants of the African continent. Attention was called to the matter in Parliament, but, from the character of the expedition, the Government was unable to do more than to send a remonstrance through Dr. Kirk to Stanley for using the English flag to countenance his proceedings. This despatch did not reach the hands of Stanley whilst he was in the interior of the continent. Stanley's evasive attempts, since his return to England, to answer the charges made against him have been utterly insufficient to justify his conduct, and his uncalled-for and untrue aspersions on the motives of those gentlemen who have felt it necessary to rebuke such accompaniments of travel for geographical discovery, show his consciousness of the weakness of his case. Had such bloodshed been perpetrated in a civilised country, the proceeding would have been characterised as a criminal offence. Stanley, however, seems to hold the lives of the African natives in very light estimation. Other travellers have accomplished great journeys without such acts of barbarity: Livingstone never killed a man in his life; Cameron traversed the continent without bloodshed, and Stanley's inability to treat the natives in a similar peaceable and friendly manner shows his unfitness to act as an African explorer and pioneer of civilisation. It should be kept in mind, in the consideration of this affair, that the suspicious and seemingly treacherous

conduct on the part of the natives is not without some justification. As before mentioned, the inhabitants of the shores of the Nyanza were subject to the depredations of the unscrupulous Arab slave-traders, who were, even while Stanley was at the lake, building a dhow for the purpose of facilitating their accursed traffic. What more natural than that at the unusual sight of a boat in command of a white man they should mistake the party for some of their kidnapping enemies, and that they should seek to punish them for the wrongs to which they had been subjected? There is no doubt that now their hate of the white men has been intensified, and the next travellers who venture into their vicinity will doubtless have cause to regret the "chastisement" inflicted on them by Stanley. To similar proceedings to this in the South Seas may be attributed the untimely deaths of Bishop Patteson, Commodore Goodenough and other good men. It does not add to the lustre of geographical research that an irresponsible newspaper correspondent should so take it upon himself to "make war" upon the people whom he professed to wish to bring into contact with civilisation and the gospel.

Five days after leaving Bambireh, Stanley landed and encamped at Dumo, Uganda, two days' march north of the Kagera River, and two south of the Katonga. This camp he had selected as a convenient point from which to start for the Albert Nyanza. He obtained from Mtesa 2,200 choice spearmen under "General" Samboози, with which to pierce through the hostile country of Unyoro, in which Kaba Rega was then bidding defiance to the Egyptian expedition. He reached the frontier of Unyoro on the 1st of January, and put his force in battle-array. The people fled before them, leaving in their haste their provisions behind them. On January 9, the expeditionary force camped at Mount Kabuga (5,500 feet above the sea), to the east of which the Katonga takes its rise. West of the camp, the Rusango River "boomed hoarse thunder from its many cataracts and rapids, as it rushed westward to Lake Albert." From one of the spurs of Kabuga, a passing glimpse was obtained of Gambaragara, a mountain which attains an altitude of between 13,000 and 15,000 feet above the ocean. It is frequently capped with snow. This mountain is inhabited by a peculiar light-complexioned people, of whom Speke had heard, but some of whom Stanley saw. They are handsomely formed, and some of the women are very beautiful. Their hair is "kinky," and inclined to brown in colour; but for their negroid hair, they might be mistaken for Europeans or some light-coloured Asiatics. Their features are regular, lips thin; but their noses, though well-shaped, are somewhat thick at the point. The

origin of this singular and interesting race is unknown : King Mtesa informed Stanley that it had for many centuries inhabited Mount Gambaragara, the land at the base having been given to it by the first king of Unyoro. Colonel Grant supposes them to be a type of fair-skinned Wahuma. The mountain appears to be an extinct volcano, with a crystal-clear lake, about 500 yards in length, at the top. Following the south bank of the Rusango River, ten hours' swift marching enabled the travellers to cross an uninhabited tract of Ankori, and emerge again in Unyoro, in the district of Kitagwenda, which was well populated and cultivated. On January 9, when about three miles from the lake, Stanley sent a message to the chief of Kitagwenda, to assure him of their peaceful intentions, and to offer to pay him for whatever they might consume. Receiving no answer, he sent part of his force to seek a locality for a fenced post, and to borrow some canoes. He descended to the lake, made observations for latitude and longitude, took altitudes, &c., and endeavoured to make arrangements for crossing the lake. The people of Unyoro were naturally hostile on seeing an armed force enter their territory. Preferring not to risk an encounter with them, and being unable to induce Sambozi to move down to the lake, Stanley resolved to return, and try to discover some other country where the expedition could camp in safety, while he explored the lake in the *Lady Alice*. On the 13th, they set out in order of battle : 500 spearmen in front, 500 for the rear-guard, and 1,000 spearmen and the expedition in the centre, and without any noteworthy incident, re-entered Uganda on the 18th. Stanley visited the lake about two months before it was circumnavigated by Signor Gessi (vide *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ccxli., p. 205) ; and it is difficult to reconcile his description of the large deep gulf and the promontory of Usongora with Gessi's delineation of the lake.¹ Stanley places his camp in E. long. $31^{\circ} 24' 30''$ by observation, and N. lat. $0^{\circ} 25'$ by account. The plateau descends from a height of 1,100 feet above the lake somewhat suddenly to its edge. Where Stanley camped, a large gulf, to which he gave the name Beatrice Gulf, runs south-west some 30 miles from a point 10 geographical miles north of Unyam-paka, and is half shut in by the great promontory of Usongora. Usongora is a great salt-field, whence all the surrounding countries obtain their salt. In the vicinity of Mount Gambaragara, the travellers came

¹ As Colonel Mason in his subsequent exploration of the Albert describes it as smaller than at first supposed, and places its S. extremity in S. lat. $1^{\circ} 10'$, it is most probable that Stanley did not see that lake at all, but another smaller one to the south.

across several underground dwellings, hollowed out in the earth, and big enough to contain 200 or 300 men. The entrance was only about 3 feet in diameter.

In the hope of reaching the Albert Nyanza from the south, Stanley proceeded to Karagwe, on a road parallel to, and west of that of Speke; but he here found that there was no means of passing through the countries of Mpororo, Ruanda, and Urori, where the inhabitants were opposed to any intercourse with strangers. He then obtained guides and escort from Rumanika, the "gentle" King of Karagwe to explore the frontier as far north as Mpororo, and south to Ugufu, a distance of 80 geographical miles. The *Lady Alice* was launched on Speke's Lake Windermere, and with six of Rumanika's canoes, manned by Wanyambu (natives of Karagwe), Stanley followed the upper course of the Kagera River. Speke seems to have been in error in naming this river the Kitangule. From its mouth to Urundi it is known to the natives as the Kagera. It flows *near* Kitangule. Speke showed two tributaries—the Luchuro and the Inghezi. Luchuro or Lukaro, according to Stanley, means "higher up," but is no name of any stream. In coming south, Stanley had sounded the Kagera at Kitangule, and found 14 fathoms of water, or a depth of 84 feet, the river being here 120 yards wide. At Lake Windermere it had an average depth of 40 feet. Sounding the river above, he found 52 feet of water in a river 50 yards wide. Three days up the river he came to another lake about 9 miles long and 1 mile in width. At the south end of this lake, after working through two miles of papyrus, they came to the island of Unyamubi, a mile and a-half in length. The whole of this portion of the course of the Kagera as far as the frontier of Mpororo (80 miles) spreads out into a series of expanses of water, from 5 to 14 miles in width, called by the natives "Rwerus" or lakes, separated by fields of papyrus. To the lagoon-like channels connecting these and the reed-covered water, the natives give the name of "Inghezi." Speke's Lake Windermere is one of these *rwerus*, and is 9 miles in length, and from 1 to 3 in width. It should be borne in mind that Stanley was travelling during the rainy season, and all these swamps and lagoons are probably the flooding of a river which, in the dry season, presents a very different appearance. At the point where Ankori faces Karagwe the lake contracts, the water becomes a tumultuous, noisy river, creates whirlpools, and dashes itself madly into foam and spray against opposing rocks, till it finally rolls over a wall of rock 10 or 12 feet deep with a tremendous uproar, on which account the natives call it Morongo, or the Noisy Falls. Stanley next visited the hot springs of Mlagata, which

are renowned throughout the neighbouring countries for their healing properties. Here the vegetation was very prolific, and numbers of diseased persons, males and females, were seen lying promiscuously in the hot pools, half asleep. The hottest water issued in streams from the base of a rocky hill at a temperature of 129° Fahrenheit; four springs bubbled upward from the ground through a depth of dark muddy sediment, and had a temperature of 110° . After an unsuccessful attempt to reach Speke's Lake Akanyara, which Stanley heard was connected with Lake Kivu by a marsh, we find Stanley, on April 24, at Ubagwe, in Western Unyamwesi, fifteen days' journey from Ujiji, on his way to the Tanganyika, to explore that lake in his boat, intending from Uzige to strike north to the Albert, and if unable to pass that way, to travel north by a circuitous westerly course, to effect the exploration of the Albert. He arrived at Kawele, Ujiji, May 27, and leaving Frank Pocock in charge, on June 11 started on his voyage of circumnavigation of the Tanganyika. Following stage by stage the course taken by Cameron, he marked each of his camps, and employed the same guides. Where Cameron cut across deep inlets Stanley diverged from his track, and completed what he had there left undone. Stanley gives some interesting particulars with regard to the supposed origin of the lake. The Wajiji (immigrants long since from Urindi) have two curious legends respecting it.

After coasting the whole of the southern portion of the Tanganyika, Stanley reached, in S. lat. $5^{\circ} 49' 30''$, 14 geographical miles south of Kasenge Island, the Lukuga River, discovered by Lieut. Cameron two years before, and described by him as the outlet of the lake. Of this river Cameron was unable to make more than a superficial exploration, and only proceeded about four or five miles between its banks. He found the current to be one and a half knots an hour *from* the lake, and the neighbouring chief told him that his people travelled frequently for more than a month along its banks, until it fell into a larger river, the Lualaba. (Cameron's "*Across Africa*," i. 305.) In company with Kawe-Nyange, the chief who had accompanied Cameron along the stream, Stanley entered the river, which he found to have a breadth of from 90 to 450 yards of open water. From bank to bank there was a uniform width of from 400 to 600 yards, but the sheltered bends, undisturbed by the monsoon winds, nourished dense growths of papyrus. After sailing three miles before the south-east wind they halted at a place which the chief pointed out as the utmost limit reached by Cameron—a small bend among the papyrus plants, a few hundred yards north-west from

Lumba. Here the limit of open water was reached, and an apparently impenetrable mass of papyrus grew from bank to bank. Pushing their way through about 20 yards of this vegetation they were stopped by mud banks, black as pitch, inclosing slime and puddles seething with animal life. He then returned to the open water, and endeavoured to ascertain by experiment the direction of the current. From a disc of wood one foot in diameter he suspended by a cord, at a distance of 5 feet, an earthenware pot, and this he placed in the water, tying a ball of cotton to it to measure the distance of its movement. With a strong monsoon wind blowing, the disc floated in one hour 822 feet from south-east to north-west. The wind having dropped a second trial was made, and in nineteen and a half minutes the disc floated from north-west to south-east—that is, towards the lake—159 feet. The next day, with fifteen men, accompanied by the chief and ten of his people, Stanley started afoot north-westward. At Elwani Village, where the road from Monyis to Unguvwa and Luwelezi crossed the Lukuga, the party was augmented by two of the villagers. Here the Kibamiba, a small sluggish stream with a south-easterly trend, joined the Lukuga; and the bed of the Lukuga was a swamp with occasional shallow hollows of water. A little farther the water was found to be flowing indisputably westward. At the Kiganja Range this stream becomes known as the Luindi or Luimbi, and was said to flow into the Lualaba. From his investigation and inquiries, Stanley came to the conclusion that the Lukuga and the Luindi were two streams rising in the same swamp or “Mitwansi,” the one flowing into the lake and the other towards Rua. He, however, supposes that the channel will soon become an effluent from the lake, as the latter is rising and encroaching on the land. It is remarkable, that if up to the present time the Tanganyika has had no outflow, its waters are quite sweet, though Captain Burton states that the natives “complain that its water does not satisfy thirst,” and “it appears to corrode metal and leather with exceptional power.” Further and more complete investigation is yet wanting before this matter of the outlet can be considered as finally set at rest.

From the Lukuga Stanley continued the exploration of the lake along the coasts of Ugubba, Goma, Kavunvweh, Karamba, Ubwari, Masansi—all ground previously unvisited by any white man. Thus he came to the point where Livingstone and he left off in 1871, thence to Ujiji, after having examined every river mouth, bay, and creek, in a voyage of 800 miles. His examination of the north end of the lake showed that Ubwari, which Burton and Speke on their

voyage from Ujiji to Uvira had sketched as an island, is in reality a peninsula, over 30 miles in length, joined to the mainland by an isthmus 7 miles in width, with an altitude in its centre of about 200 feet above the lake. To the gulf formed by this peninsula, Stanley has given the name Burton Gulf, in honour of the discoverer of the Tanganyika, as Speke Gulf distinguishes a somewhat similar formation in the south-eastern corner of the Victoria Nyanza. From Ujiji Stanley journeyed, via Bambarre and the Luama River, to Nyangwe, which place was reached in the unprecedentedly short time of forty days, inclusive of halts, from Ujiji (350 English miles), or twenty-eight marches from the Tanganyika.

Ujiji is one of the chief markets of the slave trade, where the poor natives are collected after being captured in the regions to the west of the Tanganyika. Stanley draws a sad picture of the condition of these victims. "The objects of traffic, as they are landed at the shore of Ujiji, are generally in a terrible condition, reduced by hunger to ebony skeletons—attenuated weaklings, unable to sustain their large angular heads. Their voices have quite lost the manly ring—they are mere whines and moans of desperately sick folk. Scarcely one is able to stand upright; the back represents an unstrung bow, with something of the serrated appearance of a crocodile's chine. Every part of their frames shows the havoc of hunger, which has made them lean, wretched, and infirm creatures." These living skeletons have been marched from Marungu to Ugubha; thence to Ujiji they were crowded in canoes. They are the profitable result of a systematic war waged upon all districts in the populous country of Marungu by Wanyamwezi banditti, supported, directly and indirectly, by the Arabs. These Wanyamwezi, armed with guns purchased at Unyanyembe and Bagamoyo, band themselves together with the object of enslaving tribes and peoples which are unable to resist them, and in Marungu, where every small village is independent and generally at variance with its neighbour, they have every facility for their fell work. Stanley lays a heavy charge against the Seyyid of Zanzibar, in making him and his subordinates responsible for this devastating traffic, in spite of the treaties recently concluded between him and the British Government. Said bin Salim, the governor of Unyanyembe, an officer in the employ of the Seyyid, he believes to be one of the principal slave traders in Africa. Whilst reprobating the conduct of the Arabs of Zanzibar, Stanley does not attach blame to Seyyid Burgash personally, and credits him with doing his best to suppress the traffic. But his power over his subjects is insufficient to cope successfully with the evil. Many of the slaves are captured in

Manywema or **Manyema**, as Stanley variously spells the name (**Livingstone's Manyuema**), where raids are periodically made upon the unprotected villages, the men shot and afterwards cut to pieces and exposed on trees, to strike terror into villages not yet attacked, while the women and children are driven off in gangs to Ujiji. Eight years ago the plain between Nyangwe and Mana Mamba was thickly populated and covered with villages, gardens, and fields, with goats, pigs, and bananas in abundance; it was at Stanley's visit "an uninhabited district—mostly. The country was only redeemed from utter depopulation by a small inhabited district, at intervals of six hours' march, the people of which seemed to be ever on the *qui vive* against attack." Livingstone arrived in Manyuema when this systematic depopulation was only in its commencement, and observed and noted its first symptoms. The influence of England at Zanzibar ought to be exerted to the utmost to put a stop to this terrible state of affairs.

Stanley reached Nyangwe sixteen months after Cameron's departure for the south, and then learned definitely that Cameron had abandoned the project of following the Lualaba. He now prepared to launch out into the unknown region, from which Livingstone and Cameron had both unsuccessfully turned back, a region regarded with intense superstition by the Africans, and peopled in their stories with terribly vicious dwarfs, striped like zebras, who deal certain death with poisoned arrows, who are nomads, and live on elephants. According to them, a boundless and trackless forest covered the land away to the north, and the great river Lualaba rolled on into the far north, possibly, the Arabs and their slaves suggested, even to the salt sea. Frightful tales were told about the savage character of the inhabitants of this forest, and their cannibalism, the ferocity of a tribe of dwarfs, the leopards and snakes that infest the bush, &c. As had been the case with both his predecessors, Stanley was unable to obtain canoes at Nyangwe, and the Arabs there, pretending to be very solicitous about his safety, said they could not think of permitting his departure. In proof of the warlike character of the natives down the river, he was told that although expeditions—one numbering 290 guns—had been sent against them, all had been compelled to turn back much reduced in numbers, with woful tales of fighting, besieging, and suffering from want of food. Undaunted by these tales, Stanley was determined to follow the river, feeling confident that it would bring him out on the west coast of the continent. To provide against warlike opposition, therefore, he here recruited his force to 140 rifles and muskets and seventy spears, and engaged

an Arab chief and 140 followers to escort them sixty camps along the river banks. Taking with him ample supplies for six months, he left Nyangwe November 5, in a northerly direction, intending occasionally to strike the Lualaba. The reports of the natives as to the boundless forest seemed to be verified when for three weeks they travelled through the dense gloomy thickets of Uzimba and Southern Uregga; and the Arabs soon became disheartened and wished to return. To obviate such a disaster as this would probably prove, Stanley proposed to strike for the river, cross it, and try the left bank. This they did in S. lat. $3^{\circ} 35' 17''$, forty-one geographical miles north of Nyangwe, and continued their journey along the left bank, through N.E. Ukusu. On reaching the river the *Lady Alice* was launched for the first time on the Lualaba, and "here the resolution never to abandon the Lualaba until it revealed its destination was made." Trouble soon arose with the inhabitants, though the number of the expedition prevented it from being attacked. The force was divided into two parts, one moving forward by land, and the other by water. Some days' marching brought them to the first of the cataracts—the falls of Ukassa—which had proved so fatal to previous adventurers. These were passed without loss, the empty canoes being allowed to float over the falls and picked up below. On December 6 they arrived at Usongora Meno, an extensive country, occupied by a powerful tribe. The natives manned fourteen large canoes, and, with fierce demonstrations prepared to prevent the passage of the *Lady Alice* and the six canoes of the expedition. Explanations of their peaceful intentions and willingness to pay their way, were replied to by a shower of arrows. A successful charge was made against the obstructive force, and a way cleared through. The land party was also attacked in the bush, and several were wounded. In addition to these misfortunes small-pox made its appearance amongst the Arabs, and within two or three days carried off eighteen, and many suffered from dysentery and ulcers. In this condition they arrived at Vinya Njara, 125 geographical miles north of Nyangwe, when they were attacked by the natives. Plunging with desperate energy into the bush, they in a short time cleared the skirts of the camp, and at once set to work to cut down the bush for a distance of 200 yards, and make the place defensible. The next day the travellers took possession of the village, and turned the dwellings into hospitals for the sick and wounded. An intermittent firing was kept up for three days, until the land division appeared, when things became more peaceful. Here the Arabs came to the determination to proceed no farther, and parted from the travellers. On December 28 Stanley

mustered the expedition ; 146 men and women answered their names, and with this reduced force he pushed onward.

On January 4 (1877) they came to the first of a series of cataracts or falls, in S. lat. $0^{\circ} 32' 36''$ below the confluence of the Lumami and the Lualaba. The natives here proved very troublesome, and considerably impeded the passage of the falls. For the ensuing twenty-four days they had fearful work, constructing camps by night along the line marked out during the day, cutting roads from above to below each fall, dragging their heavy canoes through the woods, while the most active of the young men—the boats' crew—repulsed the savages and foraged for food. On January 27 they had passed in this desperate way forty-two geographical miles by six falls, and to effect it had dragged their canoes a distance of thirteen miles by land, over roads which they had cut through the forest. When they had cleared the last fall ($0^{\circ} 14' 52''$ N. lat.) they halted two days for rest, which all very much needed. In the passage of these falls they lost five men. Hitherto the river had had a trend to the N.N.E., and it occurred to Stanley that probably after all Livingstone's belief that it was connected with the Albert Nyanza and the Nile would be verified. Here, however, high spurs from the Uregga Hills bristle across its path, and turn it from its course, and at the equator it changes to a north-westerly direction. After passing this series of rapids they entered upon different scenes. The river gradually widened from its usual breadth of 1,500 to 2,000 yards to two or three miles. It then began to receive grander affluents, and soon assumed a lacustrine breadth of from four to ten miles. Islands also were so numerous that only once a day were they able to obtain a glimpse of the opposite bank. The first day they entered this region they were attacked three times by three separate tribes ; the second day they maintained a running fight for almost the entire twelve hours, at the end of which they suddenly came (in N. lat. $0^{\circ} 46'$) to the second greatest affluent of the Lualaba—at its mouth 2,000 yards wide—running from a little N. of E. As they crossed over from the current of the Lualaba to that of this magnificent affluent, the Aruwimi, they were astonished to see a fleet of fifty-four canoes advancing in full war array to receive them. Four of Stanley's canoes, in a desperate fright, became panic-stricken, and began to pull fast down stream ; but they were soon brought back. Dropping their stone anchors, a close line was formed, and preparations made to receive the attack. Fast and furious the native flotilla swept towards them. Their canoes were of enormous size, one containing eighty paddlers ; a platform at the bow, for the best warriors,

held ten men ; in the stern, eight steersmen with 10 feet paddles guided the great war-vessel ; while the chiefs pranced up and down a planking that ran from stem to stern. About twenty other canoes approached to about three-fourths of the size of this one, and the occupants of the fifty-four canoes Stanley estimates at 1,500 or 2,000. As the largest boat shot past them the first spear was launched. There was no time for palaver ; the enemy undoubtedly meant war, so Stanley waited no longer, but gave the order to fire. Instantly they were surrounded by the formidable canoes, and for ten minutes or so clouds of spears hurtled and hissed about them. The natives then gave way, and lifting anchors, a charge was made upon them with fatal result. As they retreated they were followed to the shore and chased on land into ten or twelve of their villages. Then Stanley sounded the recall. An abundance of food was secured, and a large quantity of ivory collected. Only one man had been lost on Stanley's side in the fight ; though in the several collisions with the natives he had, since leaving Nyangwe, lost sixteen men.

To obviate these continual encounters with the natives, Stanley decided to abandon the mainland and pass down the river between the numerous islands ; he would thus probably pass unnoticed many affluents, but the great river itself was the main thing, to which the discovery of affluents was subordinate. In this way then they glided down for five days without trouble, further than anxiety for food. Driven at last by pressing hunger to risk a collision with the natives, they approached the shore in N. lat. $1^{\circ} 40'$ and E. long. 23° , and were received by the natives in a friendly spirit. "That day, after twenty-six fights on the great river, was hailed as the beginning of happy days." In reply to his inquiries as to the name of the river the chief told Stanley that it was called Ikuta Ya Kongo. Here then, 900 miles below Nyangwe, but still about 850 miles from the Atlantic Ocean, was convincing evidence that the Lualaba and the Kongo were one river. Three days were spent at this village in buying food, after which a day's run brought the expedition to Urangi, a populous country, where their experience of the natives was less favourable. Numerous speculations were submitted to, and on the second day 100 canoes were manned with fighting men, and an attack made on them. After a fight of some hours' duration, the savages abandoned the attack, and the travellers steered for the islands again. On February 14 they lost the island channels, and were borne by the current towards the right bank, inhabited by the Mangala or Mangara (N. lat. $1^{\circ} 16' 50''$, E. long. 21°). Here they were attacked by sixty-three canoes, and for two hours they had to contend desperately against savages armed with muskets.

In the end, however, breechloaders, double-barrelled elephant rifles, and sniders prevailed, and after a battle lasting from noon till near sunset, the travellers passed on down the river and camped on an island. Soon after the battle with the Mangala Stanley discovered the greatest affluent of the Kongo, the Ikelemba, which he identifies with the Kasai, Kassye, or Kasabi. It is nearly as important as the main river itself. The peculiar colour of its waters, which is like that of tea, does not commingle with the silvery ripples of the main stream until after a distance of 130 miles below the confluence. It is the union of these two rivers which gives its light-brown colour to the Lower Kongo. For four days they clung to the island channels, and then at Ikengo found a friendly trading people, with whom they stayed three days. A little west of E. long. 18° the mouth of the Ibari Nkutu or Kwango, about 500 yards wide, was passed. Six miles below its confluence with the main stream, they had their thirty-second and last fight, being attacked on land by a hidden foe whilst collecting fuel.

Their days of battle were now over, but still months of toil awaited them in the passage of the lower series of cataracts. A little west of E. long. 17° the river became straitened by close-meeting uprising banks of naked cliffs, or steep slopes of mountains fringed with tall woods, and the calm current of the water changed to a boisterous rush. For five months were the intrepid travellers engaged in working their way past this long series of falls for a distance of 180 miles. In these 180 miles the river has a fall of 585 feet, ascertained by boiling point. Whilst Frank Pocock had to superintend the men as they carried the goods, and to distribute each day's rations, Stanley undertook the duty of leading the way over the rapids and selecting the best paths for hauling the boat and canoes overland. At Mowa Falls, the thirty-fifth of the series, Pocock became disabled, ulcers forming on both his feet. He was therefore, with twenty-five Wanguana who were ill, placed on the sick list. The next two falls, the Massesse and Masassa, were small ones, and Stanley resolved to attempt their passage in the boat : he and his crew, however, in doing so, narrowly escaped being drawn into the whirlpool below the Mowa Falls, and it was only by the most desperate exertion that they saved themselves from certain death. The attempt was therefore given up, and Stanley hurried off overland to superintend the transmission of the goods, leaving the supervision of the passage of the canoes over the falls in the hands of Manwa Sera, his chiet captain. Frank Pocock was left behind, but being anxious to get to camp he insisted on getting into one of the canoes ; and in spite of the advice and remonstrances of the man in charge, persuaded him

to shoot the fall. They did so, but in an instant the canoe was overturned in a fearful whirlpool, and out of the eleven men that went down but eight came out alive. Among the three who perished was Frank Pocock, whose injudicious conduct had cost him his life. As he rose to the surface, Manwa Sera sprang after him, but another whirlpool immediately drew them down, and presently only the chief emerged, faint and exhausted. Thus did Stanley lose the last of his English assistants, who after travelling thousands of miles with him, perished within 200 miles of the end of their journey. This sad event occurred on June 3. There were still many cataracts to be passed, though day by day the natives cheered them by saying that they had but one or two more before them. At last they came to the Isangila or Sangalla Falls. Hearing that there were still five more to be passed, after five months' toil and the loss of sixteen men, Stanley had the boat and canoes drawn high upon the rocks above the cataract, and, set out to accomplish the rest of the distance to the coast by land. He also sent messengers in advance to Boma or Emboma to pray for relief from any European who might be there, as they were suffering greatly from want of food. Fortunately the messengers soon returned loaded with provisions, and revived by their good fortune, they pushed on to Boma, which they reached on August 8. The party was by this time reduced to 115, and these were in a fearful condition from toil, privation, and disease. In the journey of nearly 1,800 miles from Nyangwe one Englishman and thirty-four Wanguana had perished. In the lower series of cataracts they had passed seventy-four separate falls, fifty-seven only of which were important, and his losses at these Stanley attributes in some degree, though with seeming injustice, to errors in Captain Tuckey's map. From Boma a passage was given them on a steamer down to Kabinda, where he met the Portuguese exploring expedition under Major Serpa Pinto, then preparing to pierce Africa from the west coast. Here sixty men were laid up suffering severely from scurvy, others from dropsy, dysentery, &c. One young fellow just lived to reach the ocean; another went mad for joy, took to the bush and was lost; and Stanley himself was prostrated with weakness. After a few days' rest, the Portuguese gun-boat *Tamega* conveyed them to Loanda.

After bringing his men successfully thus far, Stanley was not going to abandon them to find their way back to Zanzibar as they best could. Although his instructions seem to have been to hasten back to England, he preferred first to see them in safety to their island home. He accordingly took advantage of the offer of a passage in *H.M.S. Industry* to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence *Commodore*

Sullivan, with the assent of the Home Government, provided them with a passage in the same ship to Zanzibar. Here they arrived in November last, and, after a journey of 12,000 miles (7,000 across the continent and 5,000 from the mouth of the Kongo round the Cape to Zanzibar) the faithful Wanguana were restored in perfect health, robust, bright, and happy, to their wondering friends and relatives. This kind and thoughtful act, by which he has doubly endeared himself to those who accompanied him throughout his tremendous journey, accomplished, Stanley felt himself at liberty to return to England, which he did, being fêted and honoured at many of the Continental towns on his way.

There can be no doubt as to the vastness and immense value of the additions to our geographical knowledge accomplished in the three years Stanley was marching across the continent. By his voyage down the Lualaba he has made us acquainted with an immense region, which the great facility of water communication cannot fail soon to open to the benefits of trade and civilisation. He has proved that the Lualaba of Dr. Livingstone and the Kongo are one river, thus confirming a theory already generally held by geographers. Even so long as twenty years ago, Sir Roderick Murchison suggested that the river which his friend Livingstone so fondly hoped to be the upper course of the Nile was identical with the Kongo, and that the Kongo drained Lake Tanganyika. This mighty river is now shown to have a navigable course of over 1,000 miles, which, with the affluents, may probably be extended to 3,000 miles of splendid waterway. The total length of the Kongo is about 2,900 miles, somewhat less than that of the Nile, though its volume and navigability vastly exceed that river, and the region drained by it is estimated at 860,000 square miles. It takes its rise, as the Chambezi, in the high plateau between the Tanganyika and Lake Nyassa, and is the principal feeder of Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, a large body of shallow water about 8,400 miles in extent. Issuing from Bangweolo, it is known under the name of Luapula, and after a course of nearly 200 miles empties into Lake Mweru. Leaving Lake Mweru it obtains the name of Lualaba from the natives of Rua. In northern Rua it receives an important affluent called the Kamalondo, or Kamarondo. Flowing in a north-west direction it has at Nyangwe a breadth of about 1,400 yards (increased during the rainy season to about two miles), and a volume of 124,000 cubic feet per second, its altitude above the ocean here being about 1,450 feet. It has flowed thus far about 1,100 miles. Continuing to the north-west and then to the north, it receives several large streams. After passing the

equator its course again changes to the north-west, and it is joined by the largest but one of its tributaries—the Aruwimi. This river Stanley suggests to be the Welle of Schweinfurth. This theory, however, cannot, with our present information, be considered as established, and, indeed, Dr. Schweinfurth himself, in a recent letter to the *Exploratore*, gives several reasons for doubting the connection of the Welle with the Aruwimi and the Kongo. Dr. Petermann, however, arrives at the conclusion that the Aruwimi and the Welle are identical. It is possible that the water sighted by Stanley to the west of Unyoro is a lake distinct from the Albert Nyanza, and that this gives rise to the Aruwimi. This, however, is one of the many problems that yet remain to be solved. After the junction with the Aruwimi the Kongo reaches nearly to 2° N lat., and then turning to the south-west, joins the previously known portion of its course at the Yellala Falls. At its mouth its volume was estimated by Tuckey at 1,800,000 cubic feet per second; but this figure is probably too large. The numerous cataracts in the lower portion of the river form a great impediment to the navigation, though, once these are passed, there is an open course extending half way across the continent. Along these interrupted parts practicable roads should be constructed for portages, as in the case of the falls of the Shire River, and then steamers might easily be conveyed in sections to the river above. The natives along this portion of the river are well disposed for trade, and of articles for trade there is an abundant variety. Ivory is so plentiful that it is made use of for the commonest purposes; and the entire plain is distinguished for its groves of the oil palm. Almost everything that Africa produces is to be found in the great basin of the Kongo—cotton, india-rubber, ground nuts, sesamum, copal (red and white), &c. To obtain advantage of this immense wealth a company should be formed somewhat on the scale of the East India Company, though much may be accomplished by individual traders. Stanley boldly advocates the extension of English sovereignty over the Kongo basin, as this country is the most likely to develop commerce and spread civilisation effectually and honourably. The Kongo may be considered to be the highway to Central Africa, and the future of that continent will doubtless depend greatly upon the power which obtains ascendancy on that river and its affluents.

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

TABLE TALK.

FEW things are more conducive to quietude of life and length of days than the possession of a hobby, supposing always it is not, like the breeding or running of racehorses or the like, of too exciting a nature. Where it takes the shape of collecting objects of interest or curiosity it forms one of the most agreeable occupations that a man whose life is not wholly occupied in the pursuit of wealth can adopt. If exercised with a moderate amount of intelligence it is likely to prove a source of profit. The recent sale of the library of Mr. Dew-Smith, at which books fetched prices previously unheard of, shows that when a collection is made with judgment the investment will prove largely remunerative. A man need not wait long, indeed, to find his purchases rise in value. First editions of Byron and Shelley brought, at the sale mentioned, prices that comparatively few years ago would have been thought excessive for early Shakespeares. For the benefit of young collectors of books I give a piece of information, the importance of which it is impossible to overestimate. Pay little heed to second-rate copies, the value of which fluctuates with changing fashions; but when you come upon a first-rate copy of any rarity, secure it—it is certain to rise steadily in value. If a library is known to contain works of this description, it attracts, when it is sold, a class of buyers altogether unlike those who flock to the sale of more ordinary works, and the prices obtained are immensely increased. Meantime, as one of the chief difficulties of young collectors is to know what they can obtain at a low price with a reasonable hope of seeing it advance, let me offer them what is technically called a “tip.” There is probably no safer investment than buying the masterpieces of modern china. Some of the works of Messrs. Minton and other manufacturers are admirable in art. In the course of comparatively few years these things are sure to rise enormously in value. Another class of purchases that may be recommended is that of works from our pictorial exhibitions in black and white. These have attracted as yet no attention at all proportionate to their worth.

A DICTIONARY of Political Terminology or Glossology—*l'un ou l'autre se dit*—is certainly among the wants of the age. What with the new doctrine *beati possidentes*, and the old one *uti possidetis*, the *status quò* (which Continental diplomatists, in defiance of Priscian, persist in calling *le statu quò*) ; what with the squabbles respecting the difference existing between a Conference and a Congress, and Lord Beaconsfield's grave declaration that there is no difference between them at all ; what with the continual mutations of political nomenclature in France and the United States, and the most recent additions to our own political vocabulary, in the shape of Russophils, Turcophils, Slavophobes, and Jingoës (a "Jingo" is our old friend 'Arry in a faded fez or Mr. Sloggins, late of Millbank, waving a dirty white handkerchief with a crescent daubed thereupon in red ochre, attached to the end of a penny cane, and who haunts Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons for the purpose of evincing his sympathies for the "galliant Hosmanli" by trampling the plants and flowers under foot and throwing turf-sods and dead cats at people in tall hats), we are getting, in the way of political definitions, into a sad state of error and confusion, which a dictionary such as that of which I would suggest the compilation might to some extent remedy. It should not be forgotten, again, that the public memory is very short, and that a new generation is growing up to whom, when they attain years of discretion, a number of terms, more or less familiar to middle-aged politicians of the present epoch, may be as perplexing as that "cursive Greek" which, we learn from the Gladstone-Negroponte correspondence, so puzzled the great English scholiast on Homer. I will just cite a few of these terms: Dwellers in the Cave (Adullamites), Compound Householders, Copperheads, Knownothings, Miscegenarians, Carpet-baggers, Roorbacks, Mason and Dixie's Line, Lobbyers, Inflation (this group is American), Ruralists, Chauvinists, Doctrinaires, Irreconcilables, Ultramontanes (the original meaning of which has been altogether changed), *Gouvernement de Combat*. The last group is French. There is the locution, too, of "Her Majesty's Opposition." Very few people are aware of the reason why the political party who are systematically hostile to the administration should be qualified virtually as an appanage of the Crown. This is the reason. When George Canning was Premier in 1827 a section of the Whig party agreed to give a general support to the Government if the Prime Minister would undertake not to oppose the Catholic claims. It was through disgust at this arrangement that Lord Eldon resigned ; but the Whigs continued to support Canning, and solemnly proclaimed

themselves to be "His Majesty's Opposition," in contradistinction to the opposition that was radical.

TOUCHING Congresses *versus* Conferences, why should not our old friend the Diet have a hearing? What is a Diet? The (not quite infallible and certainly not exhaustive) Haydn, in his "Dictionary of Dates," mentions only the Diets of the defunct German Empire, citing those of Wurzburg, Nuremberg, Worms, Spires, Augsburg, Ratisbon, and Frankfort. In the most modern etymological dictionaries, Diet is derived from the Latin *dies*, and defined as a legislative or administrative assembly sitting from day to day. Thus a Parliamentary committee taking evidence *de die in diem* would be virtually a Diet. But in the "Annales Politiques" of the celebrated Abbé de St. Pierre (that "magnificent political dreamer," as Cardinal Fleury called him) there was made nearly a hundred and fifty years ago a remarkable proposal to establish a permanent Diet of Princes for the purpose of securing perpetual peace among the nations. The Abbé's classification of the different States of Europe and their relative rank in the year 1737 is very curious. Here is the list:—

1. The King of France. (*Cela va sans dire, Monsieur l'Abbé.*)
2. The Emperor of Austria. (Eh, what?)
3. The King of Spain. (Save the mark!)
4. The King of Portugal. (Where is Portugal?)
5. *The King of England.* (Cool.)
6. The States of Holland.
7. The King of Denmark.
8. The King of Sweden.
9. The King of Poland.
10. *The Empress of Russia.* (It was the Czarina Elizabeth, and she was not of much account.)
11. The Pope.
12. *The King of Prussia.* (Prince Bismarck: please copy.)
13. The Elector of Bavaria.
14. The Elector Palatine.
15. The Switzer.
16. Ecclesiastical Electorates.
17. The Republic of Venice.
18. The King of Naples.
19. *The King of Sardinia.*

The Turk is left altogether out of the calculation, as *inter Christianos non nominandum*, I presume. The Abbé's scheme, oddly enough, is taken

quite *au sérieux* in an article in *Blackwood* published in October 1819. "The 'reverie,'" observes the orthodox Tory writer, "appears now a-days much less visionary than it did in 1737. In truth the Congress of Vienna, Paris, and Aix-la-Chapelle, in which the four great Powers, Austria, England, Prussia, and Russia." France being admitted latterly to the Conference; (observe that Conference and Congress are here treated as convertible terms), "were *Diets* on M. de St Pierre's principle. *And it will be well for mankind if a continuation of the same system shall lead to the happy result which the philanthropic Abbé contemplated, of a general and lasting Peace. Why should it not! Why should a shot be fired in Europe when Austria, England, France, Holland, Prussia, Russia, and Spain form a tribunal to mediate between Powers who may have a difference and a united force to punish any country which should dare to commit aggression on another.*" These are wise and humane sentiments, and from a Tory of the Tories, too. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* I, Sylvanus Urban, propose to go into Congress forthwith with the Editors of all the other magazines. Boy, bring me my Woolwich Infant, my Beaconsfield bag full of White-head torpedoes, my blunderbuss, my six-shooter, my Andrea Ferrara, my sword-stick, my armour-plated Ulster, and my Beaconsfield bag full of explosive bullets. I want Peace, and don't forget my keg of petroleum.

THE Rosebery-Rothschild wedding has made matrimony a more popular topic of conversation than ever. After dinner, the other night, "curious marriages" were under discussion at a house where some great travellers were present, and it was hoped that they would favour the company with some of their experience in that line. One I *knew* had had to pursue his bride upon an ostrich over Afric's sands; and another to feed *his* with blubber in strips, in the neighbourhood of the Pole; but on this occasion they were deaf to all entreaties. I have noticed that one traveller will seldom open his mouth—to any interesting extent, at least—in the presence of another; for which, doubtless, they have their reasons. "It is a pity," whispered a great navigator to me, the other day, when another great navigator was venturing upon an experience, "that a man who has really done great things should tell such very strange adventures, because they throw discredit on even what he has done." Upon this occasion an old gentleman, who had passed his life between Cheltenham and London, beat all the explorers by relating to us the nuptials of Miss Biffin, which took place, not so far away, indeed, but so long ago, that the details were beyond the reach of criticism.

This lady was conspicuous in her time for the absence of her limbs, but for all that attended the Cheltenham assemblies. One night she was forgotten by her friends and left in the ballroom, with the lights out. Alarmed by her cries, the head-waiter rushed into the room and inquired who was there. From the dark depths of the assembly-room a female voice replied, "It is I. I want to go home."

"Then step this way, ma'am ; you can surely see the door."

"Alas ! I have no legs."

The waiter was a kindly man, and ventured into the darkness. "If you will hold out your hand, ma'am, I will pick you up and carry you out."

"Alas ! I have neither hands nor arms."

On which the waiter fled, under the impression that it was the Devil.

Our old gentleman saw, or *said* he saw, this lady married (she *was* married, poor creature, to a vile adventurer, who ran through her money and left her to starve), and described the circumstances. "But where did the husband put the ring?" asked one of the audience : a man that is never satisfied with what is sufficient for other people, and who has no respect for age.

Our old gentleman remained silent, delving in the ruins of his memory for this immaterial circumstance.

Then a chivalrous young fellow stepped in : "I seem to remember reading some account of how a hole was drilled through the lady's nose, sir, after the fashion of African brides ; but perhaps I am mistaken."

"No, no, you are quite right," exclaimed the old gentleman rapturously. "You have recalled the detail to my recollection : the wedding ring was put through her nose."

The most striking marriage of modern times took place just after the overthrow of the Commune in Paris. It was a double one, and each bridegroom had, for his best men, two gendarmes, and each lady, for her bridesmaids, two female prison-warders. The happy pairs parted at the church door, to meet again in the convict settlement of New Caledonia. The men were "lifers," and would have been debarred the solace of matrimony for ever but for the circumstance that their sweethearts possessed certain secrets of great value to the police. A bargain was struck with the State, by which the two pairs of lovers were thus made happy, at the expense of the criminal classes. It is, therefore, possible, it seems, to combine a love-match with "a marriage of convenience."

MONSTROUS cuttlefish have been captured of late, and monstrous creatures of more kinds than one have been seen at sea. We have also learned of the former existence of land animals more than a hundred feet in length ; for has not Professor Marsh of Yale College discovered their skeletons in the far West? It now appears that a monstrous underground creature exists. "After carefully considering the different accounts given of the Minhocao" writes a scientific contemporary, "one can hardly refuse to believe that some such animal really exists, though not quite so large as the country folk would have us believe." According to them,—that is, to the country folk of Itajahy, in Southern Brazil,—the Minhocao is a sort of worm, five yards broad and some fifty yards long, covered with bones as with a coat of armour, uprooting mighty pine trees as if they were blades of grass, diverting the courses of streams into fresh channels, and turning dry land into bottomless morass. The most probable explanation of the various accounts of actual visits of this creature to the upper world, is that it is a relic of the race of gigantic armadillos which were abundant in Southern Brazil in past geological ages.

IN reading of the appointment of Mr. Bayard Taylor to succeed Mr. Bancroft, the historian, as the American Minister in Berlin, I feel that some compensation for the absence of a titled and landed aristocracy is obtained by the United States in the power accorded it of rewarding those who have obtained distinction in letters. It is not long since the same country sent Mr. James Russell Lowell to Madrid. We have not yet learned to look upon dramatists and essayists as fitting representatives abroad. If the old definition of an ambassador, as a man sent abroad to lie for his country, has any accuracy, it may be that a compliment is intended to men of letters in holding them aloof from such occupations. The more modest dignity of consul has been awarded in modern times to men like Hannay, Lever, Captain Burton, and C. W. Goodwin. I don't know that any of our ambassadors, except Mr. Layard, has any special claim to distinction outside that accorded him by his own order, unless it be a distinction to be esteemed the most economic, not to say penurious, of men, as was recently the case with the English ambassador in a neighbouring capital.

ADREADFUL suspicion has entered my mind. The antiquarian marrow of Sylvanus Urban is freezing in his spinal column, and his cavalier blood is running cold in his veins. We are

all familiar with the minutely circumstantial and exquisitely pathetic account of the last moments of Charles I.—how he said to one of the gentlemen on the scaffold who had come too near the axe, “Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe;” how he interchanged pious reflections with Bishop Juxon; how he removed his doublet and waistcoat, and pushing his grey discrowned locks under a silken night cap, asked, “Is my hair well?” how he delivered his diamond George to the good Bishop, with the single and mysterious word “Remember!” how finally he said to the Man in the Mask “When I put out my hands thus——;” and how finally,

While the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,
He nothing common did, nor mean
Upon that memorable scene,
Nor call'd the gods in vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless might;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try,
Then, bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

It is singular that Clarendon, in his “History of the Rebellion,” says not one word of the behaviour of the Martyr on the scaffold, although he speaks in detail of the subsequent embalment and burial of the corpse. What if the whole minute and circumstantial account of the last moments should turn out to be, if not entirely apocryphal, at least greatly exaggerated? The historians one after the other have accepted the narrative with implicit faith and naturally copied and recopied it; but where is their authority? I can find no trustworthier one than a book I have just lighted upon, published in 1678, and entitled “Memories of the Lives, Sufferings, and Deaths of those Noble, Reverend, and Excellent Personages that endured Death, Sequestration, and Decimation for the Protestant Religion and the great Principle, Allegiance to the Sovereign.” The author of this book, a fat folio of 700 pages, was Dr. Daniel Lloyd, a furious High Church partisan. He is great at the delineation of scaffold exits; and one of the reasons which induce me to doubt his strict veracity as to the closing scene at Whitehall is the very suspicious story which he tells concerning the execution of Archbishop Laud (whom he styles “an Incomparable Prelate”) on Tower Hill. “The clearness of his conscience,” thus Dr. Lloyd, “being legible in the cheerfulness of his dying looks, as the serenity of the weather is understood by the glory and ruddiness of the setting sun; then desiring to have room to die . . . he first took care to stop the

chinks near the block, and remove the people he espied under the scaffold, expressing himself that it was no part of his desire that his blood should fall on the heads of the people; in which it pleased God he was so far gratified *that there remaining only a small hole from a knot in the midst of a board the fore-finger of his right hand at his death happened to stop that also.*" One must have a very good digestion to swallow this terribly tough fore-finger story. Bishop Juxon, would of course be an unimpeachable witness in the matter; but Juxon, although he printed a sermon which he had preached on Charles's death, published nothing concerning the closing scene. That loyal gentleman, Herbert, is an undeniable authority as to the demeanour of the Martyr *up to the moment when he ascended the scaffold, but not afterwards.* He tells us himself that the soldiers refused to allow him to enter the room, which was the ante-chamber to the scaffold, and that he was "left at the door lamenting." The learned and impartial Catholic historian Lingard, who is so minute in the details which he gives of the execution as to mention that a dinner had been prepared for Charles in the room next the scaffold, but that he refused to partake of anything beyond a manchot of bread and a glass of wine, says nothing of the "Take heed of the axe" or the "Remember" stories. Finally, the accepted version is given in Hargrave's State Trials; but no authority as to the scaffold scene is cited. Supposing it was all an invention of Dr. Daniel Lloyd.

FROM intelligence received" from a tribe of the Esquimaux it now seems certain that the exact locality of the cairn under which lie the journals of the late Sir John Franklin may be ascertained, and that search could be made for them at trifling expense compared with their scientific, literary, and, it may be added, market value. "Private persons who have money and spirit" are adjured to undertake the task; but if the surviving relatives of the great Arctic explorer are really desirous of clearing up his unhappy fate, their best contribution towards it would be to forego their legal claim to any MSS. which may be found, and make them the reward of the discoverer. I think I know of at least one "enterprising publisher" who in that case would be found willing to speculate in the matter. There is no doubt that "What was found in the Cairn" would be the great success of the season.

I DO not know how far the epidemics which have prevailed during late years among animals are ascribable to the changed conditions of life produced by closer association with humanity. It seems

however, as if the present age were likely to prove as memorable in connection with disease among the herds as the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries were for pestilence among men. After witnessing the ravages of rinderpest among our domestic cattle, and hearing that a disease, equally mysterious and baffling, attacks the reindeer of Siberia, I now find that the buffalo of the American prairies is in the course of extinction from some unknown and baffling disorder. It is imperative that we should strive to ascertain the cause of such widespread and destructive diseases. With regard to the plague, it appears to be not seldom a scourge produced by war. Its last appearance in England was after the great strife of the Civil War. Plague is now stalking in the rear of the armies so lately contending in the East. Is it quite impossible that the reckless slaughter of the buffalo may have something to do with begetting an illness more exterminating than the rifle?

IT is next to impossible to shake the public faith in the value of the observations of the lower creation. We know by experience that our barndoor fowls will with infinite composure retire to roost at ten o'clock in the morning in the case of an eclipse, yet that knowledge does not prevent the public from assuming the possession by birds of mysterious sources of information on the subject of weather which are sealed to us. Dogs are supposed to have some intuition which warns them of approaching death, and many a heart has been tortured by accepting as a forewarning of dissolution—a dog's complaint against the moon for unreasonable brightness. The fact is that animals in general are far less wise than we think, even in the matters that come directly under their ken. Observations of natural phenomena on the part of a man, who, by noticing the influence of changing conditions upon various objects, animate and inanimate, becomes weather-wise, are far more trustworthy than that kind of feeling which, like pain in an old wound, warns birds or animals of the approach of wet. Altogether curious is it, indeed, to see how far animals are from possessing the kind of knowledge we are most ready to assign them, that of the things they may eat with impunity. Quite recently Lord Lovelace underwent a serious loss in consequence of a herd of cows eating some yew-clippings indiscreetly placed within their reach. Cattle continually mistake the kind of food that will suit them, especially when they are strange to the district in which it grows. After a time they find out its noxious qualities, and are, it appears, able to transmit the knowledge to their descendants.

SO the full-length portrait of the "Gentleman Skating in St. James's Park" in the Exhibition of the Old Masters at the Royal Academy, and which some critics declared to be a Gainsborough, while others maintained that it was a Romney, turns out to be from the pencil of Gilbert Stuart, an accomplished American portrait painter, who visited this country in the last years of the eighteenth century. Lady Charles Pelham Clinton, to whose Lord the picture belongs, is the daughter of the Skater whom Gilbert Stuart has made to disport himself on the ice in so dignified a manner. The obscurity which has gradually enveloped the name of the artist who painted the portraits of most of the celebrities (including Washington) of his own country and who, moreover, transmitted to canvas the lineaments of many distinguished persons in English society, is made manifest in a letter to Lord Charles Clinton from Mr. Henry Grant, the son of the "skater," and who is now resident in Virginia. "I will write," observes Mr. Henry Grant, "to those who I think may be able to tell me more about the artist who was so famous on this continent." Certainly a great deal more ought to be known about Gilbert Stuart and the portraits which he painted in this country, for his manner bore a remarkably close resemblance to that of Gainsborough, and to that of Romney to boot, and it is possible that a portrait by the American artist has ere now been erroneously ascribed to one of the great English masters whom I have named. The most attentive study of the chronology of costume would not entirely guarantee us from error in this respect: since Gainsborough died in 1768, only four years before the arrival of Stuart in England; and, as for Romney, he was in full swing as a portrait painter in 1792. I find from the "Personal Reminiscences of the late Henry Inman, Artist," contained in the private manuscript diary of the late Mrs. Colonel William L. Stone (quoted in Stone's "History of New York City"), that in 1838 there was living an American painter named Vanderlyn, who had been Gilbert Stuart's favourite pupil. I cannot, however, find any further notice of Stuart in Mr. Stone's history.

THE "Private Manuscript Diary" contains, by the way, a diverting reference to the condition of Fine Art in the United States two generations since. Inman told Mrs. Stone that when he was a boy his father one day met John Wesley Jarvis, the painter, "who was then in the zenith of popular favour." "He spoke to me of him," said Inman, "and procured an interview. Jarvis at once proposed to take me (then only fifteen) as a pupil. Soon afterwards

I went with him to Albany, where we put up at Crittenden's, the most expensive hotel in the place. He represented me as a wonderful boy and kept me living at a great expense, thereby creating a taste for a style of life far above my means to support. He then left me for a few weeks, while he went to a distant city to fulfil an engagement. When I returned I told him that I was in difficulties; that I had incurred heavy expenses during his absence, and had no means to pay my bills. 'Then,' said Jarvis, 'you must paint. You can paint now, better than any one in this country except me; and you can paint cabinet pictures *in a style in which I will instruct you that will consume but little time*. You can turn them off very fast and charge low, say five or six dollars' (this is delicious, for the next best painter, *à la* fifteen, on the American continent); 'you can paint half a dozen in a week. I will speak to all the great people here and tell them what a wonderful lad you are; and you will soon get plenty of work. You can stay here all this winter and pursue this course while I go to New Orleans. I will pay what I can of Crittenden's bill already run up; and in the spring, on my return, we will begin again in New York.' "Jarvis," continued Inman "was as good as his word; and during that winter I painted *every member* of the Legislature, which brought me a considerable sum." This consummation must have been a source of much comfort and joy, not only to young Mr. Inman, but to the worthy and confiding landlord of Crittenden's Hotel, Albany, New York. The oracular utterance of John Wesley Jarvis to the artist who was in pawn, "You must paint," reminds me of Jules Janin's advice to the young author who waited on him with a letter of introduction. "Do you keep a carriage and pair?" The aspirant for literary fame uttered an exclamation of amazement. "Why, I can scarcely keep myself, M. Janin," he pleaded. "Then," continued the famous *feuilletoniste*, "start a carriage and pair at once. *You will be compelled to work hard in order to find oats for the horses.*"

IT has begun to be suspected of late years that the love of life is not quite so strong as the divines have described it to be. It was at one time a sort of canon among physiologists that no man—in possession of his senses—having once made an attempt at suicide, however determined, and failed, would ever repeat it. Yet a young couple, a year or two ago, who were *spending the honeymoon* at a well-known seaside place, took laudanum together and were both found insensible, and at death's door. The husband left a document behind him in German, Greek, and English, addressed "To the Coroner and

jury," containing a sort of transcript of his experience as a dying man. Its last words were : " 2 A.M. ; no sleep yet, heavy head, mouth parched and burning. Bury us under the same clod." These two unfortunates, who were quite resuscitated, suffocated themselves with charcoal in a Paris hotel in the ensuing spring.

Last week there occurred a suicide equally curious. A Mr. X, who had defaulted in his accounts, but was allowed to make some arrangement by the Court, omitted to do so ; on the renewed hearing of the case he sent a telegram to the judge : " Poor Mr. X died suddenly yesterday morning," which might have been considered satisfactory, if he had not unhappily been seen alive and well on the following Sunday. Now, it is another canon among those who flatter themselves they have studied human nature to some purpose, that persons who threaten to commit suicide, or affect to have done so, are the last persons in reality to do away with themselves. Yet poor Mr. X, on perceiving himself recognised, walked down to the railway, and laying himself across the line, was cut in two by the express.

THE first prediction based on the supposed connection between the sun-spot period and terrestrial phenomena, has not proved very strikingly successful. Among " the chief features undoubtedly deducible," after eliminating the mere seasonal effects of ordinary summer and winter, was, we were told, the occurrence of a period of intense cold at a time which was " chronologically identified " last summer with the end of the year 1877. In other words, we were to expect that the winter of 1877-8 would be bitterly cold. " This is, perhaps, not an agreeable prospect," said the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland to the editor of *Nature*, " especially if political agitators are at this time moving amongst the colliers, striving to persuade them to decrease the output of coal at every pit's mouth. Being therefore quite willing for the general good to suppose myself mistaken, I beg to send you a first impression of Plate 17 of the forthcoming volume of observations of this Royal Observatory, and shall be very happy if you can bring out from the measures recorded there any more comfortable view for the public at large." Up to the time of my present writing the bitterly cold weather has not come, and if it did come now, it would be too late for the fulfilment of Professor Smyth's prediction. It is clear that the true method of predicting weather from sun-spots has not yet been invented ; and we may be even permitted to doubt whether it ever will be, or whether the imagined connection between the spot period and terrestrial weather really exists.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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THE:
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1878.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

"WHERE have you been hiding all this time? I thought you had quite forgotten us. One never sees you now."

Miss Bruce shaded her eyes with a pink-tinted parasol from the sun-glint off the water. Her carriage had been drawn up by the Serpentine, and Lord Fitzowen was leaning against the door.

"I am flattered to think I have been missed," answered that young nobleman, who did not seem quite in his usual spirits. "I hardly suppose you are pining for *me*; but without wishing to be rude, Miss Bruce, I cannot help observing that you look pale and tired. I hope there is nothing the matter."

She smiled, not without a little blush that denied the charge of pallor for itself. "London dissipation, I conclude," she answered wearily. "But you need not have told me I am hideous. We go out night after night, you know, the same round, like horses in a mill, and what's the use?"

"Exactly the question I was asking myself when I caught sight of your carriage. I was meditating, you understand, by the 'sad sea-wave.' That is all very well for *me*. But, Miss Bruce, why do *you* come here?"

The blush that had faded rose again a shade deeper. She was not going to tell him or anybody why; but, for some reason of her own, the Serpentine reminded her of Mr. Brail.

"Do you suppose I can't meditate too?" she returned, lowering her parasol. "I was reflecting just now what useless lives we lead."

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you and I and the rest of us wasting our time in amusements that *don't* amuse us, after all ! ”

“That’s the grievance ! I never used to be bored. Never knew what fellows meant by the word. And—now ! ” The yawn with which he pointed this disheartening confession sufficiently attested its truth.

Lord Fitzowen had insensibly passed one of the landmarks set up to remind us that in this world of change we must be carried with the current, rest on our oars as idly as we may. There comes a time for most men, usually before they are thirty, when boots, coats, horses, and cigars seem stripped of their engrossing fascinations. To have seen a favourite tried at Newmarket, to be on visiting terms with a popular actress, are experiences that no longer raise them in their own esteem, and they wake up, as it were, to a new world, of which they seem no less ignorant than the chicken bursting from its shell. This is the period at which men take to work in good earnest ; and, strangely enough, the idlest in youth often become the busiest in after life. This is the period, too, at which they bitterly regret the time hitherto lost, the bad start that prevents their being more forward in the race, realising in chances neglected and advantages thrown away Lord Lytton’s touching lines of him who

“Paltered with pleasures that pleased not, and fame where no fame could be.
And how shall I look, do you think, Will ? with the angels looking at me.”

How shall the best of us look in such company ? And how the angels must wonder we can be such fools !

“A *man* has no right to be bored,” said Miss Hester, with a curl of her lip. “You have so many pursuits, so much excitement. Not like *us*. When a woman is really unhappy, what resource has she in the world ? ”

“She can always sit down and cry.”

“As *you* would sit down and smoke. Nonsense ! Some of us have too much spirit to cry. We get cross, though, I don’t deny it, and then we make the people about us as uncomfortable as ourselves.”

“Men have not that consolation.”

“Haven’t they ! There we differ. It seems to me that a man’s troubles react on the women who are about him, even to his aches and pains. We bear your burdens and our own too.”

“I wish you would lend me a hand with mine.”

“So I will if I can. We are old friends, Lord Fitzowen, and may trust one another. You know, you need only ask for my poor little help. It is not much, but would be freely given.”

Now, in this cordial profession Miss Bruce was not quite so sincere as she persuaded herself. No doubt she felt pleased to meet his lordship again, and would have made any commonplace social exertion to do him a favour, but her principal reason for retaining him at her side with such an appearance of interest was the excuse thus afforded for a delay that would otherwise seem strange in the eyes of the coachman and footman who had her in charge. After dropping papa at his club, to return for him in an hour, she caused herself to be driven to the Serpentine, avowedly for "a breath of air." In the distance, at least half a mile off, she had spied a figure very like Mr. Brail walking towards her in company with a lady, while she was conversing with Lord Fitzowen. So long as she remained in the same place, this interesting couple could not but pass under her nose, so she must keep his lordship a few more minutes at the carriage-door as an excuse for standing still. Hester's eyes did not deceive her. Collingwood Brail and Nelly were indeed taking a walk together in the Park. The kind young sailor, unhappy himself, had noticed the constant depression of Mrs. John's spirits, and recommended his favourite remedy, a "good long cruise in the fresh air." Nelly, who yearned in her heart for something more rural than the Strand, consented, nothing loth, and the pair wandered socially into the Park up the ride, over the bridge, past the Powder Magazine, and along the water's edge : Nelly caring little where she went, and Brail choosing this particular walk because he had once heard Miss Bruce admit that she thought it "rather nice."

But keen as was Hester's sight, we may be sure the sailor's practised eye made out the carriage and its occupant, even before he was himself recognised. Nelly marked his bronze cheek turn pale, and he stopped short in the middle of a sentence. "Mrs. John," said he, with rather a foolish laugh, and the gulp of a man who is making a clean breast of it, "you know about Miss Bruce. I've often mentioned her. That's her carriage ! There she is !"

If he liked Mrs. John before, she earned his eternal gratitude now. For sufficient reasons, Nelly had no desire to be recognised by any neighbour who remembered her at Royston Grange, least of all by the handsome, happy girl whom she had received under such different circumstances as a guest in her own house. It was with no consideration for her companion, but in a sheer instinct of self-defence, that she exclaimed—

"Walk on, Mr. Brail ! go and speak to her ! I know you won't be happy if you miss such a chance. I'll wait here : or, better still,

I'll find my way home alone. No, don't apologise : I should really prefer it ; and if I'm tired, I can take a cab."

He felt bound to remonstrate, but not "with a will," and, it is needless to add, went on by himself with a heightened colour and a beating heart.

Miss Bruce, who saw him coming, grew absent and restless. To Lord Fitzowen's conversation, which conveyed indeed nothing particularly new or interesting, she made the most inconsequent remarks; and Fitz, who was not without the social instinct called "tact," felt he was actually "in the way."

"No doubt," he reflected humbly, and with resignation, "this is part of the whole thing. I bore myself intensely, and am becoming a bore to other people. Even Miss Bruce can't stand me for more than ten minutes, and would rather sit here deserted in the wilderness than undergo my platitudes any longer. I accept the omen. I have become a fogey. I must make up my mind to be rubbed out, and content myself, like other fogeys, with the evening paper and the club."

So his lordship bowed himself off, and, without once looking behind him, strolled leisurely away.

Our business is not at present with Collingwood Brail, but if he was the man we take him for, it seems improbable that he would suffer so auspicious an occasion to pass unimproved. Rather will we follow Lord Fitzowen, who, placidly coasting that straight and mathematical piece of water called by Londoners the Serpentine, drifted into the least frequented part of the Ride, just in time to meet Nelly pacing calmly home.

She knew him a hundred yards off. There was no mistaking the light easy gait of that unforgotten figure, the well-cut clothes, the high-bred air, and the hat worn jauntily aslant, in virtue, as he used to protest, of his Irish title. She half stopped and half turned aside, but thought better of it, and walked on. After all, why should she not meet him? He was a link with the past life, that now seemed like a dream. He lived in the world from which she had been shut out. He must know, perhaps he would tell her, something of her husband, and it was doing him only justice to admit that he ought to be welcome for his own sake. He had always been kind, considerate, and agreeable. She was glad to see him, and would not pretend to be anything else. Had she cared for him ever so little, she could not but have been gratified by his manner while he accosted her. He was not shy. It had been proverbial in his old regiment, that "what would make Fitz blush would make another man fly the kingdom."

Nevertheless, the woman he admired and regarded more than any other in the world, came upon him so unexpectedly, that she put him utterly to rout. He was disarmed, unmanned, colouring and cowering like a school-boy, suspecting he looked, and satisfied he felt, like a fool.

Two people in such a position are seldom equally confused, or what a world of cross-purposes we should have ! One gathers confidence from the disorder of the other, and women, I verily believe, for all their assumed timidity, have more social courage than men.

Nelly put out her hand heartily enough, and he took it with the homage a subject renders to his queen.

In such a crisis, our compatriots, who have seldom much to say at a moment's notice, take refuge in the most minute inquiries as to each other's health, only stopping short of feeling pulses, and looking at tongues, in the engrossing interest they profess for mutual salubrity. When Lord Fitzowen and Nelly had satisfied themselves in turn that neither was a sufferer from organic disease, there ensued an awkward and protracted pause—broken by the lady, of course.

"I wonder you knew me," said she. "It is so long since we met, and you cannot have expected to see me here."

"Knew you !" replied his lordship, finding speech restored as by a miracle. "Don't you think I should know you anywhere ? Do you suppose there is another Mrs. Roy in the world, or if there were a hundred, that I could mistake any woman alive for *you* ? Have you forgotten——"

"But, my lord——"

He held up his hand. "You are not to say 'my lord,'" he interrupted. "I am sure you must remember our compact, and you may trust your dictionary as frankly now as you did then."

The playful manner, the kind, protecting, yet wholly courteous tone, took her back to the happy times of love, and wedlock, and Royston Grange. She had been living a life of complete seclusion, at her own choice, indeed, but none the less dreary for that, of daily duties, business-like, irksome, affording little scope for variety, none for interest ; she had gone into no society whatever, and had scarcely stood face to face with a gentleman, except Collingwood Brail, for many weeks. Can we wonder that she felt unable to resist the charm of Fitzowen's pleasant companionship, and accorded freely his humble request that he might see her to the end of the Park, and put her into a cab to take her home ?

He had too much experience to startle her by asking point-blank what he wanted to know, and had tried in vain for some weeks to *find out, viz., where she lived, what she was doing, and whether*

might call on her at her own house? His code of morals was one of which we cannot approve, the result of a false system of education, and adopted in common with other young men of his kind, less from innate depravity than from an utter absence of that religious principle which alone defines the border of right and wrong.

It would have been difficult to make Fitz understand why a woman separated from her husband should not be as completely a free agent as a man who had never been married at all. He could see that it was wrong to disturb wedded happiness and the peace of families, to blight a girl's hopes or taint a woman's reputation before the world with the lightest breath of shame. Such injuries he would no more have inflicted than he would have made fun of the deaf, tripped up the blind, or struck a man who was down. To his own code of social morality, as it may be called, he adhered strictly; but this left a wide range wherein he felt at liberty to disport himself as he pleased.

That he was doing injury either to herself or to Mr. Roy in trying to win Nelly's affections now that she had voluntarily left her home, he would have stoutly denied; and had you told him that his intentions were evil, simply and solely because opposed to the law of God, he would have admired your sincerity, pitied your bigotry, and declined to argue the subject with one who saw it from so different a point of view.

The passions are bad enough; but if we have to battle with the affections, we want all the help we can get. The devil had no worldly experience when he took the form of a serpent. He knows better now, and comes in the shape of an angel, appealing to our higher feelings, our better nature; arguing, plausibly enough, that those sentiments cannot be unworthy which elevate us above our kind. We have but one answer: "*I may not, and therefore I will not!*" Nobody ever yet regretted its enunciation; and there are many reasons, notwithstanding the well-known argument of the French princess, why "*No*" is a more valuable expression than "*Yes*."

"I have never seen you about anywhere, Mrs. Roy," continued his lordship in a light, easy tone, at which she could not take alarm. "I have wondered, and fidgetted, and feared you were ill, and tried in all sorts of ways to learn what had become of you; but I am so discreet, I have never asked one of our mutual acquaintances to help me in my search."

"Do you see many of them?" she returned, quivering all over to think that this man might have dined only last night in company

with Mr. Roy. "I am always pleased to hear of old friends, to be reminded of anybody or anything connected with Royston Grange."

"Have you not been there since the winter?" he asked, in the hope of drawing an avowal of some sort.

"Lord Fitzowen, you *know* I have not."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Roy, I *did* know it. I am such a coward, I only put the question to gain time. Of course I knew. Of course I have heard all sorts of stories. Of course I believe nothing but that you are wholly right, and everybody else grossly in the wrong."

"What have you heard?"

"Only the common gossip of the world; the handfuls of mud with which it likes to pelt those it envies for their superiority. People talked of a quarrel, a separation, incompatibility of temper, unworthy accusations. I was only convinced you had been shamefully ill-used."

"Why should you think *that*?"

"Why! Because I know it instinctively in my heart of hearts. Because you are unlike most women, and better than all. I do not pelt you with compliments, or throw your personal attractions, charm of manner, and so on in your teeth. You are above that kind of thing. But if you were as plain as you are—well, as you are *not*, I should still quote you as the person of all others most likely to make a happy home for any man in his senses. Good heavens! what more can a fellow want?"

"I was not born a lady," she said, with a thoughtful far-away look that denoted some engrossing interest wholly unconnected with the flatterer at her side.

"A lady! Then what in the name of prejudice *is* a lady? I know a good many—I think I ought to be a judge. My dear Mrs. Roy, quite the most *unladylike* woman of my acquaintance goes in to dinner before half the peeresses in London. She is rude, yet exacting; shy, but overbearing; awkward, ill-dressed, and as ugly as sin; in all respects a complete contrast to yourself; and, except for her rank, has no more claim to be called a lady than your cook! Now, will you tell me that birth or station have anything to do with it, and that there are not natural gentlewomen, *really* gentle, and—and lovable, in every class of life?"

They were pleasant words, they salved her wounded spirit like drops of balm. Fitz, always enthusiastic—a quality to which, in these lackadaisical times, he owed much of his popularity—had *worked himself into* a great heat and excitement, fully convinced for

the moment that society demanded complete reconstruction from a new basis, at the level—wherever that might be—of this beautiful Mrs. Roy.

"Unequal marriages never answer," she replied softly. "Mine was only another example of the rule."

"Because you married a man who did not understand you, did not appreciate you; and whom, therefore, it is impossible you can have really loved."

"Lord Fitzowen, you do not think so badly of me as that!"

"Think badly of you! I, who believe in you as the pattern of everything a woman should be; who esteem and honour you more than any other creature upon earth; who, if you had only been free, would have—"

"Lord Fitzowen, will you kindly call me a cab? We are at the end of our walk. I am glad to have seen you again. Good-bye."

She put out her hand, which he held for a moment, while he asked, "Where shall I tell him to drive?"

"I can give him his orders when I get in."

He felt hurt, and showed it. "Will you not even trust me with your address?" said he reproachfully. "What have I done that I am never to see you again?"

She looked him full in the face with those deep, clear, honest eyes.

"My lord, you are a gentleman, you are a man of honour, and you profess to be my friend. Can you not see that, situated as I am, you could inflict no greater injury than by seeking my company at home or abroad? I will not deny that I was glad to see you to-day; and when my misfortunes permit, I shall be glad to see you again; but in the mean time I do not intend that we shall meet, and I require you on no account to follow me home. It must be so, believe me, and I know you will be, as you always were, kind and considerate and unselfish for my sake."

"By Jove! you're the best woman in the world," answered Fitz, completely subdued, and helping her into a hansom cab, with tears in his eyes. "I'll do anything you ask me, now and always. God bless you, Mrs. Roy, and good-bye!"

But he could not give her up so entirely, all the same. Before he had walked twenty yards along the pavement, he spied a limber fellow in a red waistcoat, who had held his horse and done his errands on many occasions, and he could not resist the opportunity.

"Do you see that hansom with a gray horse?"

"And a white 'at, my lord? Yes, my lord."

"There is a lady in it ; follow her wherever she goes, and bring me her address. Do you want any money?"

"No, my lord—Yes, my lord—All right, my lord!" and the man vanished like a sprite.

It is thus we travel to our inevitable destination. One step forward, and two back ; such is the pilgrim's unassisted progress along the narrow way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAMPING THE BIT.

JOHN ROY, like the rest of us, seeing every prospect of attaining his wishes, began to think that, after all, he was not much better off than before. He seemed, indeed, less a free agent than ever, hampered by an actual wife and a possible at the same time. Lady Jane, too, whose former husband could have attested that she was not remarkably temperate in single harness, bounced and fretted and made herself exceedingly disagreeable as one of a pair. Since Roy confided his intention of obtaining a divorce, her ladyship had assumed many airs and graces, less becoming to a widow than to a bride.

Her friends, finding them useless, discontinued their expostulations, and her intimacy with Mr. Roy, which had ceased to be a nine days' wonder, seemed to be now accepted as a matter of personal convenience, creating no interest and little surprise. A woman never likes an admirer so much as while she has to stand up for him, and Lady Jane, missing the excitement of fighting *his* battles with her friends, was fain to substitute that of fighting her own with *him*. He belonged to her now, she argued—might be considered, to a certain extent, in the light of a husband, and must be treated accordingly.

During this period of probation, our injudicious friend often found cause to regret the mild and equable rule of the wife he had abandoned. Lady Jane seemed to expect from him the ready docility of courtship, combined with the good-humoured indifference of matrimony. He was to do exactly what *she* liked. She was to do exactly what she pleased. He must be in waiting to attend her at all hours, to all places, while not objecting to be shunted, at a moment's notice, for such of her less advanced acquaintances as still disapproved of the connection. She paraded him at church, of course, and at all the theatres ; nay, she once went so far as to take him out shopping, and kept him by her chair, at Marshall and Snelgrove's, a whole mortal hour !

He kicked freely that time, and it is only fair to say she never tried him so high again.

But they were growing a little out of love with each other day by day. Somehow the bloom was off the thing, and both began to experience an uncomfortable sense of thralldom, though neither could have explained why. Her heart beat no faster now when she heard his knock, and he had ceased to follow it upstairs two steps at a time. But a link is none the less secure because for gold has been substituted iron, and although they often quarrelled, nay, sometimes yawned, they seemed to affect each other's company more than ever.

That jealousy may exist without love is a position only seeming untenable to those who have not studied the more paradoxical sex, in the rise, progress, and inevitable decay of their affections. With a man, indeed, the sense of proprietorship seldom survives an attachment, and it is only justice to admit that when a woman is once out of his heart she never enters his head; whereas, perhaps, from deeper tenderness, perhaps from more insatiable rapacity, perhaps—how can I tell?—from a mere instinct of acquisitiveness, common in all animals to the female, a lady never wholly abdicates of her own free will, but, like a dethroned sovereign, clings to the empty forms of a lost royalty, closing her baffled fingers on the fading shadow of a substance that had passed away.

Lady Jane's jealousies seemed to increase rather than diminish with her waning affections. If Mr. Roy was five minutes later than the time specified for an engagement, she told herself, and him too, that she was sure he had some other attraction; that he felt his present connection a servitude and a clog; that he was naturally inconstant, as she had bitter reason to know! else, why was their youthful attachment nipped in the bud? and why, after deserting his first love, had he now deserted his wife?

The manifest injustice of such a reproach stung him to the quick, and he spoke out. "Hang it! Lady Jane," said he; "you and I had better understand each other before it is too late! I do not under-rate the sacrifices you are making on my behalf. No, and I don't forget them. I am sure you remind me of them often enough. But I, too, am in a false position, and a very uncomfortable one besides. Look at my future. It is dependent on lawyers, and servants, and evidence, and an uncertain tribunal, of which I dread the publicity. Yes, I dread it, though I know that justice is on my side. Now, you are all right. You have nothing to consult but your own wishes. If you want to dismiss me, you need only say the word, and you are free!"

"What nonsense you talk ! Suppose I *should* say the word ?"

"I must take my hat and go ! It would not be my first disappointment in life. I could get over it, no doubt, like the others."

"I dare say you would not mind it one bit ?"

"Ask yourself that question, not *me*. I am tired of protestations recriminations, botherations of all sorts. Either you trust me, or you *don't* trust me. Say which ?"

She gave him one of the old looks. "I *do* trust you," said she earnestly ; but added, with a sparkle in the blue eyes, "as far as I can see you. Not an inch beyond."

"Then you judge of me by yourself !"

"Mr. Roy, if you came here to insult me, I must remind you there is a cab-stand in the next street."

"That is a broad hint, Lady Jane, and one I cannot refuse to take. I wish you good morning."

His hat was in his hand, he had already made two strides, in high dudgeon, towards the door ; but as he fired up she cooled down, and it was the Lady Jane of former days, of Kensington Gardens and Hyde-Park Corner, whose soft voice called him back with a plaintive little outcry.

"Mr. Roy, don't go !"

"What would you have ?" he asked, with his hand on the door. "You attack me, you irritate me, you drive me mad with reproaches, you order me out of your house, and then you say, 'Mr. Roy, don't go !'"

"And Mr. Roy has pity, and stays !"

"Mr. Roy was always a fool about *somebody*, and gets no wiser, it appears, as he grows older. But it is really time to put an end to this kind of thing between you and me. It does seem such utter folly for people situated as we are !"

"But we are *not* situated,—that is what makes me irritable and anxious, and perhaps a little unreasonable. Admit, now, I have good reasons for being unreasonable."

"Because I can't drive a coach-and-six through the Laws of England ! Because I can't set aside a hundred-and-fifty prior cases, to bring forward my own grievance, and get it settled to-morrow—never mind it's being Sunday—out of hand ! Yes, perhaps, from a lady's point of view, you *are* justified in being, as you say, unreasonable !"

"Now you are a good boy, and talk more like yourself, so I am beginning not to hate you quite so much. Therefore, I don't *mind asking* how we are getting on ? Out of mere curiosity, of course."

"The very question I put to Sharpe yesterday. Out of mere curiosity, of course."

"Don't repeat my words, like a wicked parrot. It is nice of you to be anxious, and—and—impatient. What did Sharpe say?"

"The old story—more evidence. These fellows never think they have evidence enough."

"Such nonsense! If a thing is jet-black, you can't make it any blacker by inking it. They ought to set you free at once. I've always said so, and I am sure I am not prejudiced one way or the other!"

"Not the least, I should say; nobody less so! Well, they are going on, that is all I could get out of him; but the thing moves so slowly, that it does put me out very much."

"Why?" with another of the looks.

"For many reasons. In the first place, I abominate uncertainty; in the next, lawyers contrive to get through a great deal of money; and lastly, I am like a man in prison—I hunger and thirst to be free."

She seemed disappointed. "Free!" she repeated. "Is that all? And *shall* you be free, Mr. Roy, when this tiresome marriage of yours has been annulled?"

"I hope so. You don't think I have got another wife hidden away in a basket somewhere? Surely one has been trouble enough!"

She looked hurt, and her temper began to rise. The love-making of these two was seldom without such passages of arms, not always of courtesy, for sometimes they fought with point and edge, *à outrance*.

"I should not be surprised even at that! I am learning some strange lessons. One of them teaches me that a woman only receives a stone in exchange when she gives her heart to a man. You had better have your stone back again. I don't want it any more."

"Then why did you tell me to stop just now when I was going away?"

"Why? Because I am a lady. Because I do not choose to turn a visitor out of my house. Because I am unmasking you every moment as you sit opposite me in that chair—you used always to sit on the sofa, but you hate to be near me now. Because, oh! Mr. Roy, because I am not a *man* to forget the memories of a lifetime in five minutes, to sacrifice justice, honour, and—and—and a loving woman's affection at a day's notice for a fresh fancy and a new face!"

Then her ladyship began to cry, and so scored several points in the game.

It was his turn to play, but she seemed to have left him very little on the table; and what are science, execution, and chalk into the bargain, without a break?

"The fancy is old, though the face is *not*," he answered recklessly, and, so to speak, taking his chance of a fluke. "You have no right to tax me with infidelity, and I hope you only do it to prove my truth. Suppose I were to turn round and say all these reproaches were a blind, a pretext for a quarrel, an excuse to get rid of me and take up with somebody else! What should you answer to *that*?"

"I should not answer at all! I should tell you it was absurd, impossible; that you were mad and bad too, or such an idea could never have entered your head!"

"Lady Jane, I give in. Your logic beats one out of the field. Good heavens! how wonderful is the mechanism of a woman's mind! Let us make a compact. Nothing shall ever tempt us into an argument after we are married!"

She turned her head away to hide the blush that mounted to her temples. "How do you know I shall marry you? I never said I *would*!"

"Do you mean that after all I have gone through, my sacrifices, my anxiety, my distress, and wear and tear of mind and body, you will throw me over at last? This is, indeed, a new experience of women and their ways! Well, Lady Jane, it is for you to decide. Be it so. I accept, and for the future——"

"Stop a moment, Mr. Roy. I never said I *wouldn't*!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WEATHER-GAUGE.

WE left Brail alongside of Miss Bruce's barouche, summoning to his manly heart the courage he felt oozing, notwithstanding their smart gloves, through the palms of his brawny hands. While he approached the charmer, he felt dissatisfied with his hatter, tailor, and bootmaker, discovered that the weather had suddenly become several degrees warmer, and even experienced an ignoble desire to cut and run, all which unpleasant sensations vanished under the first glance of her loving eyes, that absorbed every feeling of self in a delightful consciousness of the presence that was life and sunshine and everything else to *him*.

How many times in the last fortnight had he rehearsed just such a

scene, with questions, replies, rejoinders, the whole imaginary encounter in which one disputant has it all his own way! Yet he could find nothing better to say, while they shook hands, than, "How do you do, Miss Bruce? You are the last person I expected to find here!"

"Was that the reason you walked in this direction?" returned Hester, whose coolness returned with his obvious discomfiture. "I hope, Mr. Brail, there is such a thing as an agreeable surprise."

He coloured, he coughed, he shifted from one foot to the other. "Oh, yes—very—of course," he stammered, but said to his own heart the while, "What has come to you? Here's a following wind, and a flood-tide, and I'm damned if you can make any way at all!"

She marked his confusion, not without a little thrill of triumph, such as Pussy feels, no doubt, when the foolish mouse strays into reach. Then, shutting her parasol only to open it again, she asked quickly, "Who was that you were walking with?—I mean, the lady you left to come to me."

"Mrs. John," he answered more boldly, as regaining confidence on neutral ground; "that is to say, her name is Roy—Mrs. Roy. I think you must have known her at Warden Towers."

"Mrs. Roy!" repeated Hester, in shrill accents of delight. "Then I have lit on her at last. Know her! I should think I *did* know her! The sweetest, the kindest, the dearest thing alive, and the most beautiful too. Oh, Mr. Brail! Mr. Brail! I have found you out. No wonder your friends never see you, with such an attraction as that to keep you away. I suppose you walk together every day in the Park?"

"I'll take my solemn oath, I never went out with her in my life before," replied Brail, in great confusion and dismay. "We are at the same hotel, Miss Bruce; the fact is, she—well, she keeps it, one may say—and, seeing her pining for fresh air, I proposed a cruise here away, Miss Bruce, and——"

"Keeps an hotel!" interrupted Hester. "What do you mean by an hotel? Why, she is a lady. We have dined with her in her own house at Royston Grange!"

"A lady she is, and first-class, too!" exclaimed the sailor. "But she keeps an hotel, Miss Bruce, all the same—you may take my word for it. Hold on a minute. You don't know her history, and I don't know that I've a right to tell it."

"I know more than you think. She has been maligned, and ill-used, too, unless I'm very much mistaken. I never believed evil of that woman. Nobody could, who looked her in the face."

"It's not *your* way to think evil of anybody," said Brail, with honest admiration. "And if you come to talk of faces, you know, why——"

"Tell me all about her, Mr. Brail. I am really interested. Is she an old friend? Do you see much of her, and—and—don't you think she is the most beautiful creature you ever beheld?"

"No, I don't! I can't help it, Miss Bruce; but there are plenty of ladies, that is to say, there is one lady, I admire ten times more than Mrs. John. What's the good? I'm only a poor lieutenant in the navy, and she is fit to be a queen. I wish——"

"What do you wish?"

"I wish I might tell her so, right off. Do you think, Miss Bruce, a girl has a right to be offended with a plain, honest fellow, because he looks up at her with the same sort of admiration a man has for the moon, as something belonging to heaven, unspeakably bright and glorious, but far out of reach?"

"Offended!"

"Because he would give her an arm or a leg freely to do her the smallest service, or his head, for that matter, and thank her for taking it off his shoulders?"

"His head! Well, his head might be of some use. What could she do with his arms and legs, if she had them? No, Mr. Brail; when you talk about heads, you come to the point, and I begin to see my way."

"Will you have mine? I'd cut it off this moment, and give it you freely."

"No, I will only ask you to lend it to me. In plain English, Mr. Brail, you can do me a great kindness by simply using your wits."

"You know you're welcome to them, such as they are. Go ahead, Miss Bruce. Only *you* give the orders, I'll take care they are obeyed."

"I want you to find out all you can about this unfortunate couple. I have set my heart on bringing them together again. Perhaps you don't know that Mr. Roy is actually trying to get a divorce?"

"The swab!"

"What's a swab?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bruce. I mean it's cruel, disgraceful, infamous! It will break that poor lady's heart."

"Do you think she cares for him so much?"

"I am sure she has some deep and bitter sorrow that she bears with the pluck of—an angel, you know. I have observed it ever since we were paid off this last time. She is a different creature

from what she used to be. I've never asked her plump, of course, but I can see she is as unhappy as she can stick."

"How oddly you talk when you're in earnest! Never mind, I like it! Now tell me exactly *who* she is, and what she is. We never knew for certain at Warden Towers."

"It's soon told. She is the niece of a dear old lady who keeps an hotel near the Strand. She has lived there ever since I went afloat as a boy, helping her aunt with the accounts and house-keeping. She is there now, back in her old ways, working like a nigger, but so altered I cannot bear to see it. So sad, so tired, so pale! She has hauled down her colours, Miss Bruce, as if she never meant to hoist them again."

"Poor dear! But she is staying with her aunt, you say. I was sure she would never do anything wrong, or even imprudent, and I hope, from my heart, Mr. Roy will be punished as he deserves. He gives out that she ran away from him, that she left her home with—another gentleman. Mr. Brail, I'm ashamed to speak of such things, but if I was a *man*, I wouldn't rest till I had seen justice done."

"You are *not* a man, Miss Bruce, happily for the credit of the ladies, but I am—at least, I'm a pretty good imitation—and, as I said before, there is nothing you can tell me to do I won't have a try at, blow high, blow low."

"Do you know Lord Fitzowen?"

Mr. Brail stared. The question seemed irrelevant, and in his heart of hearts he rather mistrusted the influence of that voluble nobleman with the young lady he adored. "Yes," he said, "I know him well enough. Why?"

"Do you consider him a what-d'ye-call-it?—a swab?"

"Certainly not. I believe he is a very good fellow, and I know he is a gentleman."

"Then you don't believe him a likely person to have placed Mrs. Roy in a false position by his attentions? You will wonder, Mr. Brail, at my entering on such a topic, but I am no longer a girl. I shall be twenty-four my next birthday, and one can't help hearing people talk. I dare say you think I ought to sit with my mouth screwed up, and pretend to know nothing!"

"I am not the best judge in *your* case," answered the wily lieutenant. "You would have to be a long way out of your reckoning, Miss Bruce, before I could admit you were wrong."

"Thank you! I like people to believe in me. Well, then, about Lord Fitzowen? Does he often call on Mrs. Roy at this hotel where you all seem to be living together in one family?"

"Never by the remotest chance. I am sure of it, for I must have seen him!"

"Then if it is not Lord Fitzowen, do you think there can be anybody else?"

"Who *should* there be? Mrs. John—we always call her Mrs. John—never sees a soul except on business. She sits in a glass case like the cook's galley, with a pen in her hand, from morning till night. I had to ask a dozen times before I could get her out for a walk to-day."

"And you could swear to this?"

"If I tell *you* so, of course I could swear it. My word is as good as my bond—better, for that matter—and I don't know why it should be worse than my oath!"

Hester clapped her hands so gaily as to startle her coachman on the box out of his peaceful doze. "Then we shall beat them!" she exclaimed. "We shall take the wind out of their sails. We have got the—the——"

"Weather-gauge?"

"The weather-gauge! Exactly! Just what I meant. Mr. Brail, I wish you would teach me some more of your sea-terms, they always express what I want to say!"

He looked immensely delighted, but our friend had learned navigation as well as seamanship, and saw his way to a successful voyage from a fresh departure, as it were, and on a different course. There was more credit to be obtained, he thought, by doing her bidding while still a free agent; after accomplishing her orders to the letter, he could come confidently for a reward, that in the mean time must be rather less than promised, rather more than understood.

"It is very good of you not to laugh at me," said he humbly. "A man cannot get rid of his seafaring ways and expressions so easily as he slips out of uniform to go ashore. Well, Miss Bruce, when you want me, sing out! I shall soon be alongside."

"Then I'll sing out now. But not loud enough for the servants to hear. This is a delicate business to undertake, and a difficult, but I think you have a good head on your shoulders, and a good heart in your—well, wherever a man's heart is supposed to be."

"I know where mine is. Never mind. Go ahead."

"You shall have your sailing instructions. That is right, is it not? But of course they must be modified by circumstances, and a good deal is left to your discretion."

"I understand, a sort of roving commission."

"Call it what you like. I don't think I shall be very hard upon

you, so long as you do your duty. In the first place, you must get introduced to Mr. Roy. I can help you so far. Then you must make friends with him. You will have to manage that for yourself."

"Can't you let me off making friends? I couldn't shake hands with a man who has behaved so like a scoundrel."

"You may trust to me. He is not such a—what is it?—not such a *swab* as you seem to think. He will listen to reason if he hears it from an unprejudiced person who leans to neither side. *You* are that unprejudiced person. What earthly reason *can* you have for interesting yourself in Mrs. Roy?"

"Does he not know she is a friend of *yours*?"

Miss Bruce blushed crimson. The sailor was not sure whether he had made a point or a blunder.

"That need not enlighten him," proceeded the young lady. "*You* are a friend of mine, and of papa's, but how should Mr. Roy have learned that interesting fact? People in London only make themselves acquainted with things which are *not*. Do as I tell you, and all will come right."

"Then tell me what to do."

"When Mr. Roy and you have dined together once or twice and smoked a dozen cigars, you will become what gentlemen call great friends. Then you will say to him, 'My dear fellow, I hope you believe I would do you a turn if I could.'"

Brail stared. Was there nothing she didn't know, nothing she couldn't do? Why, she would learn to command an ironclad in a week!

"He will answer, 'I am sure you would. One expects no less from a true friend,'" continued Hester, with a comical imitation of the male voice and manner that plunged her victim fathoms deeper in love than ever. "When I want you, I'll look you up." Then you must say, 'You want me now. You are getting into an awful mess. Have another cigar. I am going to tell you something you ought to know—it's about Mrs. Roy!' He will probably look and feel very angry, but he won't have anything to say at a moment's notice, and while he is trying to think of an answer you can go on. 'I happen to have heard a great deal of that lady since your differences. She has been living with her aunt in the strictest seclusion. She is never visited by a soul, and you have no more chance of getting a divorce than I have of being Archbishop of Canterbury.' That's strong enough, I think," concluded Miss Hester, opening her parasol with a jerk to point this triumphant peroration.

"And if I can get so far before he heaves a glass of grog in my face, I shall have done a day's duty and earned a day's pay," said the sailor, contemplating his teacher with an expression of blended adoration and amusement.

"A day's duty," repeated Hester, "deserves a day's pay. Good gracious, Mr. Brail, how long do you think we have been chattering here?"

"Five minutes."

"Five-and-forty, more likely! Look at my watch. Papa will think I am lost. I *must* go now—Mr. Brail, good-bye."

"And when shall I see you again?"

"Oh! not for a long time. (His face fell.) Not to-morrow, certainly." (It brightened again.)

"The day after, then?"

"No, I think not, unless we go to the Horticultural."

"You *will* go to the Horticultural?"

"Not before five o'clock. Please tell them to drive on, Mr. Brail. Once more, good-bye."

The horses were already in motion, the servants' backs were turned, nobody was looking; he bent over the slender gloved hand she gave him, and pressed it to his lips.

His heart was stout, but it thrilled; his brain was steady, but it swam. When he awoke out of his ecstasy, the carriage was a quarter-of-a-mile off, and she turned her head for the smallest fraction of a second, and gave him a last look.

"I've done it!" said Brail, walking rapturously off towards Kensington Gardens, for in his supreme delight he had lost "his bearings," as he called them, and all knowledge of where he was. "She can't make any mistake now; and if it didn't seem *impossible*, I should say she meant me to try. She's not a girl to play fast and loose with a man. Quite different! I've seen them with their heads all round the compass, so as no seamanship could bring them to, but she's not one of that sort. I believe in her like my Bible. The weather-gauge, indeed! How prettily she said it! Perhaps I'll have the weather-gauge myself one of these days, and tow you into port, my beauty, with a ring and a parson, and a whole fleet of bridesmaids, as happy as a king. Ah! there's nothing like it, when you're spliced to such a duck as that! Talk of money, rank, fashion! Rubbish! They're not worth a hank of rotten yarn! Give me a merry heart, a good conscience,

"And the wind that blows,
And the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!"

CHAPTER XXX.

WATCH AND WATCH.

It is not to be supposed that Lord Fitzowen's red-waistcoated emissary failed in the task assigned him. He came to demand his recompense, furnishing Nelly's full name and address within an hour of his first start, and hung about Lord Fitzowen's residence till that nobleman should return to dress for dinner, contentedly enough wishing, indeed, that all the jobs he took in hand were as easy of accomplishment and as sure to be well-paid.

Corner Hotel, Corner Street, Strand. Surely no locality could be less calculated to screen a lady from pursuit! Why not take a room there at once, disguised as a bagman—with such a red wig and sample of hardware as should defy recognition, not to resume his real character until assured of forgiveness and success? The idea, though tempting, was too theatrical, and he dismissed it with regret. Such an adventure would have suited his versatile genius, no doubt, but seemed repugnant to good taste. Moreover, Fitz felt conscious, not only of admiration for Mrs. Roy, but also of profound respect. This it was that distinguished the present from all his past attachments, and caused him to fear that he must be very far gone indeed.

So he was content to wait a day or two, and then despatched a bouquet of liberal dimensions, addressed to Mrs. Roy. Nelly, believing, simply enough, that this floral offering was a gallantry from Brail, thanked him accordingly, and it was only after the sailor's energetic disavowal that she suspected the real offender. But what was the use? she could not send them back; the flowers were very beautiful, bringing with them odours of summer, almost gleams of sunshine, into the cook's galley, as the lieutenant called it, where she cast up her bills.

"They're lovely, my dear, whoever sent them," protested her aunt. "Flowers isn't like ornaments, Nelly; they're to be had for the gathering. A young woman needn't be ashamed to accept of flowers, come from where they will, and a young man wouldn't offer flowers as didn't mean honest and honourable. If it was a bracelet, now, or a pair of gold earrings, they'd have to go back next post: I've done it myself, scores of times; but when they come with a nosegay, Thank ye, kindly, says I, and you're welcome to a nosegay from me, if you look for anything in return!"

Thus it fell out that when Lord Fitzowen summoned courage to call in person at the Corner Hotel, he found his bouquet set in a jug

of water, propped by two ledgers on her writing-table, under Nelly's very nose. Any encouragement thus afforded, seemed, however, sufficiently counteracted by that lady's greeting, which was of the coldest and most reserved. Putting her lips to an orifice in the wall, that communicated by some mysterious pipe with the basement, she summoned a flippant waiter to assist at the interview, ignoring sternly the possibility that his lordship could have called for any purpose less business-like than that of securing rooms. Fitz was not easily defeated ; but it must be confessed that this masterly manœuvre placed him at considerable disadvantage. His frank, open nature did him better service than any amount of artifice.

"Forgive me," he said, lifting his hat, "I only ventured to intrude because, having discovered your address by accident, I wanted to finish something I forgot to say the last time we met."

Nelly had turned very pale, but her lip was steady and her voice firm while she answered : "I require no apology. I thought my wishes would have had greater weight. I am sorry to find I am mistaken. I conclude there is nothing more to be said."

The waiter stared, and whisked his napkin. Lord Fitzowen, trying to intimate with his eye that it would be well if this functionary were dismissed, preserved an awkward silence ; while Mrs. John did a sum in addition, and did it wrong.

"Do you wish to see my aunt ?" she said at last, looking up with a gravity which proved too much for her visitor.

For all his romance, volatile Fitz was keenly alive to the ludicrous, and he fairly burst into a laugh.

His mirth seemed contagious ; Nelly could not forbear smiling, though resolved none the less to remain on her defence.

"Will you introduce me to your aunt ?" he exclaimed. "I should be so delighted. I want to know the whole family."

"It is all very well to laugh," replied Mrs. John, resuming her gravity ; "but I should have thought *you* the last person in the world to take unfair advantage of any one—particularly of the unhappy. Do not force me to confess I was mistaken."

"You don't mean I must never come and see you at all ?" said his lordship ruefully. "I only ask to be of service : I had no time to tell you so the other day. I would run your errands, fetch and carry for you like a dog !"

"I don't want a dog," she answered ; "and I have nothing to fetch and carry."

"But I may send you some more flowers, at any rate ? After all, *they are only vegetables*. There can be no objection to flowers."

"Neither flowers nor vegetables. I ought to have thanked you for these. But no more ; and good-bye !"

So his lordship had nothing for it but to walk out, baffled, defeated, more enthralled than ever, and gathering what consolation he could from his late rebuff.

"At least," he thought, "she seemed to like the flowers. That must mean she will forgive me for sending more. What on earth made her have the waiter up? I don't know why one should mind waiters ; they must hear and see all sorts of things. A waiter is really no more protection than a toothpick ! Yes, I must be patient. In a week, or perhaps less, I might call again. I can excuse myself by urging that she would not listen to me to-day. By degrees she will get used to it, and in time she will let me sit in that glass-case with her—of course under surveillance of the aunt, and eventually, perhaps, only of the waiter. I can square *him*. It will be a long business, but I shouldn't mind that, if I thought she would care for me at last. It's up-hill work—I have made lamentably slow progress ; yet I cannot help flattering myself I got the thin end of the wedge in to-day !"

Thus ruminated his lordship under the erroneous impression that it is possible to judge of one woman by another, or that experience and analogy are of the slightest assistance in predicating the turns of the female mind ; and while so ruminating, returned, instinctively, the salute of that red-waistcoated messenger whom he so often employed. As red-waistcoat looked after the nobleman with an admiring shake of the head, he was accosted by a person wearing a shabby suit of black, like an undertaker in difficulties, who pressed a sixpence into his willing palm.

"What's this for?" asked the recipient, at once suspecting "something up."

"Why, you see, my man, I'm from the country."

"You looks like it," interrupted red-waistcoat.

"From the country," continued the other, indifferent to irony. "Comed up for the Horse Show ; and I want to know some of the tip-toppers, if it's only by sight, so as to talk of them when I gets home."

"Vell?"

"Now, that is a real, natural swell, I'm sure of it, as you touched your hat to just now. Would you mind obliging me with his name?"

"Vich?"

"The young gentleman in a blue surtout, with his hat a-one-side."

"Wot ! Don't you know 'im?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Who is he? Why, Captain Bull. That's who *he* is! I thought as everybody knowed Captain Bull!"

And red-waistcoat, true to his salt, having mistrusted this country-breed inquirer from the first, disappeared down a by-street, to melt his late gratuity in gin.

The shabby man smiled, shook his head, and walked on. "It's a good name," he said to himself, "a very good travelling name, is Captain Bull. I might find it handy some of these days in my own way of business. So his lordship calls himself Captain Bull, does he, when he takes his little walks and plays his little game at this here end of the Strand? Let's see, now. The day before yesterday a nosegay of flowers, not far short of a guinea's worth, I'll wager; to-day a visit under a false name; to-morrow?—to-morrow will be an off-day, I guess. Spell of work—spell of rest; that's about the size of it with these here upper-crusts. And next week, maybe, she'll drive out with him in a hired brougham, or what-not. I think I see my way to put the puzzle together, piecing it in, bit by bit, till every joint fits exact, smooth, and even as the palm of your hand. Then I goes to my employer and draws my ten quid, and perhaps a couple more for luck. Yes, I don't think I laid out that sixpence so badly. For a Londoner, and a gutter-bred one, this chap in a red weskit seems what I call a trifle *soft*."

Not so soft as the shabby person supposed. Red-waistcoat, who had swept a crossing in St. James's Street, hung about Tattersall's yard, held their horses for Members of both Houses at Westminster, and, when Parliament was not sitting, had spent one recess on plain fare and regular exercise at Brixton, was about as sharp a blade as can be turned out by the hard grindstone of lower London life. He saw through the would-be countryman at a glance, detected the detective by his boots—*ex pede Herculem*—and, making sure he was not followed, ran like a lamp-lighter, through certain by-streets, to Lord Fitzowen's house, where his knowledge of human nature told him his lordship would return for revisal of his toilet after a visit to his lady-love in the Strand.

He arrived simultaneously with that nobleman, and passed into the hall by aid of the owner's latch-key.

"Well, Jack, what's up now?" asked Fitzowen, flinging his umbrella with a clatter into the stand.

"You're watched, my lord!" was the answer. "I made bold to come on here at once, and give your lordship the office. When a man *knows* as he's watched, there ain't no danger, like when a man *knows* as he's drunk!"

"How did you find it out, Jack?"

"Bless ye, my lord! I hadn't no call to go a-finding of it out; the cove jumped slap into my mouth. 'Who's that gent?' says he, when I lifted my 'at to your lordship, which you returned polite. I warn't agoin' to give *him* the tip, my lord, not if I know'd it. I'm not such a flat."

"Do you think he had been following me long?"

"Best part of an hour, my lord. I see him before, when your lordship passed down Pall-Mall. I couldn't be mistaken, a-cause of his boots. He ain't a bobby, my lord; you've no call to be afraid of that; but he's as bad, if not worse."

"You'd know him again, I suppose?"

"Anywheres, my lord. He couldn't deceive *me*, not if I was to drop on to him in a church."

"Then keep a sharp look-out. If you see that he tracks me regularly, get into conversation with him, and find out his employer, if you can."

"Let me alone, my lord. I'll soon know wot he's up to. Good day, my lord. It's uncommon hot this afternoon."

"Are you thirsty, Jack?"

"Always dry, my lord, begging your lordship's pardon."

"Then go and wet your whistle with that, and don't come here again till you've got something to tell me I didn't know before."

Red-waistcoat, pocketing a handsome gratuity, went rejoicing; while Lord Fitzowen, dressing leisurely for an afternoon ride, meditated on Mrs. Roy's deep grey eyes, and the false position in which he had placed both her and himself.

Watched! Had it indeed come to this? He could depend on Red-waistcoat; the fellow was sharp as a needle, and familiar with every kind of intrigue, even in phases of life far higher than his own. There was no likelihood of his being mistaken, and it seemed probable that, for some reason as yet unexplained, the attachment he had allowed himself to cherish for this deserted wife was now suspected by her husband. There would be an action at law, a show-up, a general row, and he was to be made the scapegoat! What then? Why, Mr. Roy was playing into his very hands. He desired nothing better. Outraged, insulted, compromised by the man who ought to have protected her, found guilty by the verdict of society before trial and without evidence, her good name irretrievably tarnished as thus connected with his own, Nelly would be more or less than woman if she refused the only shelter left—his love, his protection, and his home. They would go abroad at once. How delightful! "The world for-

getting, by the world forgot," they would find some beautiful nook in Germany, Switzerland, the Italian Alps, no matter where, to furnish the first example of a pair who, having set the decencies of life at defiance, could make each other happy as the day is long ! Would he tire of her at last ? No, no ; a thousand times, no. And all the while, with masculine self-sufficiency, he never dreamed of speculating, would she tire of him ?

Pending this final catastrophe, distant enough as yet, excepting Lord Fitzowen's vivid imagination, Mr. Roy paid frequent visits to Lincoln's Inn, returning therefrom day by day, with an increasing depression of spirits that Lady Jane taxed all her energies to dispel. It vexed her not a little to see a man whom she now began to consider personal property, in no way elevated by his prospects—grave, silent, even morose, showing unaccountable dislike to the payment or acceptance of those little attentions by which women set such store.

"I can't think what's the matter with you !" exclaimed her ladyship, fairly out of patience with his continued despondency. "If it wasn't so bad a compliment to myself, and I didn't know it must be impossible, I should say you were in love with that odious wife of yours all the time !"

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC SLAVE-DEALING IN TURKEY.

DO Englishmen—one is sometimes tempted to ask—at all realise to themselves that Turkey is a great slave-owning Power? It would seem that most of us are either oblivious of this fact, or indifferent to it. For in the rush of eloquence which is poured out on the Eastern Question in Parliamentary debates and political meetings, in the stream of words that flows from the pens of our newspaper article-writers, in critical letters and denunciatory pamphlets—how often do we find this fact even alluded to? We must confess that it is, by at least one great section of Englishmen, entirely thrust in the background, as a bugbear not easy to deal with, and best left unfaced. It may lurk in the dark shadows of things that are, but it is best not to drag it out of the obscurity that has so long shrouded it; for that would surely be to complicate this Eastern Question, through which so few of us can at present see hopes of the dawn.

And yet it may well be a question whether any of those friends of the Sick Man who are anxious to set him on his feet again dare ignore a symptom of weakness and dissolution which, through long neglect, has cankered and undermined his national strength.

A nation of slaves must be a nation of units, amongst whom there can be but little true cohesion. If I am told that Turkey may not strictly be called "a nation of slaves," let it be conceded that, even amongst her free-men, many of her Beys and Pachas have risen from a state of servitude, whilst those of the higher orders who can boast of anything approaching family descent on the father's side (and these are not many) are, in the greater number of cases, the children of slave mothers; so that the taint of slavery thus clings to the domestic life of the Turk notwithstanding that he himself may be free-born. And as national life is but the outcome of family life, it follows that the political institutions of Turkey must be more or less affected by this slavery, which, however patriarchal in form, has gone far to graft upon the race a servility of character growing more and more innate as time runs on.

But it is not my intention to enlarge on this topic here. Taking the existence of slavery as an acknowledged fact in the national life of Turkey, we pass on to a consideration of the conditions under which domestic slave traffic goes on.

And in the first place it is necessary to make a classification of the slaves themselves. Let us divide them according to the simplest distinctions which Turkish customs force on our attention. We then have these four classes: the blacks, or eunuchs; the white serving-men; the Negro or coloured women; and the Circassians, or white women. We must next ask, Who are the agents that effect the sale and transfer of slaves, seeing that the scandal of a public slave market is avoided in Turkey? And the answer will show us that this baneful trade, in one particular development, has the peculiar feature of being promoted by those who are themselves slaves.

For the eunuchs, or black guardians of the hareem, great as is their authority in the household, are bought and sold, and are essentially the property of the master or mistress whom they serve. And yet it is they who are the chief medium in effecting the transfer of slaves. Not only so, but some, if not all of them, may occasionally possess slaves of their own, and find means to carry on limited speculations on their own account, either in the way of procuring from Africa and placing out the younger eunuchs, or in rearing young girls in order to dispose of them advantageously as occasion offers. Here are two facts which are alone sufficient to explain how the sale of slaves in Turkey and Egypt can be managed as quietly and decorously as it is, and in a way which no pretence of law-making can prevent. In fact, no amount of legislation about Eastern slavery can be really effective which does not deal with the root of the matter. Whilst the Turkish and Egyptian husband, father, and householder is content to maintain a class of black jailors to manage the women of the family for him, so long that class will endeavour by every means to increase the trade by which it lives, and which is the cause of its existence and power.

And there is, amongst these black guardians of the hareem—so despised on the one hand, so feared on the other—a certain *esprit de corps* such as one knows unites the members of the Jesuit priesthood. There is a falling back upon the sense of brotherhood for strength and support, and a tenacious clinging to the authority of the office. The master's delegated power is, in fact, the eunuch's only brevet of rank in the household; and if he displeases his effendi, a word from the latter may reverse his position, and place him under the command of one of his fellows, erewhile his subordinate. Nevertheless, so

important does he know his services to be, that he is sure his conduct will be screened and his position upheld within the "Sacred Enclosure" (as the harem is called). The eunuch has thus a two-fold position of dependence; his obligation to serve his master faithfully, yet please and satisfy the whims of his master's wives and his master's household. The double service usually makes him a sycophant and a traitor to his duty. It gives him also the opportunity to profit in a money point of view by his office. For, as I have pointed out elsewhere, he can often obtain sufficient influence over his mistress to induce her to allow him to place in her harem some little boy or girl slave whom he has bought as an investment, and whom he can rear and train there at a nominal expense; or failing this, he can place the child out to board.

To free-born Englishmen and women, living under laws which secure personal freedom, it must be difficult to conceive how one, himself shackled by the fetters of slavery, can lend his hand willingly to enslave another for any profit he may gain. But here let us not be too harsh in our judgment, nor too sweeping in our condemnation of those who do this thing. Few hearts are wholly bad, or wholly swayed by the passion for gain, even amongst the class of whom I am writing; and although in this slave traffic the love of money generally comes to be the ruling motive, other and softer feelings may at first dispute its rule. Isolated by his very position in the household, knowing himself in most cases to have been kidnapped and carried off from his own people, he comes to crave for the love and respect and dependence of some one human being. Very likely he first buys and keeps some little child from much the same motive as would lead us to keep and to cherish a pet: we like to have it, to teach it to depend on us, to make it fond of us. Unfortunately, many a person who keeps a pet is often more cruel than kind to it, and this chiefly by ignoring sympathy, companionship, and those little interchanges of kindly attention which awakened affection craves. And so it no doubt happens in the case of the purchaser and the bought child—there is no strong tie to bind the two together, no constant companionship, or community of interest; by-and-by comes the opportunity for separation, and it is not evaded by any plea of sentiment. An advantageous position will naturally be sought for the *prize*, and if possible, one where she will pass from the condition of a slave into that of a wife. For the eunuchs are remissive of their influence, and by no means despise the opportunity of having another *man* into society: they desire by all means to be on visiting terms with the slave just transferred to another's owner.

ship, and on this account, if for no other reason, they take care to keep on terms of friendly relationship both before and after concluding the bargain which removes their late possession from their further control, unless this influence be kept up by association and the force of habit. So it comes to pass that, where such a master has been fairly considerate, if not truly kind, he may retain, if he will, a modified influence over the woman he has just sold, and may even be repaid in future by a certain amount of gratitude and consideration in return for the "bringing-up" he has bestowed.

This will generally follow as a part of the training given, reverence for an owner being instilled into a slave as a habit of mind. A slave, in fact, does not look upon himself or herself as an *individual*, but as a dependent essentially a part of another, that other being the one to whom he looks for his sustenance and the supply of his most absolute daily needs—more he would think unreasonable, except in rare cases. The idea of being *independent*—the sense of individual responsibility in having to provide for his own wants—these have never presented themselves to his mind. If the circumstances of his life permitted him to conceive of a state of freedom, with the anxieties and cares it must bring, he would probably, on the whole, prefer the low level of a certain poor provision, with slavery, to the uncertainties of a precarious existence in which he was not sure of being able to obtain his own livelihood (owing to the depressed state of trade and commercial enterprise as engaged in by Turks themselves). This supposition refers, of course, to the case where the master has not been unduly harsh.

The case where the slave-owner is cruel or vindictive will, on the other hand, destroy the soft mezzo-tinting of our picture. And we may be sure that the lines may fall in every gradation of shading. The master may be the exacting, self-asserting tyrant, or the kindly, gently domineering owner; between these two extremes every degree of tyranny may intervene. But where cruelty has been wantonly exercised, or petty annoyances have been ceaselessly inflicted, who can tell what agony of mind, what contempt of the justice of men, goad the slave to hatred of such a master, and impatience of his yoke? Then poverty and the prospect of semi-starvation would be welcome indeed, might liberty but be secured at the price of any long endurance of mere privations in the future.

But the eunuch himself is not often tempted to such a bitter pass. And yet he rarely looks forward to being other than a slave. It is, indeed, an exceptional case when he attains his freedom even after years of long and faithful service. That it is so may be easily under-

stood when we reflect that he himself is flattered by the sense of importance he derives from his office, which he therefore delights to retain; that years only add to his value in experience, and increase the consideration and obedience he is expected to exact from those placed under his hand; whilst, lastly and chiefly, the riches and possessions he may have acquired in any way, either by slave-dealing, horse-dealing, racing, betting, or gaming, become, at his death, the property of his owner—whose interest it is, therefore, to retain possession of so valuable a servant to the last.

If now we consider the eunuch not any longer in the *role* of principal, but only as a medium of effecting bargains for others in the sale of slave property, we shall come upon a wider field. Here he is legitimately occupied about the business of his employers. The etiquette of Eastern life restrains a master from making inquiries on his own account; many Eastern ladies are too indolent to conduct negotiations for themselves. If a slave is wanted with special characteristics, such a one the eunuch undertakes to find, and such characteristics he determines to test. Here he has scope for his peculiar talents—his power of observation and skill in trying what amount of tact, perseverance, reticence, and integrity the proposed purchase may possess. The business gives him occupation for some long time, and interferes a good deal with his favourite game of backgammon; but then it necessitates his paying so many visits to the neighbouring hareems, that that of itself is some return for his trouble and watchfulness. Wherever he goes he is well received, both by his fellows, by the ladies of the house, or, in the mistress's absence, by the upper slaves; and as, on his rounds, his budget of news increases in volume, this gives him a surer passport to welcome at each succeeding visit. Still, no wayside amusements can long distract his attention from the end he has in view, and sooner or later he hunts up just the goods he wants, and having beforehand arranged matters between the principals, he has only to introduce them and leave them to conclude their bargain, feeling very sure that he will receive a *douceur* as commission from both parties as soon as the transfer is effected. It may become his duty to carry or receive the sealed canvas bag which contains the gold pieces that are the price of a human being, and from which he expects to have handed back to him a few shining coins as a token of the estimation in which his services as go-between are held; but the old woman *kiahia* (superintendent) of the harem may dispute the privilege with him.

The position of a eunuch differs considerably according to the

grandeur of the establishment to which he belongs.¹ If he is young, and only in training for his duties, he may be little better than a mere door-keeper, but as he grows older and has to watch over his mistress and her slaves, to attend them when they go out, and accompany them when they go to stay at the houses of their friends, he begins to understand that he is a somebody of importance ; he is likely to find that as he increases in favour, and is treated with distinction by the ladies under his charge, so far he will have to suffer from the envy or suspicion—sometimes from the falsehoods and cabals—of his superiors in office (and the larger hareems usually employ several eunuchs). Then comes a struggle for supremacy, the end of which may well be that one of the two contending parties is morally worsted in the eyes of the household, whilst the other sees the plots he has raised against his enemy succeed so far as to accomplish his removal from the house, either by his being *given away* or sold. The former method is generally resorted to where the slave is already in the secrets of the household ; for by his being transferred to some member of the owner's family his reticence is pretty sure to be secured, either by fear or bribes.

A master in the art of dissimulation, by nature a bully and a tyrant, the black eunuch has cunning and sagacity enough to lord it with a high hand over the white lady he was bought to serve, and whose actual property he, with all that belongs to him, may be. And she, from habit, and bound down by the paralysing force of custom, submits in dumb fear to the tyranny he can exercise over her in a thousand petty ways. Such is one of the darkest problems of social life in Turkey !

So much for the class of slaves whom I have placed in the first division, on account of their anomalous position as slaves who may be both principals and intermediaries in domestic slave-dealing.

In the second class we may place those boys and men, white and black, who, being slaves, are employed in various occupations in the *salâamlık*. The slavery is so essentially domestic in character (probably owing to the total absence of women from the men's part of the house), that all duties which come under the head of house-work—such as sweeping, making coffee, attending to fires, serving the table, making up beds, bringing candles, trimming lamps, setting up night-lights (wicks burning in oil), and placing them throughout

¹ It is only the richer classes of Turks who can afford to keep eunuchs to guard their hareems. The old woman *kiakia kaden* is the guardian in the middle-class houses, and a negress, or a white slave chosen for her ugliness, in quite poor dwellings.

the sleeping rooms—have all to be performed by men slaves, or by paid servants who are for the most part Armenians or Greeks. There seemed to be, however, when I was in Turkey, no lack of young boys and youths and grown-up men who avowedly were slaves. They might be what one would hardly term pages or valets, yet they were both, and might pass from one service to the other, or become pipe-servers or waiters. Some who were, perhaps, not strictly slaves, seemed contentedly to accept the implied position of slaves. Thus, an old grandmother, who had never received her paper of manumission,¹ might be looking after a sturdy boy of six, the orphan child of her married daughter, now dead, and the boy would be reckoned as one of the household to which his grandmother belonged, and in which he shared the little room set apart for her. Or a *sood-nina* (foster-mother), when her charge was duly weaned, would leave her own boy behind her, because, being a pretty child, the *khanum* had taken a fancy to him, and had half promised to adopt him. That happened to one of the sweetest little fellows I have ever seen; but he, I believe, was adopted *en règle*, since he proved to be as affectionate and good-tempered as handsome, and his mother, a Circassian, was said to be quite willing to give him up. If he was *not* adopted, and also properly provided for, I should fear that on the death of his protectress his position might be most uncertain as regards his personal freedom.

Until a strict system of Registration of Births comes into force in Turkey, the claim to freedom by birthright can in certain cases be easily set at nought.² Such a registration is the more needed, since there is no ceremony of naming performed at the mosque corresponding to our registered baptism, a father merely giving a name to his child when its birth is announced to him, and this without any ceremony whatever. Mussulman male children are probably not reckoned in the population of Turkey till after the rite of circumcision, which may be delayed five or eight years. No return is made of Mussulman women in the statistics of the country.

Let me remark here that the buying and selling of slaves of the class with whom we are now concerned, appeared to me to rest chiefly in the hands of the *kiahia*, or house-steward, where the purchase was for a large household. As to the price which slaves may fetch, there

¹ Slaves do not generally marry until they are made free; for the children of slaves would belong to the proprietor of the slaves. This is the case commonly amongst the Arabs in Africa. The Turkish law resembles the old Roman law on this and many other points of slavery.

² This article was in type before the *Daily News* of May 13th announced an intended reform in the registration of births and deaths throughout Turkey.

is no fixed rule. Thus, a white slave may be bought for from 50 to 1,000 Turkish pounds; a negress for from 25 Turkish pounds upwards; and a eunuch costs from about the same figure to any fancy price, which varies according as his extreme ugliness, imposing appearance, or address in the arts of sycophancy may recommend him for the place he is bought to fill. The above figures were given to me by an effendi.

Slaves who are the lowest attendants in the *saldamlık* have a rough life. They eat where they can, and sleep on a thin mattress thrown down where they can find a corner out of the draught. These correspond to the *boors* or villeins of Saxon days. A grade above these comes the *lallah*, or man-nurse, who dresses like an upper servant, and is treated with much consideration. A *lallah* may in some families be a free man receiving wages, but he has usually grown up as a slave companion to some little *bey* (every little *bey* having one or two such playmates who are brought up with him). Being a slave as a boy, he remains in a state of easy servitude as a man. When his old occupations fail him, he is named *lallah*, probably to his master's first child. Whilst his charge is yet young he will carry him out in his arms for hours, and when he is older, will patiently saunter along beside the toddling child. In the same way little girls may share the *lallah's* care. He is responsible for the child's safety when not in the care of the black *dada* (woman nurse) within the hareem. Later on he is also responsible for the respectful conduct the boy shows towards his *khodja* (tutor) when he begins to attend the *mekteb* (or class for teaching reading and writing): and it is not easy at first to persuade a young pupil to consider as a very serious affair a lesson which seems to consist of mimicry and imitation; for the child, seated opposite the teacher (whose very gravity increases the comical side of the exhibition), is taught to go through a violent gymnastic swaying of the body to a sort of rhythmic nasal braying, before he gets by heart his syllables, and next some verses of the Korán. As the *lallah* has more sympathy, so he has more influence with the pupil than the *khodja* himself, certainly until his hyperbolic lessons of morality come to be apprehended. This influence is generally durable, and its strength greatly depends on the degree of affectionate familiarity to which the boy has permitted himself to become accustomed. If there has been much attempt on the part of his attendant to curb his will habitually, then there is naturally a feeling of relief when the time comes that the *lallah* is no longer considered indispensable, and the result then is that the latter is passed on to some younger brother, or cousin, or friend. The stability of the position of a slave of this standing rests

much then, at this crisis, on the amount of tact he has known how to exercise in dealing with the whims of his young master during his hours of relaxation, when his nominal business is merely attending him on horseback, or sitting cross-legged behind him in a *caïque* to hold over his head the great umbrella that shelters him from the sun. Thus it depends much on the *lallah* himself whether he shall be retained about the person of his charge, his position gradually changing into that of semi-mentor, semi-valet, as the boy grows from the youth into the man. If his master prove grateful for his services, he may expect to receive his paper of manumission by the time he is forty or five-and-forty, and with it a pension which enables him to have a household of his own. The children of such a freed slave will then merge into the lower orders of the Turkish people, unless some fortunate chance should raise them to affluence and position. Such good luck comes, however, more frequently to a slave than to a free-man.

Yet, very naturally, a slave always looks to receiving his freedom (with some sort of provision) sooner or later; and knowing that some ten or fifteen years of steady service¹ will almost ensure his obtaining it from a considerate master, he will see that it is to his interest to behave well, and will do all he can to merit his master's approval; or, failing that, will at least avoid all causes of offence which might arouse against himself any strong displeasure. I have no doubt that this hope of thus one day winning his freedom holds many a slave silent as to his master's cruelty or wrong-doing when the impulse awakened by natural indignation is so strong that no other consideration could restrain it. It is at the same time possible that the patriarchal character of the relation between master and slave, still traceable in the East, may serve to bind the two by a tie of common interests, which makes the one willingly merge his personal responsibility in that of the other. But the evils of the system are sufficiently manifest, and undoubtedly give rise to a state of things in which every phase of tyranny is possible.

I have already observed that one characteristic of slavery amongst the Turks at the present day is, that it is strictly *domestic*; that is to say, whilst the women-slaves are confined within the hareem, virtually as prisoners, the men-slaves are employed chiefly *indoors* in the *salâamlık*, and rarely about the grounds. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the Turkish master himself would con-

¹ I reckon these years of service from the time the slave is grown up. Each rich family seems to have its own regulations for freeing slaves sooner or later, and many promises are made which may be kept or may be evaded as may prove convenient.

sider it derogatory to his own dignity to let his slave perform agricultural work,—work which ought naturally to fall to the lot of the subject races. In the second place, the slave, whether Circassian, Georgian, or African, would resent being put to such work, and would make his protest unhesitatingly. Were there no subject Christian races to employ, no doubt the Turkish slave would be made to work in the fields and at the galleys, as of yore ; but it happens, as we notice in the third place, that it is much cheaper to hire labour by giving the mere pittance of a few piastres a day to a Bulgarian or Servian peasant, than to buy and maintain a slave to do the same work. Again, the labour of the free-man is more profitable in the sense that it is more thorough, because done more heartily. This humble but practical illustration is the simplest lesson in the first principles of political economy one can conceive, suited to the capacity of the ordinary Turkish slave-owner.

But a slave is not necessarily one who performs manual labour only. He may be one employed in keeping the accounts of the household, or may act as subordinate paymaster under a *kiahia* who cannot himself write accounts. I will instance one cultivated young Nubian who filled such a post most creditably. Whilst quietly intelligent and business-like, staid in manner, and unaffectedly dignified though retiring, this young man of colour had in his nature those elements which unmistakably go to make up the character of the true *gentleman* of whatever race. A certain reserve and sadness in him made me desirous to know his story, which I in time learnt. "*Mon Prince*," as the young Nubian ever after dubbed himself, was really, as it seemed from his simple account, a prince in his own land. But a party of slave-hunters had one day surprised him when on a hunting or fishing expedition, whilst he was accidentally separated from his companions,—a blanket was thrown over his head to stifle his cries, and he was carried off. At that time he was about nine or ten ; his captors do not appear to have taken him for the sake of ransom ; they probably could not understand his language, and he found no means of making good his story or obtaining justice, and at last saw it was better to acquiesce in his fate. He was ultimately sold to one of the princes of the reigning family in Egypt, where he was not badly treated. From Egypt he had been sent to Constantinople, and as his position was even better here, he had been able to save his *ailik* (monthly allowance), wherewith to send to his own country for a native dress such as he had formerly worn in his home land. That was the one personal ambition he had permitted himself to gratify. On my expressing a wish to see the suit, it was displayed with much

naïve pleasure and some pride, and my admiration of the effective costume (composed of a straight tunic of glossy dark-green silk, purple silk under-robe, and curious head-dress) gave genuine pleasure to this isolated young man, so unused to any show of sympathy.

"*Mon Prince*" had many estimable qualities; he was quietly persevering and strictly ruled by the idea of duty. Will he, I wonder, have remembered his own people, and care to go back to them some day? Perhaps one could hardly be surprised if he preferred the luxuries of Constantinople to the comparative want of civilisation in his country. He, in his quiet way, when I hinted at such a preference, smiled and said, "One's own people are one's own people." There was a patient tenacity of affection in that boy of twenty which made me feel great respect for the strength of his home memories.

But I have still to deal with the subject of domestic slave-dealing in the case of the women, whom I must divide, as I said, into two distinct classes, according to their colour.

Under the term "black" women will be found, not only the coal-black Negro, gaunt and square of limb, but the slight, well-made Nubian, and the graceful, supple Abyssinian, with rounded, oval face, well-formed features, and rich creamy-brown skin. Of this class a considerable number find their way into the hareems of the richer Turkish ladies, where they are employed in various ways, whilst each one has only one definite duty. Thus, a black woman may be a *dada*, or nurse, in which case she will attend to nothing but the immediate wants of her charge, dandling it, feeding it, watching it most faithfully in its sleep, following its childish footsteps about the house in its play, passing it over to the care of the *lallah* when it is to go out for a walk, and sitting disconsolate, or at least unoccupied, till it returns to her; but it would not occur to her or to her mistress that it was any part of her duty to occupy her leisure in sewing for the child. These *dadas* are very faithful, and frequently are retained in the household of the child they have nursed till their extreme old age, when they have care and respect in return. But still there are frequent cases where, at first, they do not suit, and have to be got rid of and replaced by another till the faithful one who does suit comes along. Then again, this faithful *dada* may, after some years, be found useless in the household, and then she may be given her freedom in order to be married to some black man, who has asked for her perhaps because he has a small business for making *yédouret* (sweet curds) in which she could help. By-and-by the freed woman may become the *sood-nina*, or foster-mother (literally, *milk-mother*) of one of the children in the household she has lately left, and from that time she will be

treated with almost filial respect, and her wants will be well looked after, since it is considered by the Turks a heinous offence to neglect either parent or foster-parent. Many black women are bought to be cooks to supplement the dishes sent into the hareem from the *salâamlık*, where all the chief cooking is supposed to be done (so that at every meal a string of waiters file into the hareem courtyard with covered trays on their heads, bearing the provisions ready prepared). The Arab woman who can please her mistress's taste by making fancy dishes just flavoured with the right herbs, is considered "a treasure;" and though it may be long before the really clever one *is* found, yet when she is found her mistress will delight to keep her to minister to her fancied wants, or to her real wants in the long fast of Ramazan, should she not be strong enough to pass the day without eating anything (which most Mussulman women seem to try to do conscientiously). It will be a great piece of self-denial to part with such a useful servant, but her mistress *will* sometimes give or sell her under the pressure of certain considerations; for instance, she wishes to advance her husband's views at court, and she knows (for Turkish ladies play a great part in politics, under the rose) that it may greatly increase her interest with some influential lady-friend, who has lately partaken of her dainties, to make her a present of one who can cook such savoury meats; so she heroically makes the sacrifice; and it is scarcely a less sacrifice if she receives by-and-by some present or another slave in return. Then some *khanums* prefer black women as *khavehjees* (coffee-makers), for which service they are in great request, their faithfulness in not allowing the beverage to be tampered with being fully, though quietly, acknowledged. Amongst the men slaves the same preference is often to be observed, a pacha generally having one or two blacks as his constant personal attendants. As *hammamjees* (attendants at the bath), black women are also much prized, their manipulation in shampooing being considered more delicate, and at the same time more forcible, than that of the white attendants; and the blacks are also most patient and unwearied in this exhausting service. A good *hammamjee*, whose hand "comes well" in bringing back strength and nervous force to the weary limbs of her mistress—oftenest tired with doing nothing—is prized almost as much as a good cook. She is, perhaps, more difficult to find, for whether it be from some subtle power of sympathy or repulsion, it happens not unfrequently that a shampooing attendant who is considered by one lady to be an excellent operator is not thought to be so by another. For this reason a trial before purchase would be thought fair where one lady proposes to take a *hammamjee* from another.

This hint will introduce the statement that Turkish ladies very commonly negotiate amongst themselves as to the exchange or purchase of slaves. The whim to possess a new face, the desire to hear all that can be "pumped" out of this new machine-person (whose mind as well as body is at the bidding of her owner), will often be quite sufficient to decide the one negotiator; whilst the other may be actuated in getting rid of a slave by reasons quite as puerile, or by more serious reasons which may be kept in the background, such as a fancy that the girl is revengeful, or is a tale-bearer, or that she may possibly become her rival. Again, some ladies cannot find attendants sufficiently beautiful to please their fantastic taste; whilst others, on detecting a growing prettiness in their young slaves, will hasten to be rid of them in order that their own plainness may not be made more apparent by contrast. These, and a hundred other causes, operate to keep up a pretty constant interchange of slaves between the hareems.

I have been speaking here of all women slaves generally, and not only of the blacks, of whom wives are not often jealous. Still, it does happen, though rarely, that a pacha has a coloured son by a dark mother. When this occurred in the family of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, it chanced that the succession to the Viceroyalty fell to that very son by seniority of age, but his mixed parentage being but too apparent in his dusky complexion, his right was passed over in favour of the relative next in age. In fact, the Turks do not consider the blacks by any means on an equality with themselves, nor do they think it necessary or advisable to give them the power to read and write; and the black (with some notable exceptions) seems quite willing to be in the lowest stratum of the human family, quietly contenting himself or herself with doing the simple duties that fall to their lot, in general not toiling hard, but following a wearying, unvarying round in a drudging, hopeless way that is painful to witness.

The black women are, on the whole, very estimable. They are especially attentive and kind to the black eunuchs of the household, whom they have an odd way of seeming to patronise, whilst they yet show themselves full of pride that men of *their* colour should have such power over the white slaves and over the white lady mistresses. It did occur to me that the black women get their full share of consideration in return from their black masters, and that there was a good deal of partiality shown occasionally where it might chance that a quarrel had to be decided between slaves of different colour.

We now come to the fourth great class, the white girls and women. Certainly all are not Circassians *par sang*, but, from their

varying types, appear to be of all races and mixtures of races to be found in Turkey and in neighbouring countries. The first question in regard to this very numerous factor of the slave population is, how do these women, of such varying *physique* and physiognomies, all come to be in the condition of slaves in the hareems of Constantinople and other large towns of the provinces? They were not born where they now are ; so much is clear. What system, then, of slave-dealing can that be which does not show its ghastliness in the public slave marts, yet manages to keep the hareems always plentifully supplied with young children, girls and boys?

From what I could ascertain from the slaves themselves and from others, it seemed very evident that the greater proportion of them were stolen children, and that the crime of man-stealing is very common in Turkey. So that one can only conclude that kidnappers, who live by this child-stealing, and carry on their nefarious trade by all sorts of means, are more numerous than could have been supposed, since the general supply of white children seems as inexhaustible as ever. Where they can get possession of children, young and cheap, direct from their Circassian parents or relatives, they no doubt do so, and in that case they are not kidnapping ; but as some years since the Circassians were removed from their own province, and assigned certain districts in the country and in Stamboul, these traders have only had the colony home to draw upon, and the supply from that quarter has been very limited.¹ This being the case, the solution of the question as to the origin of the great bulk of the white women slaves of Turkey seems to be the conclusion that these children must be picked up in villages remote from the capital by men of the lowest class, who make their requisitions in Armenia, on the borders of Persia and Russia, in Georgia, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia, as well as in villages nearer home, in Crete, Thessaly, Albania, Servia, Bulgaria, and perhaps even in Roumania itself.

The fact that one may occasionally meet in the hareems with girls who have a confused memory of some dialect which is not Turkish, seems to point to the same conclusion. Quite old ladies may be seen at the Sweet Waters, veiled and seated amongst the other *khanums*, who look more Greek than Turkish to judge by the features, and on some Frank lady addressing them in Greek, they have been found to be able to reply with fluency in that language—a sure indication that they have come of Greek parentage, and have been either made captives in war, or stolen, or otherwise induced to

¹ The policy of the Government has been to diminish the race by forcing all able-bodied men to enter the army, after which few can obtain permission to marry a woman of their own people.

become Mussulmans. It must be taken into consideration that a great proportion of children so carried off would soon lose all memory of their native tongue, and if taken when very young, and at once placed in Turkish hareems, they will naturally grow up to speak Turkish only, as the one language they hear spoken. Then, all their surroundings are made Turkish, their dress and customs stamp them as Turkish, in time they come to look on themselves as Turks, even if knowing, by hearing it whispered, that they must have had some far other origin.

Children thus taken at two or three years of age are probably kept till they are five or six before being passed on to other hands. Sometimes they are sold direct into a hareem by their captor, to some old *kiahia* (steward or housekeeper), who is looking after purchases, (for the *kiahias* share with the head eunuchs this business, in which they outvie each other). Or the children may be sent to the house of a professional private dealer, or agent, where they will be seen amongst his or her stock of black and white slaves by the *kiahias*, *ninas*, *eunuchs*, *vakeels*, and others who are always passing in and out on business for their masters and mistresses. In this way quite young slaves are soon disposed of, probably becoming playmates to some little *bey* or *khanum* before they are seven years of age, sometimes at a much earlier age. Occasionally a rich lady will buy such children to form them into a corps of infant dancers for the amusement of her hours of *ennui*; but this fate is the most to be deplored for them, gay as it may promise to be.

We proceed now to see what becomes of the generality of these poor kidnapped children. They are not treated very harshly, perhaps; the elder slave girls take a certain oversight of them, call them their *tchoudjouks* (children), and each little child calls one girl *nina* (mother)—but does not say *anna*, the tender word for "own mother." If the child prove stupid, or ugly, or sickly, it does not fare over-well, but it is seldom neglected. If all goes smoothly, it is trained in some way, but in very desultory fashion; and in every hareem there are one or two, sometimes five or six such children running about almost unheeded, except when they are pressed into the service of the *ninas* to fetch and carry. But if a child does not give promise of becoming all that the buyer has hoped, steps are then taken to hear of another purchaser.

This is not difficult either in the case of children or grown-up slaves. For, besides those whose part as go-between in the business of domestic slave-dealing has already been pointed out, a mistress can make inquiries of her visitors, and of her visitors' slaves, and of several others, as to hareems in which a new slave, or set of slaves,

may be needed. The *hammamjee-olsta* is, however, her chief ally. This is a free woman,—the professional bath-attendant, whose services are in constant requisition in all the great hareems in succession, so that her days are passed in going from one to the other. In this way she becomes possessed of all the current gossip, and is sure to be *au fait* on the news of every projected marriage in the fashionable world. This is all-important, as she can then supply inquirers with details as to the number of new slaves the bride-elect (herself, it may be, a slave) is intending to purchase; how many white, and how many black, girls are to form an establishment; and if she has herself been, or has sent a *nina* or other messenger to the slave agents, or if she prefers to get her new slaves out of private hareems. Having this knowledge, the *hammamjees* can be very useful in recommending a slave they have been directed to speak of.

If the affianced girl be in the other lady's set, and she consents to see the slave proposed to her, the present mistress may, without any hint to the *halaik* who is to be disposed of, make a formal visit, taking with her the attendant whose cleverness in twirling a cigar, grace in handing coffee, or skill in lighting the *chibouque* (pipe), she intends to show off to advantage, without her being subjected to the embarrassment of hearing her points criticised to her face. This may be done when the attendants are ordered to retire. But it may happen, on the contrary, that a mistress feels no delicacy on this point, but, having trained up a girl with a view to disposing of her advantageously by-and-by, or wishing to get rid of one who does not suit her after being lately acquired, and being willing to have her slave seen as widely as possible, she openly talks of her intention, and purposely takes the girl with her on a series of visits to the houses of all her richest friends where she knows that other visitors will be present. In this case the girl will be dressed in the most becoming way, and is expected to show herself to the best advantage. Let it be remembered that the *salons* of a fashionable Turkish *khanum* are not filled with a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen, but that here the rooms are equally filled with pretty mistresses reclining on silken divans, puffing soft wreaths of smoke into the dim atmosphere, and with their equally pretty but less fortunate serving-women, who are expected to glide about in constant attendance to fill and refill pipes, replace a slipper, or noiselessly supply the live charcoal whenever the long *jasmin chibouque* has been thrown aside in some fair smoker's abstraction. At dinner, too, no gentlemen are present, and the conversation of the saloon is hardly interrupted. *Here the girl's duty is to wait behind her mistress, to hand her goblet of sherbet, to stand with a gold-embroidered cloth over her ar*

offer the silver *layen* (basin) into which she pours rose-water over her mistress's hands on her rising from the repast. On such an occasion I have seen a slave stand with immovable face whilst listening to a debate on her good and bad points, and to a discussion of her marketable value, carried on very much as though she were some domestic animal—horse or cow—that had to be disposed of.

But besides thus occasionally conducting these negotiations on their own account, Turkish mistresses, as I said, also send their slaves to be disposed of at the houses of private but professional dealers, whom we might rather term agents, since they do not appear to buy the slaves on their own account, but only to have them under their watch and ward until they can dispose of them to intending purchasers who frequent their houses for the purpose of finding the sort of slaves they want. I have no idea what amount of commission such agents would demand. That they do obtain a commission one can hardly doubt. That many of them are tempted to become actual dealers seems more than probable; but I have here represented the case strictly as it was told to me by slaves, who, having been sent to the agent's to be disposed of, were after a time returned upon the mistress's hands. I was told that most of these agencies are situated, not in the Turkish quarter, but at Galata (the quarter of the shipping agents); that the houses are not large, so as to challenge attention; that the people who keep them are either Turks or Circassians. The agent receives a small sum (about two beshlics, or twenty pence a day) for the keep of each slave, but a distinction is made in the accommodation of black slaves and white. They are, in general, all miserably fed and lodged, having insufficient covering at night. Work is not demanded of them, but during the day they sit about the house, feeling unsettled, and pass their time in expecting some one in to view them, or in being actually passed in review by any purchaser who may come and look over the stock, or by a professional *gucurget* (examiner), who is supposed to certify as to age, race, and so on, and who is held responsible for any deformity or personal defect which might have escaped the notice of the purchaser.

A transfer is often made of a slave by her passing from the possession of one member to another of the same family or household. This is done sometimes by deed of gift, sometimes by sale. It will also occasionally happen that a husband may see and admire one of his wife's slaves, and will not scruple to enter into negotiations for making her his own property. If the wife's indignation overcomes her desire for money, she objects, and the matter drops; if she has no reason to refuse the request, she acquiesces. It fell to my lot to know an example in point of each case; in the latter, the

seven hundred liras, and transferred her attendant from her own to her husband's service ; but this case, according to an account I heard long afterwards, and as we cannot be surprised to learn, ended in the lingering death of the girl.

Vile as the whole system of slave traffic is, it is yet more to be deplored from the abuses to which it is capable of giving rise. It is indeed repulsive—shocking to our every sense of right, to know that women and children are thus bought and sold and given as presents without their power to resist. But it is still more terrible to know that it can happen that *free-born* Turkish girls may be sold into slavery through the connivance or misrepresentations of their nearest relations, notably of those who should have protected and befriended them in their need. One such case is painfully present to my mind as I write, in connection with the disgraceful custom observed in most of the higher families, of mothers and sisters sending presents of three or four beautiful slaves to sons or brothers on a birthday or other great anniversary. During a visit which I made to one of the imperial hareems, a young girl was pointed out to me who had been lately purchased by a sultana with the intention of making her a gift to her brother. The circumstances were peculiar. The girl, now a slave, had not always been so. She was little over sixteen, and had but lately lost her mother, whose death threw her on the care of an elder sister. Left to such guardianship, it might have been hoped that the young girl's freedom would at least have been respected; but unfortunately, behind the grated windows of closed Turkish houses it is easy to be false to such a trust. There was property to be divided between the two, and the elder thought of a plan for evading that necessity. She affected to think it useless to explain business matters to one who was almost a child, but bought her rich and becoming dresses and took her with her on a visit to the seraglio. After spending a few days here most agreeably, receiving attention and flattery on every side, the younger sister was quite willing to be left alone for a time whilst the elder returned home to make some necessary arrangements, professing it to be her intention to renew her visit without delay. But days passed, and she did not come back. She had, in fact, received a large sum of gold as the price of her sister's freedom, besides which she took as her own that share of their fortune which should have fallen to the younger girl.

The latter, finding herself thus abandoned, submitted to her fate with a good grace, and bent all her attention to do what was wished of her. She was to learn to play operatic airs on the piano, and to read and speak Italian. Both these accomplishments she mastered to the satisfaction of her imperial mistress, who in due time y

her as a prodigy of learning to a prince of the blood, and he, in a measure appreciating the gift, graciously condescended to accept and value it—for a time, at least.

This instance of injustice is surely not the only one of the sort that has occurred "behind the Kaffès." From the peculiar isolation of the lives of the Mussulman women of Turkey, we know they ~~can~~ have small chance of redress where the slightest authority is used to ensure their foregoing all complaint, since even the *cadi* (judge) has no right to enter the "Sacred Enclosure" without the express sanction and summons of the owner of the harem. The condition of the women is rendered hard indeed where neither lawyer, doctor, nor priest can come to their aid in cases of real oppression, severe illness, or trouble of mind. That such cases of severity do occur, the instances I have given may testify, and that in certain cases the lash is cruelly used I can bear witness.¹

Still, though essentially the same on the whole, we must admit that domestic slavery in Turkey differs from that oppressive bondage which we know was once common in America, the mere mention of which at once brings before our mind's eye the bowed figure of the rice-gatherer or of the cotton-picker, wincing beneath the brandished lash of the slave-driver. It differs also from that equally grinding and humiliating servitude which obtained still earlier in our own colonial possessions in those halcyon days of English rule when the existing governments had both the power and the will to give over political offenders to the safe custody of the slave-owner in order to be rid of them at home.² But because there is this modification of

¹ The *courbatch* is made of leather thongs, sometimes knotted and sometimes not. An angry mistress does not hesitate to strike with it, but orders for the punishment of a slave are generally executed by the eunuchs.

² British men and women who were political offenders were disposed of by being sold into slavery on three memorable occasions: by Cromwell after the battle of Worcester; by Charles II. after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, when the Covenanters taken by Monmouth and who refused to give bonds of conformity were sent to the plantations; and Monmouth's own followers by James II. after Sedgemoor and Jeffreys' campaign. Of the latter case Macaulay writes thus: "The number of prisoners whom Jeffreys transported was eight hundred and forty-one. These men, more wretched than their associates who suffered death, were distributed into gangs, and bestowed on persons who enjoyed favour at court. The conditions of the gift were that the convicts should be carried beyond sea as slaves, that they should not be emancipated for ten years, and that the place of their banishment should be some West Indian island. This last article was studiously framed for the purpose of aggravating the misery of the exiles. In New England or New Jersey they would have found a population kindly disposed to them, and a climate not unfavourable to their health and vigour. It was therefore that they should be sent to colonies where a Puritan could hope to find sympathy, and where a labourer born in the temperate zone could

its worst features, it does not seem to me a sufficient excuse that England, as a nation (for whatever ends of a selfish policy), should have so long closed her eyes with a feeling of complacent indifference to the fact that there *are* in Turkey both black men and white men, both black women and white women, who are essentially slaves ; nor to the corollary that Turkey is the great emporium for the reception of those living wares for which the system of domestic slave-dealing is constantly creating a demand that can only be supplied from neighbouring countries or from her own Christian provinces. One fails to see how English statesmen can think themselves justified in remonstrating with the rulers of Egypt and Abyssinia on the subject of the slave-trade on the coast and inland, whilst they do not feel themselves called on to make parallel representations to the ruler of Turkey, whose social customs alone ¹ must perpetuate the trade we pretend to deprecate. Surely we should all judge alike on this point unless we have become callous to evil, or incapable of any generous impulses. It has been the glory of England since she herself became a free nation to discountenance slavery in her own dominions and in those of other powers. I am one of those who remember the strong feeling of sympathy called forth here in England on the occasion of the earliest date of the double anniversary on which Russia justly prides herself. On that first Sunday, the 3rd of March, 1863, a dense crowd of some 7,000 persons assembled under the dome of St. Paul's to bear their part in a grand Thanksgiving Service for the Emancipation of the Serfs, assured to them that day by one stroke of the Emperor's pen. One just and freedom-loving voice—that of John Hampden Gurney—acknowledged and proclaimed the hope and significance there was in that act for the moral greatness of Russia's future. In the struggle that has been going on I cannot shake off the impression of his strong words. I know, too, from personal knowledge, that Russia then had many

little health. Such was the state of the slave market that these bondmen, long as was the passage, and sickly as they were likely to prove, were still very valuable. It was estimated by Jeffreys that, on an average, each of them, after all charges were paid, would be worth from ten to fifteen pounds. There was therefore much angry competition for grants. Some Tories in the West conceived that they had, by their exertions and sufferings during the insurrection, earned a right to share in the profits which had been eagerly snatched up by the sycophants of Whitehall. The courtiers, however, were victorious.

"The misery of the exiles fully equalled that of the negroes who are now carried from Congo to Brazil. It appears from the best information which is accessible that more than one-fifth of those who were shipped were flung to the sharks before the end of the voyage."—*See* Macaulay, vol. ii. p. 217.

¹ *Domestic slave-dealing goes on in the viceregal palaces of Egypt just as in Turkey, in spite of the Khedive's efforts (?) to stop the slave trade in the interior*

earnest, noble-minded, pious men and women eager to sacrifice their own "vested" interests in order to free themselves from the sin of supporting slavery; and some, at least, who would have been glad to see it done away with in Turkey, from the best and highest motives, for the progress of the whole human race. Knowing this, I for my part can but recognise a ring of sincerity in the thrilling telegram which many of us were so breathlessly awaiting in which the Grand Duke announced the conclusion of the preliminaries of peace on this last Sunday, March 3. If Russia proves herself in the future sincere in her work of accomplishing the true freedom of Turkey, let us frankly confess that she has won her laurels most nobly.

But peace after war brings a breathing time in which to note the mischiefs war brings in its train. One scarcely dare trust oneself as yet to speak with unquavering voice of the keen sufferings to men and women and helpless children which the war of 1877-8 caused. And there is one dire consequence of it that ought to be known and realised and set right, if possible. I allude to the fate of those Christian children who have been captured by the Bashi-Bazouks and other hangers-on of the Turkish army, taken into Stamboul and handed about from harem to harem, where the child-market was already overstocked,¹ so that merely nominal prices would have been eagerly accepted: for food was dear, and it was worth the captor's while to get rid of his captive for a mere nothing, in order to have one mouth less to feed. One shudders to think of the fate of these children. They may fall into the hands of tolerant masters; but the passions of race against race have been violently stirred up by late events, and the result may be that not only the ordinary fate of the slave may fall to their lot, but with it the hate and revenge which beaten masters find it in their power to wreak on stray members of the championed race that the fortune of war has thus drifted into their grasp. It is nobody's business, apparently, to rescue them, or even to think about them. They have fallen where they are, and there they must remain, unless their hard case should touch the hearts of some who are great enough to help them.

And if war seems a light thing to us, let us remember that the Greek war of independence, the Crimean war, and the late war in Bulgaria have each contributed to the increase of slave-dealing in Turkey. And let it be remembered, too, that a nation in which slavery prevails must ever be a weak nation. Had we but exerted some strong moral suasion on Turkey at the close of the Crimean

¹ I chance to learn from a reliable source that about February and March last the number of children thus being hawked about in Constantinople was reckoned by the Turks themselves to be nearly a thousand.

war in order to make her sensible of the reprobation we feel for slavery, she could have done nothing else than listen to the representations of her powerful ally. One can but think that reasons might have been easily found at least to have suggested this step, whilst Turkey was comparatively wealthy and prosperous. If we wished to "regenerate" Turkey, it would have been wise to try to remove from her this radical cause of decay—slavery—the real source of so much that is pitiable, contemptible, and loathsome. Suffering, trickery, meanness, deceit, treachery, cruelty, tyranny, hatred—such are the miseries that follow from it.

Of all those seven thousand English souls who went forth from St. Paul's rejoicing and enthusiastic on the occasion of the Thanksgiving for the liberation of the Serfs, how many remain whose hearts retain enough of that enthusiasm to make them ready and willing **now**, at the present crisis, to raise their voices to recall to England her mission to the oppressed and enslaved, not forgetting that she once was proud of such men as Wilberforce, Buxton, Clarkson, and Canning?

In one of the most important debates of this year¹ the Chancellor of the Exchequer used the following words with regard to the settlement of the Eastern Question at a possible European Congress :—
"England is both strong enough and intelligent enough to be able to give her own opinion, and I believe it is her duty to do so, because England is the foremost indication of the spirit of freedom. . . . There are traditions which England has to bear in mind, and it will be her duty to speak in a manner worthy of those traditions." And Mr. Gladstone, quoting those words, confirmed them thus :—"He has said that this country is at the head of the cause of freedom, and has traditions of freedom to which she ought to be faithful. That is better still. I would not wish anything better than what I think the genuine development of such a principle as that."

And I, too, would wish nothing better than to see our two chief political parties (since they are of one mind on this great, glorious, and moving memory of English traditions) join hands on this great principle of English action, and so work together in that settlement of the affairs of Europe which must eventually be effected, as to purge it of the blot of slavery—lest in the coming ages Englishmen, comparing the pages of history, and pointing to the charter of Russian liberty of 1863, to the American war of slavery in 1864, and to English apathy during her twenty years' protectorate of Turkey, should say, with no touch of approbation for their forefathers—
"Look on those pictures,—and on *this!*"

F. E. A.

¹ See the *Daily News* for February 9.

THE PHONOGRAPH, OR VOICE-
RECORDER.

A FEW months ago I had occasion to describe in these pages the wonderful instrument called the telephone, which has since then become as widely known in this country as in America, the country of its first development. I propose now briefly to describe another instrument—the phonograph—which, though not a telegraphic instrument, is related in some degree to the telephone. In passing, I may remark that some, who, as telegraphic specialists, might be expected to know better, have described the phonograph as a telegraphic invention. A writer in the *Telegraphic Journal*, for instance, who had mistaken for mine a paper on the phonograph in one of our daily newspapers, denounced me (as the supposed author of that paper) for speaking of the possibility of crystallising sound by means of this instrument; and then went on to speak of the mistake I (that is, said author) had made in leaving my own proper subject of study to speak of telegraphic instruments and to expatiate on the powers of electricity. In reality the phonograph has no relation to telegraphy whatever, and its powers do not in the slightest degree depend on electricity. If the case had been otherwise, it may be questioned whether the student of astronomy, or of any other department of science, should be considered incompetent of necessity to describe a telegraphic instrument, or to discuss the principles of telegraphic or electrical science. What should unquestionably be left to the specialist, is the description of the practical effect of details of instrumental construction, and the like—for only he who is in the habit of using special instruments or classes of instrument can be expected to be competent adequately to discuss such matters. Though even in such matters, as I pointed out in my former paper, a clear apprehension of the principles of the science involved will suffice not only to prevent mistakes as to the value of such and such peculiarities of construction, but even to enable the student of principles (only) to suggest modifications of constructive detail. The first time I ever saw the solar spectrum greatly dispersed—for

example—I saw it through a spectroscope of a novel form, the details of the construction of which (so far as they depended on optical principles) were entirely of my own devising. The *a priori* idea of the practical spectroscopist would be (like the cognate idea expressed by the telegraphist who criticised me as a supposed example of a non-Professional writing about telegraphic matters) that a rather complex form of spectroscope devised in the study would be sure to fail in practice ; yet in practice the instrument I devised worked excellently. Now, it is a much easier task for one who has studied scientific subjects, and knows what science really means, to follow the descriptions which Morse, Thomson, Bell, Edison, and so forth, give of telegraphic or mechanical instruments, and, having mastered their meaning, to describe the instrument in his own words, than it is for him to invent an effective form of an instrument (even though more closely related to his own special branches of research) such as he has never employed practically. For this reason I need make no apology for having, in these pages and elsewhere, described telegraphic instruments or dealt with matters electrical, chemical, geological, or otherwise non-astronomical—at least, until it shall be shown that I have dealt with them incorrectly. This, my critic in the *Telegraphic Journal* (some one whom I fear I have in some way unwittingly offended) does not pretend to assert. And as he has been altogether mistaken in attributing to me the article on the phonograph to which he takes exception, and as completely mistaken (and more strangely for a telegraphic specialist) in supposing the phonograph to be a telegraphic instrument, I venture to suggest the bare possibility that he may be to some degree mistaken in supposing that a student of astronomy must of necessity be unable to understand, and therefore incompetent to describe, any instrumental arrangements except those directly employed in astronomical research.

Although, however, the phonograph is not an instrument depending, like the telephone, on the action of electricity (in some form or other), yet it is related closely enough to the telephone to make the mistake of the *Telegraphic* journalist a natural one. At least, the mistake would be natural enough for anyone but a telegraphic specialist ; the more so that Mr. Edison is a telegraphist, and that he has effected several important and interesting inventions in telegraphic and electrical science. For instance, in my former paper on "Some Marvels in Telegraphy," I had occasion to describe at some length the principles of his "Motograph." I spoke of it as "another form of telephone, surpassing Gray's and La Cour's in some respects as a conveyer of musical tones, but as yet unable to speak like Bell's . . .

in telegraphic communication." I proceeded : "Gray's telephone is limited to almost one octave. Edison's extends from the deepest bass notes to the highest notes of the human voice, which, when magnets are employed, are almost inaudible ; but it has yet to learn to speak."

The phonograph is an instrument which *has* learned to speak, though it does not speak at a distance like the telephone or the motograph. Yet there seems no special reason why it should not combine both qualities—the power of repeating messages at considerable intervals of time after they were originally spoken, and the power of transmitting them to great distances.

I have said that the phonograph is an instrument closely related to the telephone. If we consider this feature of the instrument attentively, we shall be led to the clearer recognition of the acoustical principles on which its properties depend, and also of the nature of some of the interesting acoustical problems on which light seems likely to be thrown by means of experiments with this instrument.

In the telephone a stretched membrane, or a diaphragm of very flexible iron, vibrates when words are uttered in its neighbourhood. When a stretched membrane is used, with a small piece of iron at the centre, this small piece of iron, as swayed by the vibrations of the membrane, causes electrical undulations to be induced in the coils round the poles of a magnet placed in front of the membrane. These undulations travel along the wire and pass through the coils of another instrument of similar construction at the other end of the wire, where, accordingly, a stretched membrane vibrates precisely as the first had done. The vibrations of this membrane excite atmospheric vibrations identical in character with those which fell upon the first membrane when the words were uttered in its neighbourhood ; and therefore the same words appear to be uttered in the neighbourhood of the second membrane, however far it may be from the transmitting membrane, so only that the electrical undulations are effectually transmitted from the receiving to the sending instrument.

I have here described what happened in the case of that earlier form of the telephone in which a stretched membrane of some such substance as goldbeater's skin was employed, at the centre of which only was placed a small piece of iron. For in its bearing on the subject of the phonograph this particular form of telephonic diaphragm is more suggestive than the later form in which very flexible iron was employed. We see that the vibrations of a small piece of iron at the centre of a membrane are competent to reproduce all the peculiarities of the atmospheric waves which fall upon the membrane.

when words are uttered in its neighbourhood. This must be regarded, I conceive, as a remarkable acoustical discovery. Most students of acoustics would have surmised that to reproduce the motions merely of the central parts of a stretched diaphragm would be altogether insufficient for the reproduction of the complicated series of sound-waves corresponding to the utterance of words. I apprehend that if the problem had originally been suggested simply as an acoustical one, the idea entertained would have been this—that though the motions of a diaphragm receiving vocal sound-waves *might* be generated artificially in such sort as to produce the same vocal sounds, yet this could only be done by first determining what particular points of the diaphragm were centres of motion, so to speak, and then adopting some mechanical arrangements for giving to small portions of the membrane at these points the necessary oscillating motions. It could not, I think, have been supposed that motions communicated to the centre of the diaphragm would suffice to make the whole diaphragm vibrate properly in all its different parts.

Let us briefly consider what was before known about the vibrations of plates, discs, and diaphragms, when particular tones were sounded in their neighbourhood; and also what was known respecting the requirements for vocal sounds and speech as distinguished from simple tones. I need hardly say that I propose only to consider these points in a general, not in a special, manner.

We must first carefully draw a distinction between the vibrations of a plate or disc which is itself the source of sound, and those vibrations which are excited in a plate or disc by sound-waves otherwise originated. If a disc or plate of given size be set in vibration by a blow or other impulse, it will give forth a special sound, according to the place where it is struck, or it will give forth combinations of the several tones which it is capable of emitting. On the other hand, experiment shows that a diaphragm like that used in the telephone—not only the electric telephone, but such common telephones as have been sold of late in large quantities in toy shops, &c.—will respond to any sounds which are properly directed towards it, not merely reproducing sounds of different tones, but all the peculiarities which characterise vocal sounds. In the former case, the size of a disc and the conditions under which it is struck determine the nature of its vibrations, and the air responds to the vibrations thus excited; in the latter, the air is set in vibrations of a special kind by the sounds or words uttered, and the disc or diaphragm responds to these vibrations. Nevertheless, though it is

important that this distinction be recognised, we can still learn, from the behaviour of discs and plates set in vibration by a blow or other impulse, the laws according to which the actual motions of the various parts of a vibrating disc or plate take place. We owe to Chladni the invention of a method for rendering visible the nature of such motions.

Certain electrical experiments of Lichtenberg suggested to Chladni the idea of scattering fine sand over the plate or disc whose motions he wished to examine. If a horizontal plate covered with fine sand is set in vibration, those parts which move upwards and downwards scatter the sand from their neighbourhood, while on those points which undergo no change of position the sand will remain. Such points are called *nodes*; and rows of such points are called *nodal lines*, which may be either straight or curved according to circumstances.

If a square plate of glass is held by a suitable clamp at its centre, and the middle point of a side is touched while a bow is drawn across the edge near a corner, the sand is seen to gather in the form of a cross dividing the square into four equal squares—like a cross of St. George. If the finger touches a corner, and the bow is drawn across the middle of a side, the sand forms a cross dividing the square along its diagonals—like a cross of St. Andrew. Touching two points equidistant from two corners, and drawing the bow along the middle of the opposite edge, we get the diagonal cross and also certain curved lines of sand systematically placed in each of the four quarters into which the diagonals divide the square. We also have, in this case, a far shriller note from the vibrating plate. And so, by various changes in the position of the points clamped by the finger and of the part of the edge along which the bow is drawn, we can obtain innumerable varieties of nodal lines and curves along which the sand gathers upon the surface of the vibrating plate.

When we take a circular plate of glass, clamped at the middle, and, touching one part of its edge with the finger, draw the bow across a point of the edge half a quadrant from the finger, we see the sand arrange itself along two diameters intersecting at right angles. If the bow is drawn at a point one-third a quadrant from the finger-clamped point, we get a six-pointed star. If the bow is drawn at a point a fourth of a quadrant from the finger-clamped point, we get an eight-pointed star. And so we can get the sand to arrange itself into a star of any even number of points; that is, we can get a star of four, six, eight, ten, twelve, &c. points, but not of three, five, seven, &c.

In these cases the centre of the plate or disc has been fixed. If

instead, the plate or disc be fixed by a clip at the edge, or clamped elsewhere than at the centre, we find the sand arranging itself into other forms, in which the centre may or may not appear; that is, the centre may or may not be nodal, according to circumstances.

A curious effect is produced if very fine powder be strewn along with the sand over the plate. For it is found that the dust gathers, not where the nodes or places of no vibration lie, but where the motion is greatest. Faraday assigns as the cause of this peculiarity the circumstance that "the light powder is entangled by the little whirlwinds of air produced by the vibrations of the plate; it cannot escape from the little cyclones, though the heavier sand particles are readily driven through them; when, therefore, the motion ceases, the light powder settles down in heaps at the places where the vibration was a maximum." In proof of this theory we have the fact that "in vacuo no such effect is produced; all powders, light and heavy, move to the nodal lines." (Tyndall on "Sound.")

Now, if we consider the meaning of such results as these, we shall begin to recognise the perplexing but also instructive character of the evidence derived from the telephone, and applied to the construction of the phonograph. It appears that when a disc is vibrating under such special conditions as to give forth a particular series of tones (the technically-called fundamental tone of the disc and other tones combined with it which belong to its series of overtones), the various parts of the disc are vibrating to and fro in a direction square to the face of the disc, except certain points at which there is no vibration, these points together forming curves of special forms along the substance of the disc.

When, on the other hand, tones of different kinds are sounded in the neighbourhood of a disc or of a stretched circular membrane, we may assume that the various parts of the disc are set in vibration after a manner at least equally complicated. If the tones belong to the series which could be emitted by the diaphragm when struck, we can understand that the vibrations of the diaphragm would resemble those which would result from a blow struck under special conditions. When other tones are sounded, it may be assumed that the sound-waves which reach the diaphragm cause it to vibrate as though not the circumference (only) but a circle in the substance of the diaphragm—concentric, of course, with the circumference, and corresponding in dimensions with the tone of the sounds—were fixed. If a drum of given size is struck, we hear a note of particular tone. If we heard, as the result of a blow on the same drum, a much higher tone, we should know that in some way or other the effective

sions of the drum-skin had been reduced—as, for instance, by a ring firmly pressed against the inside of the skin. So when a diaphragm is responding to tones other than those corresponding to its size, tension, &c., we infer that the sound-waves reaching it cause it to behave, so far as its effective vibrating portion is concerned, as though its conformation had altered. When several tones are responded to by such a diaphragm, we may infer that the vibrations of the diaphragm are remarkably complicated.

Now, the varieties of vibratory motion to which the diaphragm of the telephone has been made to respond have been multitudinous. Not only have all orders of sound singly and together been responded to, but vocal sounds which in many respects differ widely from ordinary tones are repeated, and the peculiarities of intonation which distinguish one voice from another have been faithfully reproduced.

Let us consider in what respects vocal sounds, and especially the sounds employed in speech, differ from mere combinations of ordinary tones.

It has been said, and with some justice, that the organ of voice is of the nature of a reed instrument. A reed instrument, as most persons know, is one in which musical sounds are produced by the action of a vibrating reed in breaking up a current of air into a series of short puffs. The harmonium, accordion, concertina, &c., are reed instruments, the reed for each note being a fine strip of metal vibrating in a slit. The vocal organ of man is at the top of the windpipe, along which a continuous current of air can be forced by the lungs. Certain elastic bands are attached to the head of the windpipe, almost closing the aperture. These vocal chords are thrown into vibration by the current of air from the lungs; and as the rate of their vibration is made to vary by varying their tension, the sound changes in tone. So far, we have what corresponds to a reed instrument admitting of being altered in pitch so as to emit different notes. The mouth, however, affects the character of the sound uttered from the throat. The character of a *tone* emitted by the throat cannot be altered by any change in the configuration of the mouth; so that if a single tone were in reality produced by the vocal chords, the resonance of the mouth would only strengthen that tone more or less according to the figure given to the cavity of the mouth at the will of the singer or speaker. But in reality, besides the fundamental tone uttered by the vocal chords, a series of overtones are produced. Overtones are tones corresponding to vibration at twice, three times, four times, &c. the rate of the vibration producing the fundamental tone. Now, the cavity of the mouth can be so modified in shape as

to strengthen either the fundamental tone or any one of these overtones. And according as special tones are strengthened in this way various vocal sounds are produced, without changing the pitch or intensity of the sound actually uttered. Calling the fundamental tone the first tone, the overtones just mentioned the second, third, fourth, &c. tones respectively (after Tyndall), we find that the following relations exist between the combinations of these tones and the various vowel sounds :—

If the lips are pushed forward so as to make the cavity of the mouth deep and the orifice of the mouth small, we get the deepest resonance of which the mouth is capable ; the fundamental tone is reinforced, while the higher tones are as far as possible thrown into the shade. The resulting vowel sound is that of deep U (" oo " in " hoop ").

If the mouth is so far opened that the fundamental tone is accompanied by a strong second tone (the next higher octave to the fundamental tone), we get the vowel sound O (as in " hole "). The third and fourth tones feebly accompanying the first and second make the sound more perfect, but are not necessary.

If the orifice of the mouth is so widened, and the volume of the cavity so reduced, that the fundamental tone is lost, the second somewhat weakened, and the third given as the chief tone, with very weak fourth and fifth tones, we have the vowel sound A.

To produce the vowel sound E, the resonant cavity of the mouth must be considerably reduced. The fourth tone is the characteristic of this vowel. Yet the second tone also must be given with moderate strength. The first and third tones must be weak, and the fifth tone should be added with moderate strength.

To produce the vowel sound A, as in " far," the higher overtones are chiefly used, the second is wanting altogether, the third feeble, the higher tones—especially the fifth and seventh—strong.

The vowel sound I, as in " fine," it should be added, is not a simple sound, but diphthongal. The two sounds, whose succession gives the sound we represent (erroneously) by a single letter I (long), are not very different from " a," as in " far," and " ee " (or " i " as in " ravine ") ; they lie, however, in reality, respectively between " a " in " far " and " fat," and " i " in " ravine " and " pin." Thus the tones and overtones necessary for sounding " I " long, do not require a separate description, any more than those necessary for sounding other diphthongs, as oi, oe, and so forth.

We see, then, that the sound-waves necessary to reproduce accurately the various vowel sounds, are more complicated than those

which would correspond to the fundamental tones simply in which any sound may be uttered. There must not only be in each case certain overtones, but each overtone must be sounded with its due degree of strength.

But this is not all, even as regards the vowel sounds, the most readily reproducible peculiarities of ordinary speech. Spoken sounds differ from musical sounds properly so called, in varying in pitch throughout their continuance. So far as tone is concerned, apart from vowel quality, the speech note may be imitated by sliding a finger up the finger-board of a violin while the bow is being drawn. A familiar illustration of the varying pitch of a speech note is found in the utterance of Hamlet's question, "Pale, or red?" with intense anxiety of inquiry, if one may so speak. "The speech note on the word 'pale' will consist of an upward movement of the voice, while that on 'red' will be a downward movement, and in both words the voice will traverse an interval of pitch so wide as to be conspicuous to ordinary ears; while the cultivated perception of the musician will detect the voice moving through a less interval of pitch while he is uttering the word 'or' of the same sentence. And he who can record in musical notation the sounds which he hears, will perceive the musical interval traversed in these vocal movements, and the place also of these speech notes on the musical staff." Variations of this kind, only not so great in amount, occur in ordinary speech; and no telephonic or phonographic instrument could be regarded as perfect, or even satisfactory, which did not reproduce them.

But the vowel sounds are, after all, combinations and modifications of musical tones. It is otherwise with consonantal sounds, which, in reality, result from various ways in which vowel sounds are commenced, interrupted (wholly or partially), and resumed. In one respect this statement requires, perhaps, some modification—a point which has not been much noticed by writers on vocal sounds. In the case of liquids, vowel sounds are not partially interrupted only, as is commonly stated. They cease entirely as vowel sounds, though the utterance of a vocal sound is continued when a liquid consonant is uttered. Let the reader utter any word in which a liquid occurs, and he will find that, while the liquid itself is sounded, the vowel sounds preceding or following the liquid cease entirely. Repeating slowly, for example, the word "remain," dwelling on all the liquids, we find that while the "r" is being sounded the "e" sound cannot be given, and this sound ceases so soon as the "m" is sounded; similarly the long "a" sound can only be uttered when the "m" sound

ceases, and cannot be carried on into the sound of the final liquid "n." The liquids are, in fact, improperly called semi-vowels, since no vowel sound can accompany their utterance. The tone, however, with which they are sounded can be modified during their utterance. In sounding labials, the emission of air is not stopped completely at any moment. The same is true of the sibilants s, z, sh, zh, and of the consonants g, j, f, v, th (hard and soft). These are called, on this account, *continuous* consonants. The only consonants in pronouncing which the emission of air is for a moment entirely stopped, are the true mutes, sometimes called the six *explosive* consonants, b, p, t, d, k, and g.

To reproduce artificially sounds resembling those of the consonants in speech, we must for a moment interrupt, wholly for explosive and partially for continuous consonant sounds, the passage of air through a reed pipe. Tyndall thus describes an experiment of this kind in which an imperfect imitation of the sound of the letter "m" was obtained—an imitation only requiring, to render it perfect, as I have myself experimentally verified, attention to the consideration respecting liquids pointed out in the preceding paragraph. "Here," says Tyndall, describing the experiment as conducted during a lecture, "is a free reed fixed in a frame, but without any pipe associated with it, mounted on the acoustic bellows; when air is urged through the orifice, it speaks in this forcible manner. I now fix upon the frame of the reed a pyramidal pipe; you notice a change in the clang, and, by pushing my flat hand over the open end of the pipe, the similarity between the sounds produced and those of the human voice is unmistakable. Holding the palm of my hand over the end of the pipe, so as to close it altogether, and then raising my hand twice in quick succession, the word 'mamma' is heard as plainly as if it were uttered by an infant. For this pyramidal tube I now substitute a shorter one, and with it make the same experiment. The 'mamma' now heard is exactly such as would be uttered by a child with a stopped nose. Thus, by associating with a vibrating reed a suitable pipe, we can impart to the sound of the reed the qualities of the human voice." The "m" obtained in these experiments was, however, imperfect. To produce an "m" sound such as an adult would utter, without a "stopped nose," all that is necessary is to make small opening (experiment readily determines the proper size and position) in the side of the pyramidal pipe, so that, as in the natural utterance of this liquid, the emission of air is not altogether interrupted.

I witnessed in 1874 some curious illustrations of the artificial

production of vocal sounds, at the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N.J., where the ingenious Professor Mayer (who will have, I trust, a good deal to say about the scientific significance of telephonic and phonographic experiments before long) had acoustic apparatus, including several talking-pipes. By suitably moving his hand on the top of some of these pipes he could make them speak certain words with tolerable distinctness, and even utter short sentences. I remember the performance closed with the remarkably distinct utterance, by one profane pipe, of the words euphemistically rendered by Mark Twain (in his story of the Seven Sleepers, I think), "Go thou to Hades!"

Now, the speaking diaphragm in the telephone, as in the phonograph, presently to be described, must reproduce not only all the varieties of sound-wave corresponding to vowel sounds, with their intermixtures of the fundamental tone and its overtones and their inflexions or sliding changes of pitch, but also all the effects produced on the receiving diaphragm by those interruptions, complete or partial, of aerial emission which correspond to the pronunciation of the various consonant sounds. It might certainly have seemed hopeless, from all that had been before known or surmised respecting the effects of aerial vibrations on flexible diaphragms, to attempt to make a diaphragm speak artificially—in other words, to make the movements of all parts of it correspond with those of a diaphragm set in vibration by spoken words—by movements affecting only its central part. It is in the recognition of the possibility of this, or rather in the discovery of the fact that the movements of a minute portion of the middle of a diaphragm regulate the vibratory and other movements of the entire diaphragm, that the great scientific interest of Professor Graham Bell's researches appears to me to reside.

It may be well, in illustration of the difficulties with which formerly the subject appeared to be surrounded, to describe the results of experiments which preceded, though they can scarcely be said to have led up to, the invention of artificial ways of reproducing speech. I do not now refer to experiments like those of Kratzenstein, of St. Petersburg, and Von Kempelen, of Vienna, in 1779, and the more successful experiments by Willis in later years, but to attempts which have been made to obtain material records of the aerial motions accompanying the utterances of spoken words. The most successful of these attempts was that made by Mr. W. H. Barlow. His purpose was "to construct an instrument which should record the pneumatic actions" accompanying the utterance of articulated sounds "by diagrams, in a manner analogous to that in which the indicator-diagram of a steam-engine records the action of the engine." He

perceived that, the actual aerial pressures involved being very small and very variable, and the succession of impulses and changes of pressure being very rapid, it was necessary that the moving parts should be very light, and that the movement and marking should be accomplished with as little friction as possible. The instrument he constructed consisted of a small speaking-trumpet about four inches long, having an ordinary mouthpiece connected to a tube half an inch in diameter, the thin end of which widened out so as to form an aperture of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches diameter. This aperture was covered with a membrane of goldbeater's skin, or thin gutta-percha. A spring carrying a marker was made to press against the membrane with a slight initial pressure, to prevent as far as possible the effects of jarring and consequent vibratory action. A light arm of aluminium was connected with the spring, and held the marker; and a continuous strip of paper was made to pass under the marker in the manner employed in telegraphy. The marker consisted of a small fine sable brush, placed in a light tube of glass one-tenth of an inch in diameter, the tube being rounded at the lower end, and pierced with a hole about one-twentieth of an inch in diameter. Through this hole the tip of the brush projected, and was fed by colour put into the glass tube by which it was held. It should be added that, to provide for the escape of the air passing through the speaking-trumpet, a small opening was made in the side, so that the pressure exerted upon the membrane was that due to the excess of air forced into the trumpet over that expelled through the orifice. The strength of the spring which carried the marker was so adjusted to the size of the orifice that, while the lightest pressures arising under articulation could be recorded, the greatest pressures should not produce a movement exceeding the width of the paper.

"It will be seen," says Mr. Barlow, "that in this construction of the instrument the sudden application of pressure is as suddenly recorded, subject only to the modifications occasioned by the inertia, momentum, and friction of the parts moved. But the record of the sudden cessation of pressure is further affected by the time required to discharge the air through the escape-orifice. Inasmuch, however, as these several effects are similar under similar circumstances, the same diagram should always be obtained from the same pneumatic action when the instrument is in proper adjustment; and this result is fairly borne out by the experiments."

The defect of the instrument consisted in the fact that it recorded changes of pressure only; and in point of fact it seems to result from the experiments made with it, that it could only indicate the order in

which explosive, continuant, and liquid consonants succeeded each other in spoken words, the vowels being all expressed in the same way, and only one letter—the rough R, or R with a burr—being always unmistakably indicated. The explosives were represented by a sudden sharp rise and fall in the recorded curve; the height of the rise depending on the strength with which the explosive is uttered, not on the nature of the consonant itself. Thus the word “tick” is represented by a higher elevation for the “t” than for the “k,” but the word “kite” by a higher elevation for the “k” than for the “t.” It is noteworthy that there is always a second smaller rise and fall after the first chief one, in the case of each of the explosives. This shows that the membrane, having first been forcibly distended by the small aerial explosion accompanying the utterance of such a consonant, sways back beyond the position where the pressure and the elasticity of the membrane would (for the moment) exactly balance, and then oscillates back again over that position before returning to its undistended condition. Sometimes a third small elevation can be recognised, and when an explosive is followed by a rolling ‘r’ several small elevations are seen. The continuous consonants produce elevations less steep and less high; aspirates and sibilants give rounded hills. But the results vary greatly according to the position of a consonant; and, so far as I can make out from a careful study of the very interesting diagrams accompanying Mr. Barlow’s paper, it would be quite impossible to define precisely the characteristic records even of each order of consonantal sounds, far less of each separate sound.

We could readily understand that the movement of the central part of the diaphragm in the telephone should give much more characteristic differences for the various sounds than Barlow’s logograph. For if we imagine a small pointer attached to the centre of the face of the receiving diaphragm while words are uttered in its neighbourhood, the end of that pointer would not only move to and fro in a direction square to the face of the diaphragm, as was the case with Barlow’s marker, but it would also sway round its mean position in various small circles or ovals, varying in size, shape, and position according to the various sounds uttered. We might expect, then, that if in any way a record of the actual motions of the extremity of that small pointer could be obtained, in such sort that its displacement in directions square to the face of the diaphragm, as well as its swayings around its mean position, would be indicated in some pictorial manner, the study of such records would indicate the exact words spoken near the diaphragm, and even, perhaps, the pre-

cise tones in which they were uttered. For Barlow's logograph, dealing with one only of the orders of motion (really triple in character), gives diagrams in which the general character of the sounds uttered is clearly indicated, and the supposed records would show much more.

But although this might, from *a priori* considerations, have been reasonably looked for, it by no means follows that the actual results of Bell's telephonic experiments could have been anticipated. That the movement of the central part of the diaphragm should suffice to show that such and such words had been uttered, is one thing; but that these movements should of themselves suffice, if artificially reproduced, to cause the diaphragm to reproduce these words, is another and a very different one. I venture to express my conviction that at the beginning of his researches Professor Bell can have had very little hope that any such result would be obtained, notwithstanding some remarkable experiments respecting the transmission of sound which we can *now* very clearly perceive to point in that direction.

When, however, he had invented the telephone, this point was in effect demonstrated; for in that instrument, as we have seen, the movements of the minute piece of metal attached (at least in the earlier forms of the instrument) to the centre of the receiving membrane, suffice, when precisely copied by the similar central piece of metal in the transmitting membrane, to cause the words which produced the motions of the receiving or hearing membrane to be uttered (or seem to be uttered) by the transmitting or speaking membrane.

It was reserved, however, for Edison (of New Jersey, U.S.A., Electrical Adviser to the Western Union Telegraph Company) to show how advantage might be taken of this discovery to make a diaphragm speak, not directly through the action of the movements of a diaphragm affected by spoken words or other sounds, and therefore either simultaneously with these or in such quick succession after them as corresponds with the transmission of their effects along some line of electrical or other communication, but by the mechanical reproduction of similar movements at any subsequent time (within certain limits at present, but probably hereafter with practically unlimited extension as to time).

The following is slightly modified from Edison's own description of the phonograph:—

The instrument is composed of three parts mainly; namely, a receiving, a recording, and a transmitting apparatus. The receiving apparatus consists of a curved tube, one end of which is fitted with

a mouthpiece. The other end is about two inches in diameter, and is closed with a disc or diaphragm of exceedingly thin metal, capable of being thrust slightly outwards or vibrated upon gentle pressure being applied to it from within the tube. To the centre of this diaphragm (which is vertical) is fixed a small blunt steel pin, which shares the vibratory motion of the diaphragm. This arrangement is set on a table, and can be adjusted suitably with respect to the second part of the instrument—the recorder. This is a brass cylinder, about four inches in length and four in diameter, cut with a continuous V-groove from one end to the other, so that in effect it represents a large screw. There are forty of these grooves in the entire length of the cylinder. The cylinder turns steadily, when the instrument is in operation, upon a vertical axis, its face being presented to the steel point of the receiving apparatus. The shaft on which it turns is provided with a screw-thread and works in a screwed bearing, so that as the shaft is turned (by a handle) it not only turns the cylinder, but steadily carries it upwards. The rate of this vertical motion is such that the cylinder behaves precisely as if its groove worked in a screw-bearing. Thus, if the pointer be set opposite the middle of the uppermost part of the continuous groove at the beginning of this turning motion, it will traverse the groove continuously to its lowest part, which it will reach after forty turnings of the handle. (More correctly, perhaps, we might say that the groove continuously traverses past the pointer.) Now, suppose that a piece of some such substance as tinfoil is wrapped round the cylinder. Then the pointer, when at rest, just touches the tinfoil. But when the diaphragm is vibrating under the action of aerial waves resulting from various sounds, the pointer vibrates in such a way as to indent the tinfoil—not only to a greater or less depth according to the play of the pointer to and fro in a direction square to the face of the diaphragm, but also over a range all round its mean position, corresponding to the play of the end of the pointer around its mean position. The groove allows the pressure of the pointer against the tinfoil free action. If the cylinder had no groove, the dead resistance of the tinfoil, thus backed up by an unyielding surface, would stop the play of the pointer. Under the actual conditions the tinfoil is only kept taut enough to receive the impressions, while yielding sufficiently to let the play of the pointer continue unrestrained. If now a person speaks into the receiving tube, and the handle of the cylinder be turned, the vibrations of the pointer are impressed upon the portion of the tinfoil lying over the hollow groove, and are retained by it. They will be more or less deeply marked according to the quality of the sounds emitted, and according

also, of course, to the strength with which the speaker utters the sounds, and to the nature of the modulations and inflexions of his voice. The result is a message verbally imprinted upon a strip of metal. It differs from the result in the case of Barlow's logograph, in being virtually a record in three dimensions instead of one only. The varying depth of the impressions corresponds to the varying height of the curve in Barlow's diagrams: but there the resemblance ceases; for that was the single feature which Barlow's logographs could present. Edison's imprinted words show, besides varying depth of impression, a varying range on either side of the mean track of the pointer, and also—though the eye is not able to detect this effect—there is a varying rate of progression according as the end of the pointer has been swayed towards or from the direction in which, owing to the motion of the cylinder, the pointer is virtually travelling.

We may say of the record thus obtained that it is sound presented in a visible form. A journalist who has written on the phonograph has spoken of this record as corresponding to the crystallisation of sound. And another who, like the former, has been (erroneously, but that is a detail) identified with myself, has said, in like fanciful vein, that the story of Baron Münchhausen hearing words which had been frozen during severe cold melting into speech again, so that all the babble of a past day came floating about his ears, has been realised by Edison's invention. Although such expressions may not be, and in point of fact are not, strictly scientific, I am not disposed, for my own part, to cavil with them. If they could by any possibility be taken *au pied de la lettre* (and, by the way, we find quite a new meaning for this expression in the light of what is now known about vowels and consonants) there would be strong objections to their use. But, as no one supposes that Edison's phonograph really crystallises words or freezes sounds, it seems hypercritical to denounce such expressions as my most accurate though utterly mistaken critic of the *Telegraphic Journal* denounces them.

To return to Edison's instrument.

Having obtained a material record of sounds, vocal or otherwise, it remains that a contrivance should be adopted for making this record reproduce the sounds by which it was itself formed. This is effected by the third portion of the apparatus, the transmitter. This is a conical drum, or rather a drum shaped like a frustum of a cone, having its larger end open, the smaller—which is about two inches in diameter—being covered with paper stretched tight like the parchment of a drum-head. In front of this diaphragm is a light flat steel

spring, held vertically, and ending in a blunt steel point, which projects from it and corresponds precisely with that on the diaphragm of the receiver. The spring is connected with the paper diaphragm by a silken thread, just sufficiently in tension to cause the outer face of the diaphragm to be slightly convex. Having removed the receiving apparatus from the cylinder and set the cylinder back to its original position, the transmitting apparatus is brought up to the cylinder until the steel point just rests, without pressure, in the first indentation made in the tinfoil by the point of the receiver. If now the handle is turned at the same speed as when the message was being recorded, the steel point will follow the line of impression, and will vibrate in periods corresponding to the impressions which were produced by the point of the receiving apparatus. The paper diaphragm being thus set into vibrations of the requisite kind in number, depth, and side-range, there are produced precisely the same sounds that set the diaphragm of the receiver into vibration originally. Thus the words of the speaker are heard issuing from the conical drum in his own voice, tinged with a slight metallic or mechanical tone. If the cylinder be more slowly turned when transmitting than it had been when receiving the message, the voice assumes a bass tone ; if more quickly, the message is given with a more treble voice. "In the present machine," says the account, "when a long message is to be recorded, so soon as one strip of tinfoil is filled, it is removed and replaced by others, until the communication has been completed. In using the machine for the purpose of correspondence the metal strips are removed from the cylinder and sent to the person with whom the speaker desires to correspond, who must possess a machine similar to that used by the sender. The person receiving the strips places them in turn on the cylinder of his apparatus, applies the transmitter, and puts the cylinder in motion, when he hears his friend's voice speaking to him from the indented metal. And he can repeat the contents of the missive as often as he pleases, until he has worn the metal through. The sender can make an infinite number of copies of his communication by taking a plaster-of-Paris cast of the original, and rubbing off impressions from it on a clean sheet of foil."

I forbear from dwelling further at present on the interest and value of this noble invention, or from considering some of the developments which it will probably receive before long, for already I have occupied more space than I had intended. I have no doubt that in these days it will bring its inventor less credit, and far less material gain, than would be acquired from the invention of some ingenious con-

trivance for destroying many lives at a blow, bursting a hole as large as a church door in the bottom of an ironclad, or in some other way helping men to carry out those destructive instincts which they inherit from savage and brutal ancestors. But hereafter, when the representatives of the brutality and savagery of our nature are held in proper disesteem, and those who have added new enjoyments to life are justly valued, a high place in the esteem of men will be accorded to him who has answered one half of the poet's aspiration,

“ Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Note.—Since the present paper was written, M. Aurel de Ratti has made some experiments which he regards as tending to show that there is no mechanical vibration. Thus, ‘when the cavities above and below the iron disc of an ordinary telephone are filled with wadding, the instrument will transmit and speak with undiminished clearness. On placing a finger on the iron disc opposite the magnet the instrument will transmit and speak distinctly, only ceasing to act when sufficient pressure is applied to bring plate and magnet into contact. Connecting the centre of the disc by means of a short thread with an extremely sensitive membrane, no sound is given out by the latter when a message is transmitted. Bringing the iron cores of the double telephone in contact with the disc and pressing with the fingers against the plate on the other side, a weak current from a Daniell cell produced a distinct click in the plate, and on drawing a wire from the cell over a file which formed part of the circuit, a rattling noise was produced in the instrument.’ If these experiments had been made before the phonograph was invented, they would have suggested the impracticability of constructing any instrument which should do what the phonograph actually does, viz., cause sounds to be repeated by exciting a merely mechanical vibration of the central part of a thin metallic disc. But as the phonograph proves that this can actually be done, we must conclude that M. Aurel de Ratti's experiments will not bear the interpretation he places upon them. They show, nevertheless, that exceedingly minute vibrations of probably a very small portion of the telephonic disc suffice for the distinct transmission of vocal sounds. This might indeed be inferred from the experiments of M. Demoget, of Nantes, who finds that the vibrations of the transmitting telephone are in amplitude little more than 1-2,000th those of the receiving telephone.

CHARLES NODIER.

PERHAPS the word "fascinating" might best characterise this delightful writer, and would yet fall short of my intended praise. Nodier possesses that inexplicable witchery exercised by some authors wholly out of proportion with the importance of their works, whether considered severally or as a whole, a witchery almost independent of subject and style, dependent, indeed, we know not on what. The French mind is keenly alive to the attractiveness of their story-teller *par excellence*, and though his nationality has a good deal to do with such esteem among his country-people, it is rather astonishing that he should be so little read here, whilst recent writers like Alphonse Daudet, Victor Cherbuliez, and Gustave Droz among novelists are comparatively familiar to us, and even young poets like Coppée, Théodore de Banville, and Sully Prudhomme begin to find an English public, who turns again and again to the deliciously fanciful pages of "Les Contes de la Veillée," or the entrancing "Souvenirs et Portraits de la Révolution." Edition after edition of Nodier's works continue to appear on the other side of La Manche, yet to the best of my knowledge none have found their way into an English translation, and very scant justice has been meted out to them by English critics on French literature. Van Laun, in his generally meritorious work, vouchsafes only a couple of pages to this charming writer, and for the most part he is wholly ignored by foreign critics of French writers, whilst superabundant praise is lavished upon less remarkable fellow-authors. Very different is the case in France, where Nodier has met with ample recognition at the hands of his critics and editors, Jules Janin, Ste-Beuve, Victor Hugo, and Alexandre Dumas the elder, *inter alios*. One and all do homage to the story-teller, poet, humourist, bibliophile, critic, journalist, philologist; and their testimony may be briefly summed up in the words applied to our own Goldsmith, *nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*.

Nodier's life bridges over two momentous periods in French history. As a boy he remembered the assassination of Charlotte Corday and the events of the Terror, making personal acquaintance with St. Just, the younger Robespierre, and other prom-

characters in the great Revolution ; though at heart no Republican, as an old man he consorted with the leading spirits of new France. He outlived the victory of the democratic principle in the stormy days of July, but died, fortunately for himself, too soon to see his beloved country once more under the heel of a Bonaparte. His life in itself was not particularly eventful, though pleasant to read of, no matter who his biographer. He was by birth a Franche-Comtois, being, like his friend and great compatriot Victor Hugo, born at Besançon. Every province in France has its characteristic, though not so saliently marked as Michelet would have us believe, and we may fairly take some of Nodier's intellectual and social qualities as typical of his own. That subtle imagination, nurtured on the legendary lore and wild scenery of the Jura ; that *naïveté* and homeliness, as striking in the celebrated and courted writer and librarian of the Arsenal as in the struggling student thirty years before ; that poetic conservatism, verging on superstitiousness, which could not brook the destruction of any ancient landmark, and anathematised progress itself ; that boundless sympathy, good nature, and deep religious feeling, have doubtless something to do with the hardy, simple race from which he sprang. One of the earliest incidents recorded of his childhood has—we might almost say—been perpetuated by the charming pen of Paul Féval ; at any rate, “ *Le Premier Amour de Charles Nodier* ” is not likely to be forgotten ; and recited as I heard it once in a large French city, before 500 Lycée scholars, it is the signal for unlimited laughter and applause. The episode of a ten-year-old schoolboy who writes love-letters to his mother's middle-aged bosom friend, and appoints a rendezvous, there to receive at her hand what his biographer calls “ the most humiliating of maternal punishments,” in other words, a sound whipping, is not one we should read to our children. In France, however, it is otherwise, and so amusingly has Paul Féval told the story, and so well does it lend itself to recitation, that as we listen we forget to disapprove. Nodier himself would cite this sample of precocious boyhood, adding pathetically, “ I bore the lady no malice in consequence, but from that day I became constitutionally timid, and for years after never entered into conversation with a woman without the dread of a whipping ! ”

Born in 1780 of a respectable and lettered family, Charles Nodier from his earliest years gave the promise of a distinguished career. Noting the striking capacities of their boy, his parents spared no pains to secure him an adequate education ; and whilst all France was ringing with the Terror, he was throwing heart and soul into *Latin, Greek, and natural history*. The leading events of th

awful time laid strong hold on his imagination, and the varied experiences of these schoolboy days are among the most interesting of his miscellaneous writings, whilst they lend more than romantic interest to many of his novels and stories. At twenty, as might be expected in the history of a French man of letters, he went to Paris, fired with the natural ambition of a young writer. There, as naturally, considering the suspiciousness of the times, he was arrested and thrown into prison for his share in a certain play long since forgotten, his recollections of Ste. Pélagie being afterwards embodied in "*Les Suites d'un Mandat d'arrêt.*" After some months' confinement he was liberated, but for four years kept under strict police surveillance, and to the last day of his life he resented a rigour as cruel as it was unmerited. At twenty-eight, he married a portionless girl of seventeen. The young couple, who had both chosen each other for love, not based upon prudential motives, as is commonly the case in France, settled themselves at Amiens, as joint secretaries to an eccentric old English lady and gentleman, whose portraits Nodier has given *con amore* in his novel "*Amélie.*" The next stage in their existence was an exile to Laybach in the so-called *Province Illyrienne*, Nodier being nominated by Napoleon to the post of Librarian in 1812. This expatriation ended after the downfall of the Emperor, but it was not the only occasion upon which one of the first among French writers was compelled by pecuniary need to accept an ill-paid post in a foreign country. A little later he was nominated to the Professorship of Political Economy at the Lycée Richelieu, Odessa, and in preparation for a final exit from France, sold or gave away everything he possessed, even his entomological collections and his books. The author of "*Les Contes de la Veillée*" and "*La Fée aux Miettes,*" Professor of Political Economy! What a commentary on the times! and what a satire on the construction of society! However, the project was not carried out, and Nodier settled in Paris instead, where, with the exception of short holidays spent in his beloved Jura and in foreign travel, was passed the rest of his happy, honoured, and laborious life. In 1824, his appointment as Librarian of the Arsenal settled for once and for all the terrible question of bread-winning. Nodier was here in his element. The bibliophile, the antiquary, the story-teller, could desire no more. Friends gathered round him, the choicest spirits of the time in art, letters, and science, making an almost matchless circle of which he formed the leader. Relief was afforded to his graver studies by the society of his accomplished wife and daughter, and when he died in 1844 there were a dozen chroniclers ready to tell the story of a life as laborious, and productive as any in literature.

Nodier was a Frenchman to the backbone, yet cosmopolitan in his tastes and habits to a degree rarely found among his countrymen. He was—what hardly any Frenchman ever is—an admirable traveller, enjoying with English relish the various countries he was enabled to visit in his better days—Switzerland, Scotland, Spain, Italy; no matter whither he went, he found everything new, strange, and delightful. He was no less cosmopolitan in literature. Goethe, Cervantes, Chaucer, Hoffmann, Tieck, Walter Scott, not to speak of less famous names, were as familiar to him as writers of his own country; and literature indeed he studied as such, quite apart from nationality. Again, he was curiously improvident, much more after the manner of English than French authors. He lived without any thought of the future, and instead of laying by a small dowry for his only child, when the time of her marriage came, sold his library in order to purchase her trousseau! Even the strong passion of an ardent bibliophile was mastered by the stronger habit of living without thought of the morrow. On the modest income of a French librarian he dispensed lavish hospitality, and the various accounts of those Sunday dinners and “at homes” in the Arsenal give a charming picture of the happy *abandon* in French society we find so difficult to imitate. Lafayette, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Eugène Delacroix, Balzac, Ste.-Beuve, Jules Janin, Liszt, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, David d'Angers, Victor Considérant—all these were among the constant visitors at the Arsenal, and one of them has drawn the following portrait of the incomparable story-teller. It comes after a general description of the weekly reception :—

“If Nodier, quitting his chair, placed himself in a comfortable attitude with his back to the fireplace, we might be quite sure he was going to tell us a story. Then everyone smiled in anticipation of what was coming from those lips, so finely outlined, so full of delicate raillery and intellect. Then everyone was silent, while he gradually developed one of the charming narratives of his youth, an idyll of Theocritus, or a romance of Longinus, Walter Scott, and Perrault in one!

“It was the scholar at issue with the poet—memory struggling with imagination! Not only was Nodier delightful to hear at these times, but delightful to behold. His long lank form, his long thin arms, long slender hands, and long face full of pensive calm, all harmonised with his slow enunciation and Franche-Comtois accent. Whether Nodier began a love-story, the history of a Vendean conflict, or of an *episode in the Revolution*, we listened almost breathlessly, so admiri-

rably did the story-teller know how to distil sweetness from everything. Those who chanced to enter in the midst of a recital sat down quietly, and it always finished too soon for all.

"And we saw no reason why it should finish at all, since Nodier seemed able to draw inexhaustibly from that purse of Fortunatus called the imagination. No one applauded, any more than we applaud the rippling of a river, the song of a bird, the perfume of a flower. But the rippling hushed, the song ended, the perfume vanished, we listened, we waited, we longed for more. Then oft-times Nodier would gently sink into his great arm-chair, and turning to Lamartine or Victor Hugo, would say, 'Come, enough of prose for to-day, let us have poetry.' Whereupon, without further importunity, one of the two poets, not quitting his chair, would give utterance to delicious verse, tender, passionate, or melancholy, as the case might be. Every one applauded now; and the applause ended, the rest of the evening was given up to music, dancing, and cards."

What a delightful social picture is this! Who does not envy the frequenters of Nodier's *salon*, so simple, so cordial, so abounding in the lighter graces of thought and imagination? Grave discussions upon politics, abstruse scientific and philosophical questions were eliminated from these brilliant thousand-and-one nights at the Arsenal. People went to be fascinated, and never in vain. In striking contrast with the elegance of the intellectual feast spread before them was the material part of it. Nodier prided himself upon his bourgeois origin, and cultivated *le terre-à-terre*, in other words, the commonplace, with a persistence amounting to mania. He preferred candles to wax-lights, pewter to plate, cabbage soup to any other, household bread to rolls. He detested novelties even in the shape of progress, and could not reconcile himself to gas and railways; he was curiously wedded to old customs and superstitions, never omitting the twelfth cake, the *beignets du carnaval*, *le jambon des Pâques*; whilst the thought of undertaking an important transaction on Friday, of overturning a salt-cellar, above all, of dining thirteen at table, filled him with terror. Among his papers his daughter found the following memorandum regarding the last-mentioned omen:—

The 6th Florial 1803 I dined with Legargne at the Tuileries, the company numbering thirteen, all then in the prime of life, five of whom died within twelve months after, five the next year, the last two at the end of ten years, as follows:—

Arsène,	} prematurely of disease.
Balleydier,	
Michon,	
Madame Q. of grief and misery.	
Colonel D. of yellow fever.	

Colonel O. of twenty-five lance cuts.

Colonel A. of a cannon-ball.

A. } in a mad-house.
G. }

M. D. in a shipwreck.

P., suicide.

M. guillotined.

The banquet was a very gay one !

These old-world superstitions form the subject of one of his most charming stories to be mentioned further on, and his clinging to tradition is seen in all. The only kind of innovation he found tolerable was the spread of pacific ideas, the amelioration of the legal code, and increased charity, kindness, and well-being. Thus, no French writer has upheld the abolition of capital punishment more strongly than he, and none has written more eloquently and touchingly about helpless humanity, idiots, maniacs and fools, and also about animals. On the first subject he bursts out with a vehemence unusual to him :—

“Oh ! ye makers of revolutions, who have revolted against all the moral and political institutions of your country,” he says, “who have revolted against laws, domestic affections, creeds, against thrones, altars, tombs—ye have left untouched the scaffold ! And you speak of your enlightenment, you propose yourselves as models of perfected civilization. . . . We must not murder. We must not kill those who kill. We must kill the laws of murder.”

Certain kinds of mental alienation possessed strange fascinations for him ; which might seem astonishing but for one fact. We are apt to forget that the romance of all time and all ages, the novel that towers over all others as supremely and eternally as Mont Blanc over his fellow-peaks, has for its principal characters a madman and a fool. Yet, did any sane person ever tire of those wonderful conversations between Don Quixote and his esquire ? Have we not here an inexhaustible source of tears and laughter, wit, wisdom, and gaiety ? And Nodier, whose subtle fancy had this kinship with his great compeer, was drawn towards the “wisdom that speaketh through the lips of a fool,” seeing herein something sacred and supernatural. Of animals he always wrote, if not with the familiarity of La Fontaine—for he alone, by some secret charm unknown to the rest of the world, contrived to learn their thoughts, or, at least, ways of looking at things—sympathetically, and with the insight of the poet and the naturalist. Next to Elzevirs, he adored butterflies, “those most bewitching of all creatures heaven has not thought fit to endue with a soul,” as he writes somewhere ; and if anything made him happier than strolling down the quays in search of some famous *bouquin*, it was the sight of a rare bird or insect.

No wonder that a man of tastes so multifarious and numerous relished travel, as few do even in these days of easy locomotion and Murray's handbooks. No matter whither he went, he gleaned rich harvests by the way; poetry, legend, folk-lore, nothing that appealed to the story-teller escaped him. And with wondrous skill did he subserve his vast stores of knowledge and experience to the art of which he was master. Perhaps none of Nodier's stories could be pointed out which has not some historical fact, some tradition, ancient chronicle, or popular belief as a basis. Upon the slightest, not unfrequently the gloomiest background, he would embroider one rich and animated picture after another, each having some special *raison d'être*, and all perfect as works of art. Nodier reaches the high-water mark of prose, and certainly did not transcribe Rabelais three times for nothing: for it is said that, fired with a desire to approach the wonderful language of Pantagruel and Gargantua, he actually copied each of these works three times over! He adored style, and in the delirium of his last hours murmured to some unknown interlocutor, "Read Tacitus and Fénelon in order to strengthen your style." In these days young French writers read Nodier for the same purpose. Nor were his thoughts less pure than the dress in which he clothed them: "Let the little ones come in to listen," he says somewhere; "there is nothing in my stories to do them harm, and you know me well enough to believe it." The marvellous, the supernatural, the horrible, indeed, may thrill his readers, the pathetic make them weep; he nowhere calls forth a blush. It is impossible to give any adequate notion of so voluminous and many-sided a writer in a short paper, but we fancy that all familiar with Nodier's works will coincide in the verdict of his countrymen who put the story-teller before the critic and historian, much less the poet. It is in the novelette that he rivals Tieck, Hoffmann, Zschokke, Hawthorne, and even Poe. It is by the novelette, that most delightful and rarest of literary achievements, he will be remembered.

When we come to analyse these little *chefs-d'œuvre*, we are compelled to a very disadvantageous comparison with the productions of the day. Short stories, as a rule, whether English, French, or German, are vapid affairs, like other ephemeral works, mere conspiracies, as Schopenhauer somewhere says, between author, printer, and publishers to extract a thaler or two from the pockets of the public. No sooner are they read than forgotten, and the wonder is that they are read at all, were it not, again to quote Schopenhauer, that the preponderating mass of human beings have no brains to

speak of, and prefer to think by means of other people's, no matter how poor they may be. But Nodier's stories are all gems, some bright and happy in design, others engraved with grotesque, even awful figures. Yet all are perfect as genius and workmanship can make them; most, if once read, to be read many times. Take as a specimen the so-called "*Histoire Véritable et Fantastique, Paul, ou la Ressemblance*," the scene of which is laid in the Pyrenees. A French marquis, accompanied by a young servant named Paul, is slowly driving along the winding road above the lovely valley of Argèles, followed by an aged peasant farmer on horseback, who, whilst keeping at a respectful distance, is observed to watch the party with something more than curiosity. His wistfulness attracts the marquis's attention, and when obliged to put up at the post-house of Pierrefitte, he finds himself opposite the old man, who timidly begins a conversation:—

"You must have been astonished, monsieur," he said, "to see me so bent upon following you, and such inquisitiveness, out of place at my age, may have given you but a poor opinion of me."

"No, indeed," answered the marquis, "I imagined that you had something you wished to communicate—that is all."

"I have indeed, if you give me permission," replied the peasant; "but how to explain myself? My sole object was to attract the attention of a young serving-lad seated on the driving-box, who did not appear to recognise me. Yet it is quite possible," he said, stifling a sob, "that we indeed saw each other to-day for the first time. May I ask how long he has been in your service?"

"For two years," replied the marquis, "and I have known him from his childhood. He quitted his family to come to me."

"His family?" repeated the old man, raising his eyes to heaven and shedding tears.

"Explain yourself," cried the marquis. "I know nothing of this mystery, but I desire much to hear what you have to say, maybe to console you."

After some hesitation the other related the following story, just such a story as we may yet hear from the lips of a Breton peasant:—A short time before he had lost his only child, a youth of exactly the age, stature, name, and general appearance of the marquis's servant-lad Paul. The mother, heartbroken at this cruel misfortune, would steal from the house at night and weep over her son's grave, imploring the comfort of the Virgin, which at last was vouchsafed. "Listen," said a saintly apparition of the mother of Jesus; "you have prayed to me, and I have heard your prayer. Send your husband into the mountains. He will there find your lost child."

Persuaded against his will, since reading and the society of enlightened people had cured him of popular superstitions, the old man at last set forth—truly enough, to find his son.

"Your son?" asked the marquis in profound astonishment.

"Yes, monsieur, it is indeed my son. He does not recognise me, but it is he. How can I mistake him?—I, who am his father."

Then after shedding abundant tears and further reflection, he is compelled to admit that it cannot in truth be the son he has buried, but a heaven-sent image of him to take his place.

"The likeness has deceived me, it will deceive his mother," he cried entreatingly. "I offer him mother, father, an ample heritage. He has been poor, he shall be rich; he is a servant, he shall be master. Heaven does not make such likenesses in vain. The portionless will become heir, and the mourning parents recover their child. Oh! monsieur, do not refuse your intercession on my behalf."

It is not necessary to unfold the *dénouement* of this exquisite little story, which is in Nodier's happiest vein. "*La Légende de Sœur Béatrix*" is another little poem in prose, also founded on a popular legend. Here he has ample opportunity for describing the romantic scenery of the Jura, so familiar to him, and made familiar to his readers in idyllic pictures, fresh, joyous, animated as the face of Nature herself. Perhaps the most striking stories in the volume before us, "*Contes de la Veillée*," if indeed stories they can be called, are *M. Casotte* and *M. de la Mettrie*. Nodier never saw things after the manner of other people. The weird, the mysterious, the supernatural had the strangest fascination for him, and in the first of these narratives we have a sketch as powerful and vivid as if from the hand of Rembrandt. M. Cazotte, it will be remembered, was a venerable gentleman of irreproachable character and high social position, who, after being rescued from the massacres of September by his heroic daughter Elizabeth, fell a victim to the Terror. Four months before his death he relates the following incident which had happened in his youth. At that time there was living a certain aged lady named Madame Lebrun, reputed to possess the gift of prophecy. So old was she, so wizen, so cadaverous to look at, that the people circulated all kinds of fabulous reports about her. Some said she was the female Wandering Jew, others that she was an Egyptian princess, others a dethroned Queen of China or Japan, others that she was no other but the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, whose life a devoted waiting-woman had saved at the cost of her own! All agreed that she was a seer, that she would live for

ever, and called her *La Fée d'Ivoire*, the Ivory Fay. Space does not permit an analysis of the story, so I will content myself with giving the climax to which a series of interesting episodes skilfully lead up.

The scene is Madame Lebrun's own room, to which M. Cazotte is admitted by special privilege, trembling he hardly knows why. "The apartment had nothing about it of the Sibyl. There were old wood carvings, old-fashioned pieces of furniture, a prie-Dieu in the style of a hundred years before. As may be imagined, my eyes immediately fastened themselves on the *Fée d'Ivoire*, whom my companion Angélique constrained to keep her place, in order to avoid fatigue. I at once went over to where she sat, and with some difficulty hindered her from rising. Then I discovered that her piercing black eyes were fixed on me, with an iron gaze. 'Oh God! oh God!' she cried, falling back on her chair and covering her face with her hands, 'is it possible that Thy justice will permit this one crime more? Again and again, oh God!' Then she let her arms fall down on each side of the chair as if they belonged to it, her body became rigid, her face melancholy, her attention apparently directed elsewhere, so that I ventured to look at her. I was struck with the aptness of her *sobriquet*, '*La Fée d'Ivoire*.' Her complexion was that of polished ivory, rendered shining by time. Blood and life seemed to have entirely disappeared from under the glossy, tight-stretched skin, marked here and there by deep lines that a sculptor might have chiselled, and which hid the history and sorrows of a century. It was difficult to decide if the *Fée d'Ivoire* had ever been beautiful, but I could fancy her charming in former days, and my imagination, fertile in such metamorphoses, was rejuvenating her when suddenly one of her hands moved as if by a spring and ran through my hair.

"'Again and again!' she cried. 'But there is no possibility of error!' Then she murmured, her voice becoming almost inaudible, 'The same destiny for this as for the others. Another head for the executioner!'"

"*M. de la Mettrie*," in a light and playful vein, is written in Nodier's most fascinating manner. It is indeed an apology for popular superstitions, and after reading it, I venture to affirm that the most positive-minded will refuse to dine thirteen at table, will look with dismay at the overturned salt-cellar, will hail swallows' nests in his house-roof delightedly, and as long as he lives refuse to undertake any important transaction on a Friday!

The delicate aroma of Nodier's style is of course lost in a translation, but the ideas are here. Thus charmingly *M. de la Mettrie*,

the principal personage in the narrative, discourses on spilling salt. "You must have seen," he says to his companion, "my movement of impatience at the awkwardness of the waiter just now. The poor devil is not perhaps naturally a villain, but is for all that destined to end badly. A fatal predestination stamps him. He has overturned the salt-cellar!"

"Indeed!" I cried with astonishment.

"You did not notice that he stumbled over the threshold in entering the room, and that he held the salt-cellar in his left hand though not left-handed? The individual who cannot foresee the obstacle sure to present itself in a house he has long inhabited, is sure never to foresee any obstacle whatever. The Romans re-entered the house if they had stumbled on quitting it, and it was a sensible precaution. A man who stumbles has slept ill or is in a bad state of health or mental preoccupation which exposes him to every danger. If he employs his right hand for services requiring delicacy and practice, he shows me a radical defect in his unfortunate organisation. All the favourable chances of life belong to foresight and dexterity; for skill is only dexterity of mind. As the hand is the necessary implement of fortune, evil hap is the inevitable lot of the poor wretch who wants exactitude and precision in manual functions. The Latins were so penetrated with the notion, that they used the same word for unfortunate and left-handed (*sinister*). . . . As to the overturning of the salt-cellar, the explanation of it is so easy and common-place that I think you can hardly have interrogated me just now seriously. Salt has been from the earliest times the emblem of wisdom, and I will now to-day tell you why. The use of salt is not circumscribed like that of bread; it is of the first necessity wherever there is a family, and for this reason it has become the sign of hospitality among those ingenuous or ingenious tribes we are pleased to call savages. The action of spilling salt indicates among them the refusal of protection and hospitality to such strangers as they may have reason to suspect are thieves and murderers. No affront was intended by the waiter who overturned the salt-cellar just now; the unfortunate creature has nothing left but to hang himself, if indeed he has sense enough to calculate the adjustment of a cord and the weight of his own body. And if you turn over in your own mind the countless series of accidents that must result from such carelessness as his, you can but feel deep sympathy for his employer. I do not hesitate to affirm that the house in which salt is most frequently overturned, must of necessity be the most unfortunate in the world; because you are sure to find there t

order, economy, aptitude, and foresight, all elements of first importance in a household."

Here is something still more charming about the popular prejudice in favour of swallows' nests:—

"Blessed, thrice blessed, the house with swallows' nests in its roof! It is placed under that sweet security for which pious souls believe themselves indebted to Providence. In fact, without attributing to swallows the prophetic instinct in which poets believe, we may surely suppose that they have the natural sagacity of all birds in choosing a safe nesting-place. When they settle in towns and villages, they fix themselves in a quiet dwelling where no commotion will disturb their little colony, or under a roof solid enough to promise a harbour for the coming year. Like strangers from foreign parts, they put faith in a look of welcome. I am not sure that their presence betokens happiness in the future, but certainly it testifies to the well-being of the present. Thus, I have never beheld a house having swallows' nests in its eaves without feeling favourably disposed towards its inhabitants. There, you may be sure, are no nightly orgies, no domestic quarrels. There the servants are benevolent, the children are not pitiless; you will find some wise old man or some tender-hearted young girl, who protects the swallows' nest, and thither I would go were a price put upon my head, having no fear for the morrow. People who do not persecute the importunate bird and her twittering offspring, are naturally benevolent, and the benevolent enjoy all the felicity that earth affords."

Nodier assimilated the poetry of all countries. In "*Le Songe d'Or*," we have an Oriental epilogue; in "*Inez de las Sierras*," a Spanish legend; in "*Trilby*," a charming bit of Scotch folk-lore; in the exquisite little story called "*La Sœur Béatrix*," he finds inspiration in an old monkish chronicle. Thus the story-loving reader is indulged in a perpetual variety, and he appropriates nothing that he does not make entirely his own.

Among Nodier's graver works, perhaps the "*Souvenirs et Portraits de la Révolution et de l'Empire*" are the most important, and no student of French history can afford to pass them by. His suggestions, for they are hardly to be called anything more, are a mine of wealth to those already familiar with weightier writers. Nodier breaks new ground. He wrote history after his own fashion, not telling us anything we can learn elsewhere, but painting a series of pictures from memory and observation, some highly coloured it may be, all highly original and striking. Take the incomparable sketch of St. Just, whom Nodier saw as a boy, having been arrested at Strasbourg

during the mission of the terrible young dictator. We know well enough what such men did ; we want to know what they were like, how they dressed, how they spoke, in fine, what manner of men they were. The description is much too long to give entire, but a few lines will indicate the effect produced upon the quick-minded school-boy of twelve :—

“ I was then to behold St. Just, that terrible St. Just, whose name I had never heard except coupled with threats and menaces ! My heart beat violently, and my legs trembled under me as I crossed the threshold. St. Just, however, paid no attention to me. Turning his back and looking at himself in the glass, between two chandeliers full of wax-lights, he adjusted, with the greatest possible care, the folds of that large and lofty neckcloth in which his head, to use the cynical expression of Camille Desmoulins, was stuck up like a censer (*exhaussée comme un encensoir*). I profited by the operation to study his physiognomy in the glass. St. Just's features in no wise possessed those harmonious outlines and that prettiness that flattering engravers have given him. He was, nevertheless, good-looking enough, though his chin, large to disproportion, owed something to the obliging folds of his voluminous cravat. . . . All the time St. Just was occupied with other matters beside his toilette. A young man, seated near him beside a table lighted by two wax candles, was writing as best he could under the other's rapid dictation. Before one page was finished another sentence had to be taken in, and the sheets by dozens were handed over to a German translator in an adjoining room. What St. Just improvised, whilst thus artistically interlacing the folds of his neckcloth, were irrevocable decrees and judgments without appeal. . . . I still seem to hear the quick, sonorous voice of this handsome young man, made for love and romance. I cannot even now recall without a shudder the redundancy of the cruel word DEATH ! . . . St. Just, however, at last came to an end of his toilette, and his butchery. He turned rapidly round, for the stiff scaffolding in which his head now rested permitted no side-way movement, and questioned me concerning my arrest, age, parentage, &c.”

“ True, true,” he said impatiently. “ Eleven or twelve years at most. He looks like a little girl ! A decree of arrest against a child ! That is the way the wretches think to curry favour with the Mountain ! Oh ! I will soon punish these onslaughts on our most precious liberties.”

In the midst of these sanguinary anathemas the schoolboy was permitted to depart, taking to his heels as fast as they would carry him. Side by side with this forcible picture may be put the sketches

of the unfortunate Pichegru, whom Nodier worshipped to the last day of his life. Pichegru was, like himself, a native of Franche-Comté, another reason of Nodier's unbounded affection. "The little town of Artois," he writes sadly, "produced Charles Pichegru, the Fabricius, the Epaminondas, the Phocion of our history, the defender of the monarchy, the terror of giants, the pride and delight of the people." Nodier in this instance, as in many others, was swayed by feeling and passion; but he was no politician, and belonged to no party, always sympathising, as he said, with the losing side. As one of his critics aptly remarks, he was Moderate under the Terror, Republican or Monarchist under the Empire, Girondin under the Restoration; or, as he himself declared, on the occasion of his reception at the Académie Française, "Whilst isolating myself from human affairs by my theories, I have remained a man in every feeling binding the individual to his kind. I have lost a large number of illusions; I have never forfeited affections." Without such explanations as these the apparent inconsistencies running through his works would be inexplicable. In his early years he was an enthusiastic Republican, belonging, when a mere boy, to the violent society of the *Amis des Peuples*, and a few years later he made a pilgrimage to Paris, on purpose to visit the hotel occupied by Charlotte Corday, and to collect the minutest particulars respecting her two days' sojourn. The little paper dedicated to this subject is intensely interesting, as showing the effect produced by Marat's assassination on different minds. He is staying at that time in the house of the so-called pro-consul of La Montagne, a certain curé, who had married a beautiful chanoiness, both of remarkable attainments and character. The man breaks into tears and lamentations for his friend, his brother, the wise, the divine Marat. The woman, taking the boy with her, retires to her room, and kneeling on the prie-Dieu cries, with hands raised to heaven,

"Sainte Charlotte Corday, priez pour nous!"

Her young companion follows her example, and at that very moment Charlotte Corday's head fell on the guillotine! With such graphic touches Nodier's narratives abound, and if they do not make up what can be precisely called history, at least they help us to understand it. In "*Le Dernier Banquet des Girondins*," Nodier, seizing upon every available source of information, has endeavoured to realise one of the most striking incidents on record. "To my thinking," he writes, in his prefatory notice, "there is nothing more magnificent in all history than this banquet of the martyrs of liberty, who

discuss their beloved Republic, its grandeur, and its fall, and who end their glorious vigil by a discourse on the immortality of the soul, with as much freedom of mind as if they had been talking under the arches of the Portico or the shadows of the Academy. Imagine to yourselves all that was choicest in human nature there assembled in the Conciergerie; the noble and the plebeian, the priest and the soldier, the poet and the tribune, the dreamer and the sceptic, all joyous as at a festival, and all doomed to die on the morrow! For them there was neither appeal nor mercy, no more contest or victory, only the guillotine and the executioner!"

And eloquently indeed is the superb theme dealt with. The principal figures in the tragedy stand before us in bold relief; we study their physiognomies, we listen to their voices, we are made familiar with their convictions and disenchantments. "If," as Nodier himself says, "the last supper of the Girondists was not precisely what I have described, it must have been very like it." This is as much as we can claim for the Phedon. Unfortunately Nodier, whilst an indefatigable collector of the scattered writings of others, sadly neglected his own, and at his death left no complete edition of his voluminous works. Since that time reprint after reprint of individual favourites has appeared, with prefatory notes by Ste.-Beuve, Jules Janin, Alexandre Dumas, and others, but to the best of my knowledge his writings are not accessible in a collected form. This is all the more to be regretted, as some of his criticisms, now out of print, show him at his best and happiest. He was a subtle critic, but his subtlety, grace, humour, are to be sought neither here nor there, but throughout his entire works. Whether annotating an author after his own heart like La Fontaine, satirizing the follies of his time in "Polichinelle" and "Les Études Progressives," or doling out fairy marvels in "La Fée aux Miettes," he is always inimitable and always charming. Nodier first sets himself to please, next to astonish, last of all, to instruct his readers, and in all these intentions succeeds to perfection. His compatriots adore him, and no wonder.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

ANGLING IN QUEENSLAND.

IT has to be done sooner or later ; and now is as good a time as any to make a full deliverance upon the subject of angling in Queensland. Month after month I have avoided the task, knowing that it must involve dear recollections that would only embitter the contrast between here and there. The best I can make is a confession of disappointment. Parodying, it is not to be denied, is somewhat of a pickpocket's business, but the following true state of the case has so often presented itself to my fancy that I shall be all the better for perpetrating it :—

Farewell the flowery mead ! Farewell the stream !
 Farewell the varied fry, and the pike
 That make ambition virtue ! Oh, farewell.
 Farewell the artful roach, and the shy carp,
 The spirit-stirring dace, the bronze-armour'd tench,
 The royal salmon, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious trout !
 Farewell ! Redspinner's occupation 's gone.

Sport of any description must be eagerly sought for in Australia, and then it is an open question whether the reward is commensurate with the toil. Once and again the fowler may meet with a lagoon or creek swarming with game, and bring home as many birds as he can stagger under ; but his next twenty visits may produce but an odd couple or so, for which he has to wade armpit deep in water and mud, and clamber, stumble, and tumble over a thousand obstacles unknown in the old country. With the rod it is even worse than with the gun. The rivers as a rule are large, with dense scrubs along the banks, and only to be commanded by formidable journeys on horse-back ; and when the water is reached, the fish are scarcely worthy of your attention.

The song may tell you it is wiser to forget, but it does not inform you how it is to be done. When I am knee-deep in mud amongst the mangroves, can I for the life of me forget the walk or drive from the railway station to the river ; the fragrant lane where sweet flowers bloom, birds carol, and insects hum in the leafy hedges ; the merry

rippling stream, the cosy seat amongst the flags, feet dangling over the water weeds and blossoms, and the dark alders opposite, under which there is a fish rising, rising until you have effected your cast, taken the turns out of it by a timely application of india-rubber, and sent the light fly across to try conclusions? Yet an angler who is worthy of the name, if he cannot kill trout, will turn his attention to the next best on the catalogue; will descend from dace to roach, from pike to barbel, and go on descending, stopping short only of the humble stickleback, beloved of Hampstead boys whose hook is a bent pin and whose creel a pickle-bottle. On this principle, you need not rust altogether even in these subtropical parts.

The further south in Australia you go, the better, I believe, the angling. In Melbourne I found an admirably conducted angling club, whose members were endowed with the right spirit, and whose seasons showed a record of which sportsmen need not be ashamed; and there were fish at their command of which we know nothing, so near Capricorn as we are. In New South Wales, the intervening colony, matters are not so flourishing for anglers as in Victoria, but better than in Queensland. There are lakes in Australia Felix where fine sport is had with English perch, which have been successfully acclimatised; and if there are no trout streams there at present, there will be in the course of a year or so, according to trustworthy assurances.

Trout in Queensland appears to be an unhopèd-for delight. We could find them waters of which the most fastidious amongst them would, if they studied appearances only, heartily approve—heads of grand streams, purling and eddying over rocky beds, and replete with veritable trout residences, quite after the orthodox pattern. But there is a fatal drawback in the climate, which gives us a summer heat for four months in the year of often 100 degrees, and sometimes more. The summer of 1877 was exceptionally severe, for instance, and day after day the thermometer exceeded 104°; in the month of January, when home friends were probably performing the outside edge on the ice, I rode five-and-forty miles on a day when the marking reached 115° in the shade. What would trout say to this? They would decline, without thanks, any efforts at acclimatisation.

The angler in Queensland will not, therefore, find much use for his favourite weapon, the fly-rod. Far away north, leagues above the tropic of Capricorn, there is, I am informed, a big fish which rises fitfully at a large hackle, and is known as the palmer, a name given to it for no other reason than its fondness for the red and black artificial flies of that name, although the settlers believe, and will hand

down to posterity the tradition, that it was christened in honour of Mr. A. H. Palmer, the popular leader of the squatter party, and one of the oldest and most respected of colonists. A report was lately brought to me of a fresh-water mullet which rises at a fly, but it was sufficiently doubtful to warrant summary dismissal. Of course in a young colony, where people mostly have something sterner to do than whip streams by way of experiment, there may be ways and means of sport of which we, as yet, know nothing, and fly-taking fish may be in good time discovered or introduced. For myself, whose experiments have been conducted perforce at the coastal ends of the rivers, every trial with the artificial fly has been in vain; and while results have been *nil*, faith has been a mere vanishing point.

Coming from the negative to the positive, it is gratifying to be able to tell the emigrant that when, in the tiresome process of packing, he pauses before his rods and tackle, questioning whether he will in the new land find use for them, he may give himself the benefit of the doubt, and put them in with his other effects. Young gentlemen newly arrived from home generally display a costly sporting equipment, which but too often is sold within the first twelvemonth at half its cost price. I have seen twenty-guinea breechloaders, with all their etceteras, sold for (in colonial parlance) five notes (£5), revolvers going for a song, books being almost given away; but never once have I seen rod or winch offered for sale. It is not, however, absolutely necessary to bring out these implements, seeing that fishing-tackle may be easily procured in Brisbane; and as for rods, I have on the rack before me as useful a general weapon as could be desired, made from a black bamboo cut in a friend's garden, and merely fitted with large rings to make it complete.

The most common fishing in Queensland, by which must be understood, for the purposes of this subject, the southern district around the metropolis, is jew-fishing. The jewfish is probably known by various names in different parts of the world, but throughout Australia the name is well understood to refer to the same individual. It is salmon-shaped, and quite as silvery as that royal fish, with lovely dark violet tints over the head and back. When the sun catches it on its first appearance out of water it reflects the most beautiful shades of violet and purple, but the colours soon fade, and the brightness of the silver sides rapidly becomes tarnished. From a distance you would be led, by its colour and proportions, to believe, on the moment, that the jewfish held up for your inspection was a veritable salmon. In other words, it is a handsome fish. There the reser-

blance ends. The flesh is white and soft, except in large specimens, when a block cut out of the middle and boiled makes an agreeable dish for a table upon which fish is but too seldom seen.

Jew-fishing is very uncertain sport. The year before last the Brisbane river was swarming with fish, and it was no uncommon sight to see a dozen punts coming in, after a few hours' anchorage opposite the Government Printing Office, in the heart of the city, each laden with spoil. In due course the floods came, and since then there have been no jewfish—why, nobody seems able to explain. When the water is too salt, the jewfish, which comes from the sea in large shoals, ascends the rivers, having apparently a weakness for brackish water. The ordinary method of capture is the hand-line, with live prawns or bits of fresh mullet as bait, and you must be as particular in anchoring the punt as if you were selecting a barbel swim in the Thames. A sandy shelf near the Brisbane bridge is always a favourite ground. The fish bites briskly, and you haul it in as quickly as possible. Great was the astonishment and amusement of the Brisbane fishermen when a kindred spirit and I appeared with the old paraphernalia of rod, winch, and landing-net, attempting the well-remembered ledgering process. Of course it answered thoroughly; the fine tackle—we used gimp-hooks—told, as it always will, and the playing of a four-pounder was no contemptible sport with a Thames punt rod. The "takes" of jewfish, however, do not generally average more than two pounds, and a couple of anglers, when sport is good, ought not to be satisfied with fewer than four dozen. Fish are taken up to sixty pounds weight, if local history is worth anything. I can answer myself for several seven- and eight-pounders, and one four times heavier.

We were tired of city sights and sounds, and my kindred spirit proposed a trip down the river. The old mare was forthwith put into the buggy, and off we bowled to the Powder Magazine, half-a-dozen miles out, the river scenery gladdening our eyes for nearly the whole distance. By and by came a bit of rough corduroy road, and then off we turned into the scrub, pausing a few minutes while the kindred spirit put a charge of No. 4 into his gun, and secured a blue crane for a friend who wanted a specimen. Then on to the river-bank. The mare was unharnessed, hobbled, and turned adrift, according to custom on these excursions, and soon our rods were together, our running bullets and stout gimp-hooks affixed, and baited with pieces of half-dried mullet. For half an hour there was not a sign. The yellow tide rushed by outside our eddy, at the rate of four miles an hour upward; the fishing eagles soared and wheeled,

artfully, however, keeping out of range, and the mosquitoes were fearfully on the alert. Yet not a sign.

"This is very singular!" cried my companion at last, struggling with his rod.

"Let him go; it's a monster," I replied.

There was, as he suggested, something singular. His rod was an old cut-down spinning rod, all too limber for the work, and the line one of the finest made—enough for roach, but too delicate for anything else. The rod was describing a fine half-circle, and a heavy body was slowly moving out of the eddy, keeping a ponderous strain upon the line, and proceeding throughout with careless deliberation. It could not be a shark, which goes off like an arrow when hooked; even a jewfish makes a sharp rush at first. It might be a groper, one of the lethargic rock-cod family inhabiting these waters, and sometimes taken by hook and line. Nor could it be a catfish, a slimy wretch, half eel and half fish, hated of all mankind, and invariably murdered out of hand as we murder dogfish at the English sea-side. Whatever it might be, it refused to be flurried. Once now and then it leisurely changed its course, and made as if it would double, but the rod ever remained bent like a whip, and the strain never relaxed. Twenty minutes passed.

"Give me a spell: I am tired," said my friend.

So saying, he handed over the rod to me, who seized the opportunity to lecture him upon the folly of working with unsuitable tools. The moment would arrive sooner or later when this unknown monster would become aware of what was the matter, and a vigorous movement would settle the business, so far as we were concerned at least. That was the only comfort I could give him as he stood by with the gaff, and we both resolved to hold on to the bitter end. Suddenly the strain was taken off; the rod straightened. This was more singular than ever. The monster must have got away without so much as a twist of his tail. I had not felt the ghost of a movement. But there was more to come. Gradually the line tightened, and the heavy strain was again put on, though the weight, dead as it was before, now seemed more dead. I determined to bring matters to a crisis, and presented the butt very cautiously. Slow and sure, in came the invisible. A huge silver side flashed under the foam of the tide, and disappeared, leaving two ludicrously excited men to wait for its reappearance. The next time it gleamed near the surface the gaff found a home, and the mystery was at an end. It was a great jewfish, or rather seven-eighths of one. The tail portion had been bitten off by a shark after the fish was hooked, and, beyond doubt,

at the moment when the relaxed strain led us both to believe the fish had escaped. The shark-bite was a clean-cut crescent, five inches across and three inches thick. The mangled fish plunged about on the grass for several minutes before it died, and the remnant which the shark had been kind enough to leave us turned the scale at 28 lbs. It had been a splendidly proportioned fish.

At night sometimes the jewfish chases the small fry near the surface, and good sport may then be obtained by a floating line baited with mullet fry, as near the dimensions of a minnow as possible. At the embryo watering-places which are springing up in Moreton Bay, quantities of these fish are frequently taken in this way. I have tried them with spinning tackle, but without success.

The angler's best friend, take the year through, is the bream, of which there are several descriptions. My bream *par excellence*, however, is a common sea-bream, with faint black vertical bars, strong spines in the dorsal, and golden tips to the other fins, a silvery, burly, bold, comely fellow, excellent eating, game to the death, and a fair specimen of his tribe when he weighs a pound and a half. When others are fickle and coy, you will find him loyal. Having caught one by accident on a handline, I recognised an old friend, and paid his kinsfolk the compliment ever afterwards of fishing for them with gut foot-line, perch-hook, and float. Further, I manifested my respect by compounding a delicate paste for his especial delectation, and was compensated by full appreciation on his part. Being fortunate in having a river frontage to my little garden, with rocks and mangroves at high-water mark, I have paid him persistent attention, and rarely does he send me empty away. It always struck me, watching their habits at the Brighton Aquarium, where a very happy family was accommodated in one of the left-hand tanks, that these bream were high-spirited and of good character; and now this impression has been confirmed. They come in at high water and grub about at the roots of the mangroves, or amongst the rocks, and if they mean business they do not leave you long in doubt. They will not brook boisterous treatment, however; cover your hook from point to shank with paste, drop it quietly in not more than a yard from the brink, and see that it moves with the stream, just skimming the bottom as it goes. If the bream are there, the float will give a preliminary stab, and dart beneath in the most workmanlike manner. The strike must be sharp and not too hasty, and you must keep the fish well in hand. I have known a pound-and-half bream run out twenty yards of line without a check, making the winch scream again at the speed; and the ingenuity and courage they display in their endeavours to release

themselves by taking advantage of roots, logs, and stakes, indicate a high order of intelligence, for a fish. Somebody has lately attempted to show that amongst the finny tribes the carp has most brain-power. It may be so ; but I would back my gamesome bream against the carp, in times of difficulty and crisis, for 'cuteness, and, should he have grown to the patriarchal and not unknown dimensions of three pounds, for strength also.

The whiting, as we know it in Queensland, in shape and size bears a marvellous resemblance to the grayling, the only difference being that the tinting is brown rather than blue. It is purely a sea fish, and loves sandy shallows. It affords, perhaps, the prettiest sport we enjoy. You must wade into the sea with basket over shoulder, and be provided with a light, stiffish rod, fine tackle, and small hook, if you would deal with it scientifically, and the addition of a float is an addition also to the fun, though, as the bait must always rest fairly upon the bottom, this tell-tale is not a necessity. Certain conditions of wind and water having to be fulfilled before the whiting will be in satisfactory humour, there is an amount of capriciousness about the sport. And it is a waste of time to fish except with the incoming tide. Go out an hour after the tide has turned, and retreat with it until high water. Sometimes you get a dozen or a score ; the last whiting expedition upon which I ventured brought me ashore, after four hours' angling, with a creel that holds three-and-twenty pounds of fish crammed to the cover. The whiting bites freely and battles pluckily; and as you have to deal with it in the water without a landing net, you must have all your wits about you. It seldom, if ever, comes up the rivers, and, if it does it would appear as if some restless member of the shoal had lost its way and strayed, against its will, into foreign parts.

The journey to the sea-side therefore comes into the list of attractions in whiting fishing; and in bush rides, monotonous though they may become by long familiarity, I have always found something to occupy the attention, spite of the solitude which characterises Australian forest. I have travelled three days in the bush without seeing as much bird or animal life as you have in the course of one hour in rural England, but there is a fascination in the very weirdness of the trees and vastness of the forest, diversified as it is here and there by bright spots and verdant nooks. Let me briefly recall my first whiting expedition.

It was a day of great enjoyment, even if I have to confess that, during the greater portion of it, my heart, as the saying goes, was in *my mouth*. Mr. B., who kindly undertook to initiate me into the

sport, drives a very skittish horse, and, Australian-like, prefers it to a quiet animal. Driving through the bush was to me then a new experience. There was no track, and the country was timbered lightly enough, as it seemed to me, to admit of the buggy passing between the gum trees with not more than half an inch to spare. Within a few months I had learned not only to laugh at this, but to take a pleasure in such driving; that sunny morning, however, I at first feared would be my last. The horse never moderated from his strong, tearing trot, and every five minutes I expected to find the wheels crashing against the trees, and ourselves shot out upon the ground. In the nick of time, however, Mr. B.'s strong hand had piloted us clear, only to repeat the touch-and-go process immediately afterwards. Underneath the axle-bar swung an iron bucket, with which the horse was to be watered at a pond half-way, and, plunging into and out of a bit of swamp, the utensil rattled suddenly against the wheel. The horse snorted and bolted. There seemed no hope. But Mr. B. was master of the occasion. He selected the biggest tree that stood in the path, and with a tremendous haul upon the reins pulled the animal's head straight into the great iron-bark trunk. The manœuvre was effected so quickly that the brute was taken unawares, and pulled up with a jerk that shook us breathless. It was my duty, of course, to make believe that I had been used to such diversions all my life, but I am bound to say I was glad when we got out of the bush, among the prickly pears, upon the open grass bordering the beach. The boys collected dry wood, lighted a fire, and boiled the quart-pot or "billy," while we unharnessed, turned the horses adrift, and camped clear of the mosquitoes, which swarmed in thousands in the adjacent scrub.

Four of us took to the water, each provided with a small bag of fresh shrimps, one of which was sufficient for three baits. The whiting began to bite merrily, and we might have had a sensation catch but for two villanous enemies—sharks and stinging rays. Not only were these a perpetual nuisance, they were a source of danger. The rays run very large in these waters, and to tread upon one may result in an ugly wound from the serrated lance with which its long powerful tail is furnished. This creature scoops out for its repose a saucer often a yard in diameter and a foot deep in the sand, and on this particular morning a swirl of sand in the blue waves at our knees would time after time inform us of the danger we had escaped, a danger which perhaps the new chum was likely to exaggerate in consequence of the account given by one of his companions of a fisherman who lay at that moment in a precarious state in the Brisbane hospital, from the wound

a stinging ray. The rays, fortunately, were not mischievously inclined at this time, but they were ravenous, which was quite as bad. At one moment the four fishermen yelled with one accord that they were fast in stinging rays. It was pull devil, pull baker, with us all, and it was soon proved to be the shortest way out of the difficulty to break ourselves violently away from the enemy, and allow him to go his way with our hooks and sinkers. By patience we might have dragged the creature ashore, but as that would have involved a retreat of a quarter of a mile, the beach being hereabouts almost level, and the game would have been useless when killed, we, on principle, secured freedom with all possible despatch. For ten minutes we might be left alone with the whiting, every bait answering for a fish. Then the sharks would have a turn, the smaller ones taking unwarrantable liberties with our shrimps and reducing the number of our hooks, the larger ones driving us together to shout and beat the water in unison to scare them away.

It may be, as my companions declared, that there is nothing to apprehend from sharks in shallow water, but I have a weakness which leads me to prefer their room to their company. Once there were four sharks playing around us—fellows of six feet long, and my nearest companion was able to poke one with his rod as he sailed by, his ominous fin, as usual, out of the water. By and by, there was a general shout of "Look out." A shark was espied coming from sea towards us at the speed of an express train, cleaving the water, and heading for us straight as a dart. Alarmed by our unanimous shouts—and if we had never exercised our lungs before, we did so then—and splashing, the shark turned at right angles and swam sulkily away, then turned and bore back towards us at his former lightning speed, passing in front at not more than two yards' distance. I had a clear view of the beast, which was quite ten feet long, and which, having passed us, swam out to sea, enabling us to mark its track for a quarter of a mile. It may be, I repeat, as my companions declared, that there is no harm to apprehend from a playful movement of this description; yet a shark is a shark, and its likes and dislikes are pretty well known. I have often been among the sharks in the same way since that day, but, when the excitement of sport was over, was always ready to acknowledge the charge of foolhardiness. To conclude the story, I may state that, sharks and stinging rays notwithstanding, no member of our quartette had fewer than three dozen whittings when the tide compelled us to terminate our fishing, and one of the party, as I know to my cost, had lost two dozen gut hooks by the predatory *ruffians who plagued us*. Finally, the whiting is delicious eating.

Another delicacy is the garfish. This is the nearest approach we have to smelt or whitebait ; in fact, it is cooked and eaten in the same manner as smelt at home. Being repeatedly assured by Queenslanders that the garfish could not be taken by hook, I watched its habits, and arrived at an opposite conclusion. On the sea-shore the garfish, of which there are two or three varieties, are large and coarse, but in the river they are not more than five or six inches long. They swim at the surface in shoals, are very shy, and affect eddies. At the slightest movement from the bank they disperse in a panic, and return no more. An artificial fly they would not look at, but it was patent that by whipping alone could they be taken. At length I found out that a tiny morsel of shrimp, on the point of the smallest fly-hook denuded of its dressing, was the thing. It was always a difficult matter to get them, however, and the peculiar formation of the mouth, the under lip protruding like a snipe's bill, rendered it a ticklish matter to strike at the right time. The little garfish, moreover, does not exist in any quantities; so that whipping for garfish is not, on the whole, a remunerative pastime, unless you know the fish are about.

One of the drawbacks to all kinds of angling in Queensland is the uncertain movements of the fish. They may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. Even the bream, which I have described as the most constant, takes leave of absence when there is a freshet. There is a fish called the tailor-fish, and by the aborigines *pumba*, from which I hoped much. A few exhibitions of fierceness which came at odd times under my notice induced me to mark him as fair game for spinning tackle. He is a very thin fish, with greenish back and white belly, smooth skin and large mouth, and a row of sharp teeth. He has, saving the mouth, a distant likeness to a herring, and does not run much larger. But the rascal would take a mullet almost as big as himself, and one afternoon, in the Brisbane river, I had capital sport for an hour, spinning with one of my pike-flights. You might see the fish leaping everywhere on that and the next day ; since then not a Tailor has been seen in the river.

There are several fish that fall accidentally to the angler's share, most of them as unwelcome guests. The catfish I have already mentioned. Old fishermen have told me that the flesh of this uncanny-looking intruder is superior to eel, but the public cannot be induced to believe it. There is a natural repugnance to scaleless fish, and this specimen has, in addition to a nasty brown slimy jacket, a couple of barbs, one on each side of its ugly mouth, that do not improve its personal appearance. The catfish, when caught,

makes a queer noise not unlike the croak of a bullfrog, and continues making it for perhaps five minutes. I caught one of five pounds weight the other day, while fishing with anchovy paste for bream. The toadfish meets with no more mercy than the catfish. This is a small curiosity, three or four inches long, marked like an English perch, but round, and possessing an enormous head. Underneath it is white and soft, almost woolly. It has a tiny mouth and two rabbit-like teeth. A favourite amusement among boys is to take the toadfish and roll him with the palm of the hand. The little round body puffs out until it becomes a round ball, the skin tightened of course to its utmost tension. While in this condition toadie is treated to a blow with a stick, and explodes with a loud report. The toadfish is said, and I believe with truth, to be highly poisonous; but he is a pretty object in the water, though an inveterate pest when he takes a fancy for the dainties intended for his betters. In the category of nuisances comes also a pike-eel, so called from its long jaws and terrible teeth. It is too bony to eat, and too formidable to handle or introduce as a comrade into a punt; therefore the customary welcome he receives is to be battered over the head with the rowlocks, stabbed with knives, and hurried off the line as much hacked and mauled as energetic hatred can accomplish while he wriggles with neck on the gunwale. The Colonial does not take kindly to eel, but the black-fellow ranks it with 'possum, guana, snake, and other dainties.

The Queensland perch is not a perch in any sense of the word. It is a small fish, with blunt head and square mouth overhung by thick bony snout. There are two kinds, named respectively the gold and silver perch, the former being bronze and yellow-lined, the latter silver and purple. These fish are caught when jew-fishing, but no one thinks of taking them on their own account.

For table purposes, the flathead is preferred by many to any other denizen of the Queensland waters, and this is another friend of the angler. It is a sea fish that pushes its way, when there is no fresh water, up the rivers, feeds on the bottom and sucks the bait, so that the angler does not suspect its presence until, in pulling up his line, he discovers that something is hooked; and, like nearly every description of fish in these waters, it has knives and daggers concealed about its person. It has a flatter head than the pike, is round and tapering, with belly white and flattened, and altogether like nothing but itself. Its skin is something like that of the sole, and its flesh white, firm, and sweet. I have known them caught from 14 lbs. downwards, but, although they are too good to be thrown

away, I never heard of an angler who was particularly glad to see them. Somehow the foot is pressed upon it before the hand, and the operator would rather sacrifice the hook than meddle with its mouth.

By the piers at the seaside you sometimes see numbers of strange and beautiful fish, whose names are unknown so far as I have been able to discover. Amongst them is a little fellow, called at one place Three-Tailers, at another, diamond-fish. It swims in the water in shoals, and your first impression is that you are watching a company of small bream. A little quiet observation, however, dispels that idea. It is the most airy-mannered fish, exquisitely silvered, shaped enough like a diamond to justify the name, and wonderfully graceful in all its movements. Standing on its head is a favourite amusement, and one might almost fancy that it had been on land for a holiday, had seen and admired the flight of the swallow, and was desirous of emulating that flight on returning to its native element. It is the thinnest fish and the broadest for its size I have ever seen, and has scales to be compared with nothing so much as specks of the finest silver gilt. Around the piles are a few zebra-marked fish, like Lilliputian bream, which a crownpiece would cover; and sneaking behind the woodwork in their rear is a leathery creature with a hog's snout and fins of extraordinary wing-like shape. On the top of the tide, as it flows under the jetty, are borne the loveliest examples of the medusæ, throwing out their elegant appendages and evidently enjoying the amount of life vouchsafed to them. Grand umbrellas are the heads of some of them, twelve inches across, and fringed with delightful adornments of blue, rose-colour, and violet. Onward they revolve, an endless procession, gay and beautiful while their brief day lasts, and always unmolested by the army of voracious cannibals over which they float.

For a lazy afternoon give me the young mullet when they swarm up from the sea in the spring months. They are to be found close in shore, shooting hither and thither, as do dace at spawning-time; and dace the casual observer might be pardoned for considering them to be. They are taken about a foot beneath the surface, with paste as used for roach, and with roach tackle, if you substitute for porcupine-quill a bit of cork of horse-bean size. Sitting on the sward at high water you may basket two or three dozen in the course of an hour. Out in the stream, the large sea mullet may be leaping in thousands, but they baffle the most skilful angler. Twice in a year you may be surprised at finding a solitary specimen on your hook, but as a rule large mullet are not to be caught by hook and line.

Of the fish in the rivers of tropical Queensland I say nothing because I know nothing. Time enough when I have made their acquaintance. For the same reason am I silent respecting purely fresh-water fish. These, I suspect, are very few in number. There is the valuable Murray cod, however, which the black-fellow knows well how to catch; and there is a fresh-water mullet, which a squatter friend of mine takes with a spinning-flight wrapped in an aquatic weed upon which they feed at stated seasons. The waterholes yield catfish, eels, and a small turtle beloved by aboriginals, whose choice of food, poor savages, is very limited; but there is not much temptation for the angler there.

REDSPINNER.

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cay the tendency of biological thought in the past with
reference to the relationship existing between animals and plants, and
the external conditions of their life. Nor need we look far afield to
discover the reasons which induced naturalists to credit the living
part of Nature with a fixity which nowhere held sway in the
inorganic world. The tendency of biological opinion in the past was
to regard the forms of animal and plant life as fixed quantities, which
remained now and then no doubt, but which on the whole preserved, as
far as observation could detect, a perfect and stable uniformity of
form and function. With the extreme prevalence of the idea of the
fixity of animal and plant species, the doctrine of "special creation"
had unquestionably much to do. A glance at a natural history text-

book of some twenty years back or so will serve to show clearly and unmistakably that the former idea of a "species" of animals or plants was based on the continued and unvarying likeness of a number of living beings to each other. Buffon's definition of a "species," for example, shows that he regarded it as "a constant succession of individuals similar to and capable of reproducing each other." And another authority, Müller, defines species to be "a living form, represented by individual beings, which re-appears in the product of generation with certain invariable characters, and is constantly reproduced by the generative act of similar individuals." Thus the various species of animals and plants were regarded as essentially immutable in their nature, and as continuing permanently in the likeness which they had inherited from the creative fiat in the beginning of this world's order.

But meanwhile ideas of a widely different nature regarding the nature of living beings had been slowly asserting themselves, and had their part outcome in the work of Lamarck, who clearly recognized the effects of use and disuse and of habit on the frames of animals, in producing modifications of their form and structure. Similar or analogous thoughts were beginning to influence the sister science of geology. The writings of geologists who, like Hutton, Playfair, and Lyell, advocated the doctrine of Uniformity in opposition to that of an ill-defined Catastrophism, had a powerful effect in suggesting that the order of Nature, both in its living and non-living aspects, might be different from the old ideas founded on the stability and unalterable nature of the universe—ideas these, which, like many other thoughts even of modern kind, had come to be regarded with respect from the fact of their venerable age, if from no other or more satisfactory cause. From Goethe himself, as a master mind, came abundant suggestions tending to enforce the opinion that living beings were to a large extent amenable to outward causes, and influenced by external agencies. In his "*Metamorphosis of Animals*," the poet-philosopher, with that imaginative force so characteristic of his whole nature, thus enunciates the opinion that the outer world, the animal constitution and the manner of its life, together influence in a most decided fashion the whole existence of the living being :—

" All members develop themselves according to eternal laws,
And the rarest form mysteriously preserves the primitive type.
Form therefore determines the animal's way of life,
And in turn the way of life powerfully reacts upon all form.
Thus the orderly growth of form is seen to hold,
Whilst yielding to change from externally acting causes."

Elsewhere, Goethe says of this subject, that while "an inner original community forms the foundation of all organization, the variety of forms, on the other hand, arises from the necessary relations to the outer world ; and we may therefore justly assume an original difference of conditions, together with an uninterruptedly progressive transformation, in order to be able to comprehend the constancy as well as the variations of the phenomena of form."

Thus are clearly expressed Goethe's views that the living form was a mobile quantity, influenced and altered to a greater or less degree by outward causes, acting in concert with the internal life-forces and inherited constitution of the being ; in other words, with regard to the form of animals and to borrow Shakespeare's phrase, we might say,

" In them Nature's copy's not eterne."

Later years brought to biology the enriching knowledge of Darwin ; and generalizations regarding the origin of living beings, startling and revolutionizing in their nature, were submitted to the scrutiny of the scientific world. But after the first feelings of surprise had passed away, and as the clearness of Darwin's views and their exceeding harmony with the facts of life were observed, biologists gladly hailed his generalizations as affording the basis of a reasonable conception of nature at large. Facts in animal life, hitherto regarded as simply inexplicable, and which were accepted as primary mysteries of biological faith, received at the hands of Darwin new and rational explanations ; and to the eminently plain and consistent nature of the ideas involved in his system of thought may be ascribed the great success and ready acceptance which evolution has met in the world of thought at large. Amongst other features which this method of thought exhibits in characteristic fashion, is that of assigning a paramount place to the influence of habit and use, and of outward circumstances upon the form and "way of life" of living beings. A few illustrations of the changes which both common and unwonted circumstances of existence may effect in the history of animals, together with a brief chronicle of the influence of such changes on the development of life at large, form the subjects we propose for treatment in the present paper. The inquiry, it may be added, is one full of promise, especially if regarded as an incentive to a fuller and more complete study of the relations of living beings to the world in which they live.

No fishes are better known to ordinary readers than the so-called "Flatfishes"—the *Pleuronectidæ* of the zoologist. Under this designation we include the soles, flounders, halibut, turbot, brill, plaice, and other less familiar forms. As these fishes are observed on the

fishmonger's slab, or better still, when they are seen swimming with a beautiful undulating motion of their bodies in our great aquaria, the epithet "flat," as applied to their form, would be regarded as of most appropriate kind. If an unscientific observer were asked which surfaces were flattened in these fishes, he would be very apt to reply that the one flat surface was the back, and the other the belly of the animal. In proof of the correctness of his assertion, he might point to the well-known fact that one surface—the so-called "back"—is dark-coloured, whilst the opposite and presumed under surface is white. Again, the idea that the darker surface is the back would be strengthened by the observation that it bears the eyes, and further that the fish swims with this surface uppermost. Notwithstanding these apparently well-founded observations, however, the zoologist finds ample reason for a complete denial of their validity and correctness. He would firstly direct attention to the fact that, on each flat surface of the fish, and in the breast-region, a certain fin is to be discerned. These fins form a pair, possessed by all save the very lowest fishes; they are named "pectoral" or "breast fins," and correspond, as may be proved by an examination of their skeleton, with the fore-limbs of other vertebrate animals. In the flatfishes, it usually happens that one pectoral fin is of smaller size than the other. Moreover, there are other two fins, also paired, to be discerned in these fishes, placed below the breast-fins one on each flat surface of the body, but exhibiting a somewhat rudimentary structure and only a slight development as compared with their representatives in other fishes. These latter are the two "ventral" fins of the zoologist, and an examination of their skeleton and nature shows that in reality they represent the hind-limbs of the fish, just as the breast fins correspond to the fore-members. A very cursory examination of other fishes in which both sets of fins exist would satisfy us that the paired fins are invariably borne on the sides of these animals. This rule of fish-structure accords with the position of the limbs in all other vertebrate animals. These appendages are always paired, and are invariably lateral in their position and attachments. We are therefore forced to conclude that, unless the flatfishes present extraordinary exceptions to the laws of limb-development and situation represented in all other vertebrate animals, they must, like other fishes, carry their paired fins or limbs on the sides of their bodies. Otherwise we must assume that they bear the limbs on their backs and on the lower surfaces of their bodies respectively; a supposition, the mere mention of which is sufficient to show its absurd and erroneous nature. It may thus be clearly shown that the flat surfaces

of the soles and their neighbours, judged by the fact that they bear the paired fins, must represent the sides of their bodies. And an examination of the other series of fins found in these fishes would show the latter statement to be correct. The second set of fins possessed by fishes includes the so-called "unpaired" fins, which are invariably situated in the middle line of the body. With the "back" fins and "tail-fin," as examples of these latter appendages, every one is acquainted; and when we look for these fins in the flatfishes, we find them developed in a very typical fashion. There is a long "back" fin, for instance, fringing the body above, and defining the back for us; a second or "anal" fin of equal extent borders the body below; and the tail-fin is equally well developed. An examination of the tail-fin alone would in fact show us the true relationship of the various surfaces of these fishes; since in all fishes this fin is set vertically, and not crosswise, as in the whales. Placing the tail-fin in its proper position, that is, setting our flatfish with the back-fin uppermost, we then note that the flat surfaces of the tail will correspond with the flattened surfaces of the fish, and that the latter must therefore be the sides of the animal.

But there still remain for comment and explanation the remarkably-placed eyes, which, according to our observations, are now seen to be situated on one side of the body, and not on the back, as is commonly supposed. The side on which the eyes are placed is usually the left side; but in several species they are situated on the opposite surface; the eyed side being, as we have seen, the dark-coloured surface. To this latter side, also, the mouth is to a large extent drawn, this aperture thus becoming unsymmetrically developed. Occasionally also, it may happen that in species of flatfishes in which the eyes are habitually situated on the left side, these organs may be placed on the right, and *vice versa*. The occurrence of this reversion of the eyes throws some little light on the somewhat mechanical causes and chance nature of the conditions which determine the peculiar features and form of these fishes. How have the eyes of these fishes come to be developed on one side of the body? and is this condition original or acquired? are questions which the mere consideration of their peculiar structure must suggest to the most casual observer. It may be said that but two explanations are open for acceptance in this, as in all other cases relating to the development of life at large. Either we may believe that the animals were originally and specially created with these peculiarities and abnormal features fully developed; or that these features are the result of secondary laws and outward forces acting upon the form; and through the form, determining the "way

of life" of the being, to use Goethe's expressive phrase. The first hypothesis admits of no enlargement or discussion. If accepted, it must be treated as a matter of unquestioning faith around which the mind may not attempt to travel. But it is exactly this unquestioning belief in a theory which the scientist will not recognize; and more especially, if from the other view of the matter he gleans a large measure of aid in the attempt to understand how the modifications before us have been produced. Having due regard to the alterations and changes of form and structure that are so characteristic of living beings, and recognizing the plasticity of life in all its aspects, the zoologist will no more believe that the peculiarities of the flatfishes present us with originally created features, than that the deformities in man which follow the accidents of human existence are the products of a creative force of special kind.

That the case of the flatfishes has long formed a text for grave biological discussion is evident from the attention it has received at the hands of Mr. Spencer, Mr. St. George Mivart, and other naturalists. Mr. Spencer, in dealing with the modification of animal forms by the influence of external conditions and environments, explains the want of symmetry in the flatfishes by assuming that the two surfaces of the body have been exposed to different conditions. Respecting Mr. Spencer's views, Mr. Mivart has remarked that "abundant instances are brought forward by him of admirable adaptations of structure to circumstances, but in the immense majority of these instances it is very difficult, if not impossible, to see *how* external conditions can have produced or even have tended to produce them. For example," he continues, "we may take the migration of an eye of the sole from one side of the head to the other. What is there here, either in the darkness, or the friction, or in any other conceivable external cause, to have produced the first beginning of such an unprecedented displacement of the eye? Mr. Spencer has beautifully illustrated that correlation which all must admit to exist between the forms of organisms and their surrounding external conditions, but by no means proved that the latter are the *cause* of the former. Some internal conditions," concludes the author, "(or in ordinary language some internal power and force) must be conceded to living organisms, otherwise incident forces must act upon them and upon non-living aggregations of matter in the same way and with similar effects." These quotations will serve to show that zoological authority has recognized, in the case of the flatfishes, an important subject of remark. With reference to the latter portion of Mr. Mivart's observations regarding the

and presence of internal forces in animals, it may be said that no naturalist may for a moment doubt the influence of those forces—summed up in the words “life” and “vital action”—nor does Mr. Spencer, as far as I can learn, ignore their existence. It is the life and internal forces of the living being which present us with the primary conditions of existence. What we do contend for, however, is that outward circumstances powerfully influence these internal forces, and through such influence produce modifications both of form and structure in living beings. In support of this latter opinion, no animals furnish more satisfactory evidence than the flatfishes.

The first point in their history to which attention may be directed is that in their early life, and when the young fish emerges from the egg, the eyes are situated where we should naturally expect to find these organs—one on each side of the head. Moreover, in the days of its youth the flatfish is thoroughly symmetrical in all other respects, even to the coloration of its body, the two sides being tinted of the same light hue. Soon, however, a change of structure and conformation begins to be apparent, especially in the head-region. The eye of the lower side, on which the fish is destined to rest, begins literally to travel round to the upper side of the body; this process taking place merely through a curious malformation and twisting of the bones of the head, and not by means of the eye passing through the skull, as was formerly supposed. Then also the colour of the upper side of the body gradually deepens and acquires the tint of adult life; a hue admirably in harmony with the surrounding sand, and rendering the detection of these fishes as they rest on the sandy sea-bed a matter of extreme difficulty, as anyone who has “speared” flounders knows. The causes of the development of colour on the upper surface may doubtless, as Darwin remarks, be attributed to the action of light; but it is notable that in some flatfishes there exists a chameleon-like power of altering the tint of their bodies so as to bring them into harmony with the particular colour of their surroundings. The acquirement of this latter condition becomes allied to that termed “Mimicry;” but to explain the development of the power of changing colour, we must call to aid conditions other than that of the action of light, and which affect and influence the more intricate and hidden forces of living beings. Thus are gradually acquired the peculiar features which mark the adult existence of these fishes. The chronicle of their early life and history impresses one fact primarily on our minds, namely, that if their development is to be held as furnishing a clue to the origin of their modifications, the knowledge that at first the flatfishes possess

symmetrical bodies demonstrates that originally they exhibited, as adults, no modification or deformity such as they now possess. Assume with Darwin—and the assumption is both reasonable and warranted—that the “embryonal (or young) state of each species reproduces more or less completely the form and structure of its less modified progenitors,” and we may be taught by the development of the flatfishes that they have sprung from ancestors which possessed symmetrical bodies, and that the conditions they present to our notice have certainly been of acquired nature.

But the question, “How have these abnormal conditions and modifications of structure been acquired?” still remains for consideration. It is on this point that Mr. Mivart challenges the adequacy of external conditions and outward influences to produce the characteristic deformities before us. On another occasion this author remarks, “If this condition had appeared at once, if in the hypothetically common ancestor of these fishes an eye had suddenly become transferred, then the perpetuation of such a transformation by the action of ‘Natural Selection’ is conceivable enough. Sudden changes, however, are not those favoured by the Darwinian theory, and indeed the accidental occurrence of such a spontaneous transformation is far from probable. But if this is not so, if the transit was gradual, then how such transit of one eye a minute fraction of the journey towards the other side of the head could benefit the individual is indeed far from clear. It seems even,” concludes Mr. Mivart, “that such an incipient transformation must rather have been injurious.” As far as these remarks regarding the rarity of sudden variations are concerned, they are perfectly appropriate ; although it must at the same time be borne in mind that occasionally startling modifications have appeared in a species of animals in one generation, and without the slightest warning or indication that a sudden alteration was to be produced. A well-known instance of this kind was the sudden appearance of the Ancon or Otter-sheep of Massachusetts ;—a sheep possessing a long body and short legs, which was produced as the offspring of an ordinary ewe and ram. This sheep in its turn became the progenitor of a whole race of Ancons ; and many other examples of sudden variations from the type of a species might be illustrated in both animal and plant worlds. But apart from the fact that alterations of structure, as great as those seen in the flatfishes, have been suddenly developed in animals, Mr. Mivart is correct enough in laying stress on the fact that, to satisfy Mr. Darwin’s ideas, it must be proved to ¹ *likely that the variations in the flatfishes arose gradually, and* ▼

gradually intensified and transmitted as distinct characters to their descendants. Whilst, if Mr. Darwin's theory is tenable, it must also be shown that the propagation of such deviations from the ordinary structure of the fishes was an advantage to the animal concerned. In this last thought, indeed, lies the essence and strength of Darwinism. Nature selects such variations for transmission to posterity as will favour the existence of the species. Unfavourable variations will, in the "struggle for existence," tend to die out. Hence Mr. Mivart most appropriately calls upon the supporters of the theory of evolution by "Natural Selection" to show cause that the variation in the flatfishes was beneficial and not injurious to the individuals exhibiting it. Such are the issues of the question before us. Let us try to discover how the evolutionist, viewing the question from the Darwinian stand-point, will answer the demands laid upon him by opposing tenets and theories.

It may be observed in the first place that the flatfishes are, to an appreciable and in a readily understood sense, gainers from their ground-inhabiting tendencies. Their bodies, as already remarked, closely approach the colour of the sand and other surroundings, and they not only find protection from their enemies in this fashion, but readily obtain food from the sand on which they rest. As far as the advantages gained from their habits are concerned, the case seems clear enough if regarded in this light. This observation, however, throws no light on the question of the manner in which the modifications of body which so perfectly adapt them for a ground-life have been gained; and to attain the desired information on this latter point we must once again study the early history of these fishes. When young and possessing symmetrical bodies, and when the eyes are placed in the natural situation, they may be observed to swim through the water in a vertical position, like other fishes; their flattened surfaces appearing as their sides, and the long dorsal and anal fins bordering the upper and lower margins of the body respectively, whilst the tail-fin is set vertically. Soon, however, it is observed that they retain their vertical position in the water with difficulty, owing to the great relative depth of their bodies. Like crank ships, in fact, they have a tendency to become overbalanced; and there can be little doubt that the small size of the pectoral and ventral fins, together with the absence of a "swimming bladder" or "sound," materially aid in producing this result. Thus unable to swim erect for any length of time, the young flatfish comes to a natural enough position of rest *on its side*. Malm's observations now come to aid

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hension of the case in a very remarkable degree. This

observer tells us that the young fish, as it lies on its side, twists the lower eye upwards as if in the effort to see above ; or, in plain language, tries to look round the corner of its own head. So strenuous are these efforts of the young animal that the eye is pressed with a great degree of force against the upper part of the orbit or eye-cavity, with the result, as Malm testifies, of contracting, in a marked fashion, the forehead or space between the eyes. This observer, indeed, mentions that he has witnessed a young flat fish elevate and depress the lower eye through a distance corresponding to an angle of seventy degrees. The effect of this frequent muscular exertion on the soft cartilaginous and flexible tissues of the skull of the young fish may readily be imagined. In time, the temporary displacement of the tissues caused by the movements of the lower eye comes to exercise a permanent influence in producing a decided deformity, and induces the twisting of the bones of the head. So that, in response to the frequent efforts of the young fish, the lower eye is gradually transposed to the side of the body which will hereafter be the uppermost surface, and which will meanwhile have been acquiring its characteristic coloration. Such is the explanation given by competent observers of the manner in which the flatfishes have acquired their strange modifications of structure. The flatfishes of to-day acquire this modification in virtue of inherited tendencies and of the effect of habit transmitted through many antecedent generations. But the observation of the stages through which the young animals pass in the seas of to-day, reveals a truthful and unerring history of the fashion in which their far-back progenitors inaugurated the first phases in their singular transformations.

So far as the explanation of the curious features presented by the flatfishes goes, it is fully supported by facts as they stand. Additional evidence of weighty kind, however, is obtainable from various sources in favour of Goethe's assertion that form of body "determines the animal's way of life," and that "in turn the way of life powerfully reacts upon all form." The evidence that the deformity in question has been acquired through the material contact of surroundings with the bodies of the first flatfishes is derived from a two-fold source—firstly, from a view of the various members included in the group of the flatfishes; and secondly, from our knowledge of the development of abnormal features in other fishes and in other groups of animals. It would certainly afford some ground for Mr. Mivart's remark, that by "Natural Selection" we might require to postulate the sudden transference of the lower eye to the upper side of the head, if the flatfishes were found to present a ~~through~~

uniformity and similarity in their deformity. If the whole race or family of these fishes, without a single exception, presented the malformations in a typical degree, then the idea of sudden and sharp modification might be rendered probable enough. But the systematic naturalist would inform us that these fishes are not uniformly modified. On the contrary, they present us with a varied array of forms, at the one extremity of which we meet with symmetrical flatfishes, having eyes entirely unaltered in position, possessing equal-sized fins, and retaining their young or embryonic characters; whilst at the other extremity of the group we observe fishes in which the deformities obtain their highest development. Thus there is a genus of flatfishes known as *Hippoglossus*, and which includes the various species of Halibut. Some species of this group—such as *Hippoglossus pinguis*—retain throughout life the characters, form, and symmetry they present on leaving the egg. From this unaltered and undeformed species of flatfishes we may pass by easy and gradual transitions to such fishes as the soles, in which the distortion reaches a very typical development. In this fact of the varying degrees of abnormality exhibited by these fishes we may find a counter-proof of the acquirement of these peculiar features. A creative act or a sudden modification would have affected the entire race. A graduated series of forms, exhibiting every degree and stage of abnormal development, shows that the distorted conditions have been not merely acquired, but that they have been favoured in some species to the neglect or escape of others. In the Hippoglossi we may see representatives of the original type from which the modern flatfishes have been evolved; and we may conceive of this evolution having taken place through the laws of ordinary development acting upon bodies, which, from a mechanical cause—that of overbalancing themselves—and from thus being placed in a false position, as it were, have gradually adapted themselves, through a curious modification of form, to a new “way of life.”

A second series of facts corroborative of the view that the flatfishes have thus evolved their peculiar features by adaptation to the outward circumstances of their existence, is furnished by a knowledge of the distortions which follow upon unusual modes of life or accident in other animals. Mr. Darwin mentions the curious fact of human history, authenticated by surgical experience, that “in young persons whose heads from disease have become fixed either sideways or backwards, one of the eyes has changed its position and the bones of the skull have become modified.” So also, if one ear of a lop-eared rabbit tends to fall downwards and forwards, its mere

weight is found to affect the development and growth of all the bones of the skull, and to cause a forward protrusion of the head on that particular side. Mechanical causes, and the mere action of weight or strain, may thus produce changes of surprising extent in structures of greater firmness than the soft skulls of fishes. The evidence in support of the evolutionist's theory of flatfish modification, however, is also strengthened by certain cases of distortion which follows upon the habit evinced by the young of certain well-known and symmetrical fishes of resting on one side. Young trout, salmon, and perch have been found to acquire unsymmetrical skulls from this habit; and they have also been seen to strain their lower eyes in the endeavour to look upward, after the fashion of the young flatfish. One authority, indeed, declares that it is possible that the young of the most modified flatfishes are in reality unsymmetrically developed even within the egg. This condition, if actually present, must necessarily be viewed as the inherited result of the typical development of the unsymmetrical state in ancestral forms; and its occurrence would render easy of explanation the cause of the young fish losing its balance so soon after its escape from the egg. In some fishes, which are widely removed in their systematic position from the flatfishes, there is a want of symmetry which compels the fishes to rest on one side. Such are the curious Deal-fishes (*Trachipterus arcturus*) or Vaagmårs, which derive their popular name from their exceeding thinness of body, and which are allied to the familiar Tape or Ribbon fishes. The Deal-fish rests on its left side, and, like the flatfishes, is a bottom-living species. Moreover, it swims diagonally through the water from its want of symmetry, and evinces a disparity in development between the two sides of the head. The occurrence of allied conditions in the heads of higher animals and in other and distinct groups of fishes would seem to argue clearly and forcibly in favour of like conditions producing like results to those seen in the flatfishes. Nor must we lose sight of the fact that disuse of the fins of the lower side in the flatfishes will account for their lesser size, as compared with those of the upper surface; and that the jaw bones are stronger and teeth more numerous on the lower side of the head. This latter result accrues naturally from the more constant use of the jaws on the lower side of the head than on the eyed side in the act of feeding on the ground—a fact pointed out by my friend Dr. Traquair, and illustrating the influence of “use” in developing structures, as opposed to the effects of “disuse” in rendering organs useless and abortive. From every consideration, we are

forced to conclude that the flatfishes present us with typical examples of animals which owe their peculiar form and habits to the circumstances of their life, associated with the action of environments upon their frame. We learn from the consideration of such features of living beings, not only how perfectly adaptation to circumstances is correlated with structure and life at large, but also how plastic and mobile under the sway of outward forces the living organism may prove. Whilst no less powerfully does the consideration of the flatfishes and their modifications support the ideas that the existing order of nature is largely due to secondary causes and to mechanical forces which acquire dominance and power over living beings through the effects of perpetuated habit, and of use or disuse continued through long periods of time.

Within the confines of the group of vertebrate animals ranking next in order to that of the fishes, we may find examples of the relationship between living beings and their surroundings, if anything, of more typical and distinct nature than those presented by the flatfishes. This group of animals is known as that of the *Amphibia*, and is represented by the frogs, toads, newts, and allied animals, which, in popular phraseology, would be termed "reptiles," although zoologically they form a perfectly distinct group from the latter creatures. It may facilitate the comprehension of the illustrations about to be brought forward, if we firstly glance at certain of the chief characters by which the class of amphibians is distinguished. The newts, frogs, toads, and their allies, without exception, pass through a series of changes in form (or *metamorphosis*) in their young condition, and possess breathing organs in the form of external gills in early life; facts well known to any one who has seen a young frog in its tadpole stage, and who has had the curiosity to watch the transformation of the tadpole into the adult frog. All amphibians further possess lungs in their fully grown condition, whether the gills of early life persist or not. Thus the curious lizard-like *Proteus*, found in the caves of Adelsberg, and the still more curious *Axolotl* of Mexico, exemplify newt-like creatures which retain the gills of early life, and breathe by these organs as well as by the lungs with which they are provided in their adult shape. The common newts of our ponds and ditches, the land-newts of other countries, and the frogs and toads, breathe, on the contrary, by lungs alone in their perfect condition; the gills of early life being discarded when these creatures assume terrestrial habits. Thus the newts, though living essentially in water, breathe like the frogs by

lungs alone in their adult state ; and, like the aquatic and lung-bearing whales, have to ascend periodically to the surface for a supply of atmospheric air. Bearing these characters of this group of animals in mind, the curious nature of the changes through which certain of its members pass may be fully realized. The axolotl (*Siredon pisciforme*) is a creature inhabiting the fresh waters of Mexico, and, despite its somewhat uninviting appearance, is used in its native regions for food. It is a lizard-like animal ; possesses a fin-like flattened tail which forms an efficient swimming organ ; and as a further adaptation to an aquatic existence, possesses three well-developed and fringe-like gills on each side of its neck. Lungs also exist in the axolotl, which is thus a most typical "amphibian," in so far as the possession of a double set of respiratory organs is concerned. Its length is about ten or twelve inches, and its colour a dark brown spotted with black. The axolotl has been long known to science as an interesting amphibian ; but the possibility that it was only an immature or larval form of some other amphibian, formed perhaps the most noteworthy point in its history. Cuvier appears to have had doubts of its identity ; and Mr. Baird, writing of the axolotl, thus says : "It so much resembles the larva of *Amblystoma punctata* (a North American newt), in both external form and internal structure, that I cannot but believe it to be the larva of some gigantic species of the genus." Nothing very definite, however, could be urged in support of the idea that the axolotl was a creature still in the days of its youth ; and there existed, moreover, one feature which strongly militated against such a supposition—namely, that these animals were capable of perfectly reproducing their species, since they were known to produce young freely, both in a state of nature and captivity. Of all physiological tests of an animal's maturity this latter may be said to be that of the most general application. The law that the perpetuation of the species is a function of adult life only, is, in fact, one of the most universal application. But in 1857, Dumeril laid before the French Academy of Sciences a communication in which he noted the instructive fact that some thirty axolotls had mysteriously emigrated from the water in which they lived peacefully with hundreds of their neighbours, had shed their gills, cast off their skin, and had assumed the colour and appearance of the genus *Amblystoma*—a well-known group of American land-newts, which, like other amphibia, possess gills in early life, but breathe when adult by lungs alone. This transformation of the axolotl into a completely different animal, with which it was not known to possess any relationship whatever, excited,

might be supposed, no small amount of interest, especially when the presumably adult nature of the axolotls was kept in view. Professor Marsh, of New Haven, U.S., has placed on record the fact, that a species of axolotl (*Siredon lichenoides*) common in the western parts of the United States also loses its gills and fins when kept in confinement, and also exhibits other changes of structural nature. This species further assumes the likeness of a species of *Amblystoma* (*A. macrodon*); and Professor Marsh has also remarked that the changes just described occur when these axolotls are brought from their native lakes—situated in the Rocky Mountains at an altitude of 4,500 to 7,000 feet—to the sea-level.

The exact causes of these curious changes has only recently, and through the perseverance and ingenuity of a lady experimenter, Fräulein Marie von Chauvin, been brought to light. This lady's experiments confirm in a very striking manner the ideas biologists have been led to form regarding the influence of surrounding conditions, not merely on living beings in the present but in their past history as well. Dumeril, thinking that excision of the gills might induce the change of form, cut off these organs in the axolotls, but without obtaining a successful result; the animals simply producing new gills in virtue of the power of replacing lost parts so common in their class. But Fräulein von Chauvin, by dint of care and patience, succeeded in enticing five specimens from their native waters by gradually inuring them to a terrestrial existence. The animals were highly refractory as far as their feeding was concerned; but their objections to diet when under experimentation were overcome by the ingenious method of thrusting a live worm into the mouth; whilst by pinching the tail of the worm, it was made to wriggle so far down the amphibian's throat, that the animal was compelled to swallow the morsel. Of the five subjects on which the patience of Fräulein von Chauvin was exercised, three died, after a life of nearly fifty days on land. At the period of their death, however, their gills and tail-fins were much reduced as compared with the normal state of these organs. The two surviving axolotls, however, behaved in the most satisfactory manner. Gills and tail-fins grew "small by degrees and beautifully less," and apparently by an actual process of drying and shrivelling through contact with the outer air, as opposed to any internal or absorptive action. The animals moulted or shed their skin several times; and finally, as time passed, the gills and tail-fin wholly disappeared, the gill-openings became closed, the flattened tail of the axolotls was replaced by a rounded appendage, the eyes became large, and ultimately, with the development of a beautiful

brownish-black hue and gloss on the skin, varied with yellow spots on the under parts, the axolotls assumed the garb and guise of the land-Amblystomas. It was thus clearly proved that a change of surroundings—represented by the removal of the axolotls from the water, and by their being gradually inured to a terrestrial existence—has the effect of metamorphosing them into not merely a new species, but apparently an entirely different genus of animals.

The bearings of this case will be more fully noted hereafter, but we may, as a last example of the influence of surroundings on animal existence, mention Fräulein von Chauvin's experiments on the Black Alpine Salamander (*Salamanda atra*,) a species of land newt, living on the Alpine range, at heights of about 1,000 feet above the sea-level, and in comparatively dry places. As in all other amphibians, the young possess gills, but the possession of gills by immature creatures in dry and stony places would appear to place the animals at a singular disadvantage. How, then, has Nature surmounted the difficulty, and adapted the young animals to their surroundings? Simply by causing the young to undergo their metamorphosis within the body of the parent—these animals being *ovo-viviparous*, that is, retaining the eggs within their bodies until the young are hatched. Thus the young of the Alpine salamander pass their "gilled" condition within the parental body, instead of in water, as do the young of our common newts. But, it might be asked, did the young of the Alpine salamander at any previous period in the history of the species ever live in water—in other words, is their present an acquired condition or not? Fräulein von Chauvin's experiments supply a clear reply to this question. Of two young salamanders possessing external gills, which were taken from the body of the parent and which were placed in water, one died; the survivor casting off its first set of gills four days afterwards, and actually developing a second and larger set of unusual form, but probably resembling those with which these animals in their original water-habitation were provided. A tail-fin was also developed, and for fifteen weeks this young salamander, at a time when it should have been living a terrestrial existence, enjoyed its life in water. At the expiry of that period, however, the gills were cast off, and the animal appeared in the likeness of its land-living parent. Succeeding experiments of Fräulein von Chauvin on the development of the Alpine salamander served to reveal other interesting details, supplementing in a remarkable manner that lady's previous observations. Five larvæ, the survivors of a set of twenty-three, were placed in water; one of these young salamanders being somewhat more advanced in development than the

others. The youngest of the four possessed six red gills of branched form, and of such a size that they appeared to impede its movements in swimming. Soon after being placed in the water, these gills began to shrivel, and were finally rubbed off by the movements of the animal against the sides of the aquarium ; so that it appeared to be entirely destitute of breathing organs. It lay quiescent in the bottom of the vessel for three days, three new gills of different structure from the first organs being then developed on each side of the head, whilst the new breathing organs were much shorter than the discarded gills. A new tail-fin had also been developed in place of the first with which it was provided, the second appendage being the larger of the two. After fourteen weeks of aquatic life, the gills began to decrease in size, and the tail to become rounded, and in a few days more the young animal quitted the water and assumed the form, colour, and entire aspect of the adult. The second specimen, which, as already remarked, was more advanced in development than the first, assumed the likeness of the adult after a much shorter existence in the water. The young appeared to be perfectly at home in the water, and fed greedily when they entered it ; this fact being somewhat remarkable in view of the present life and modern development of the species.

That the present course of development in the Alpine salamander is an acquired condition, and one altered from its original state, there can be no doubt. Its mere relationship to its amphibian kith and kin proves this assertion to be true; whilst the fact that the young will live for an extended period in water, and the mere presence of gills in the young state, place the altered nature of these animals beyond a doubt. The development of useless gills in the young salamander cannot be explained by any such phrases as "adherence to type," "unity of type," "natural symmetry," and the like—unless, indeed, we may suppose that Nature imitates humanity in its anxiety for symmetry, and supplies the young salamander with gills which never were used, and which never were meant to be used, on the principle of an architect who places blank windows and painted imitation blinds on a house under the idea of securing uniformity. Such a practice, admittedly far from æsthetic in architecture, is positively degrading when applied to the explanation of Nature's ways and works. It is an idea, besides, which is founded on pure and baseless assumption, and as such demands no further notice. The opposing view, which regards the gills of the young Alpine salamander as the representatives of organs which, at a former period in the history of the species, were used for breathing in its water-living stages of development, is, on the other hand, not only reasonable and consistent, but also demonstrates how great an altera-

tion in the nature of a living organism a change of surrounding conditions may induce. As Mr. G. H. Lewes remarks, "This aquatic organization has no reference to the future life of the animal, nor has it any adaptation to its embryonic condition; it has solely reference to ancestral adaptations, it repeats a phase in the development of its progenitors." That the change in the Alpine salamander's mode of development has, in reality, been one entirely dependent upon external causes, is a suggestion which, as made by Fräulein von Chauvin, carries weight with it in support of the idea of the close relationship between living beings and their environments. Want of food would thus be a condition which could scarcely be conceived as having driven the Alpine newt to its high habitat, since the dietary would become scarcer and more difficult to obtain, the higher the altitude it reached. More probable is the idea that slow elevation of the land surface was the cause of the change in habits and development. A slow rise of land would imply an equally gradual alteration of habits, as water-pools became less numerous. The young, at first born alive and gilled, would be produced at less frequent intervals and in fewer numbers, whilst they would also be retained for longer periods within the parent-body. This view accords with the actual detail of the animal's life. For only two young are produced at a birth by these animals; the other eggs serving as food for the developing minority. This latter remarkable feature of the sustenance of the young by their immature brethren can, of course, be regarded only in the light of an acquired condition, and as one which has arisen out of the needs and necessities of the species.

The conclusions at which the earnest and unbiassed student of Nature may arrive regarding any points involved in his studies may very frequently be found to be greatly at variance with the notions of natural law and order that prevail in the world at large. But, as Tyndall has well remarked, "in the choice of probabilities the thoughtful mind is forced to take a side;" and the attitude of the seeking mind towards natural phenomena and their explanation must ever be that of estimating causes by the likelihood and value of the evidence brought to light. Judged by the standard of once-popular faith, that the living things of the world were created as we find them, the cases of the flatfishes and amphibians do not seem very promising, it must be confessed. But the choice of a side admits of no hesitancy here. The evidence that outward and mechanical agencies, operating upon living bodies and correlating themselves with the forces and ways of life, are the causes of the peculiarities we have noted, is too forcible to be for a moment doubted. A peculiar form or shape

of body, a rise of land, and the influence of the "law of likeness" in perpetuating the variations thereby produced—such are the causes and means through which the greater portion of the world of life has been and is still being moulded. How much in any case may be due to the influence of outward causes, and what amount of power we are to ascribe to the internal forces and constitution of living beings, no one may dogmatically assert. But our ignorance of the exact relations of these causes to outward conditions will not militate in any way against the recognition of the power of the latter to effect change and alteration in living nature. In the axolotl, the external influences of a land life are seen to cause gills and tail-fin to shrivel and ultimately to disappear. In the young salamander, on the contrary, the vital process of absorption must apparently be credited with the chief share of the work of modification, and of causing gills and other larval structures to become abortive. In the flat-fishes a mechanical cause, namely, a tendency to lopsidedness, presents us with the primary reason for the peculiar development and position of the eyes. And we thus see, in the case of the axolotl, the mechanical beginnings of actions, which in the flat-fishes and Alpine salamander have been operating through long periods of time, and which, through the agency of the law of likeness and heredity, have become well-defined characters of the species. Admitting that variations may begin from without, that they are transmitted to posterity, and that as time passes they may come, as we have seen, to represent the "way of life," we are thus placed in possession of rational ideas regarding the manner in which cause and effect in one phase of nature are related. And if it be urged that great are the mysteries which yet beset the "ways of life," the knowledge that we have obtained of even a small part of the order of Nature may still lead towards a fuller and wider comprehension of the universe and its laws. We are now only studying the alphabet of Nature. A little patience—and we may be able to say with Shakespeare's soothsayer,

"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read."

ANDREW WILSON.

TABLE TALK.

THE purpose of Allegory, we have been informed on high authority, is to make the head ache, which seems hard on many well-meaning writers from John Bunyan downwards ; it has also been stated that the thing has never yet—as regards the art of Painting, at least—been popular with mankind. In Regent Street there is at this moment a curious proof to the contrary. In the window of one of its art shops hangs a picture in front of which there is almost always an admiring crowd, of which I confess I often make one. I have no doubt the work is taken by the public for an accurate representation of the commencement of a modern battle. I am quite sure of this from the remarks I have overheard them express, and which are beyond measure charming. There is a general on horseback, sword in hand ; cavalry, infantry, artillery, and *sailors*, and in front of them—so that they must all swim it, or drown in it—a river. The picture is spiritedly drawn, and the uniforms, no doubt, are as properly represented as they are highly coloured. Underneath it is written “Ready.” If the persons represented were really ready, they would have stripped off everything ; and yet, it is most curious, and shows the simplicity, if not the innocence, of our common nature, that not a soul seems to take it, for what it obviously is,—an Allegory to please the Jingos.

A STILL more curious example of simplicity—though only an individual one—can be seen daily among the advertisements of the *Times*. “A gentleman who during long travels abroad has lost most acquaintances of his own station, would like to fill up spare time by a written exchange of ideas on subjects of the day. Address, X. Y.” Where *can* X. Y. have been, to come back with such an aspiration as this ! Conceive, in these days, any human being wanting to hear more about the “topics of the day” than he can possibly help. The difficulty is rather how to escape them, when they are flourished in your face by every news vendor, and even printed on the pavements of the street. Even if X. Y. is so fortunate as not to go out to dinner, he has only to step into a railway train or a twopenny bus

to get his fill of "an exchange of ideas" on such a subject. Imagine, for example, anybody of sane mind wanting at this time of day to have another man's views of the Eastern Question, and in writing! Nay, worse, wanting to reply to them, also in writing! My own explanation of *this* is that in "his long travels abroad"—in Timbuctoo, perhaps, where there are still no school boards—X. Y. has forgotten how to read and write, and wishes to recover those lost arts by practice. The one bright (and rare) spot in his melancholy case is that he does not seem to want to publish these lucubrations. On the other hand, supposing him to be wealthy, and therefore, as will appear to many people, worth cultivating, how this proposal of his will encourage bores! Only conceive a bore with full permission to weary a fellow-creature with "his views in writing on the topics of the day!"

IN spite of political trouble and commercial stagnation, and in presence of discouraging fact and disquieting rumour, the "collecting mania" still exists and flourishes. While commonplace and prosaic manufactures languish, books, pictures, and porcelain not only maintain their value, but realise increasing prices. In one department of ceramic art it seems likely that this present year will mark a point of culminating interest. With the exhibition of Sir Henry Thompson's Blue and White Porcelain, the finest collection except, perhaps, that of Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, at present in existence in England, it seems probable that a taste which has hitherto been confined to an esoteric few may receive an impetus towards a more general adoption. Hitherto the *cognoscenti* alone have raved about the special beauties of this most prized product of Oriental art; and the deep luminous haze of the blue, the cool lucidity and matchless transparency of the white, the grace, elegance, and distinction of such designs as the famous hawthorn or the double chrysanthemums, and the unsurpassable and indeed unapproachable brilliancy of the glaze have been "caviare to the general." It is curious to find how early Chinese artists began to be influenced by European associations. Among the gems of the collection are two so-called Keyser cups, which are of unquestionable antiquity. On these are presented St. Louis of France and his queen seated on a throne beneath a canopy. Around the top of each cup runs a legend to this effect: *L'empire de la vertu est établi jusqu'au bout de l'univers*. Other specimens deal also with European subjects and present European costumes. The catalogue, with its dainty cover and its superb reproductions of Mr. Whistler's drawings of the specimens, is likely to do more even than the collection itself to commend blue and white china

to public appreciation. Meanwhile, so rapid has been the rise in value of these objects, that a jar bought a score years ago for a few guineas is now worth hundreds. "Worth its weight in gold" is indeed wholly inexpressive when applied to things like these, which are almost worth their weight in bank-notes.

THE sayings of children have always had an inexpressible charm for me, but nothing in the way of *naïveté* and unconscious humour comes up to a remark I heard the other day from a young lady of the age of seven. She is deservedly a pet of her household, but is a little exacting and given to bemoan herself as being rather neglected and "sat upon" in her family circle than otherwise. "Nobody ever cared for me," she informed me: "for even when I was born, *my mother* and all my sisters were away at the seaside."

THAT we have not got a great school either of drama or of histrionic art such as exists in France, may be conceded. We have, however, made gigantic strides of late in the direction of improvement. A writer in an influential review speaks thus concerning the present state of the drama in England:—"The theatre has long been a weariness of the flesh to cultivated men and women. In this enormous capital, with all its wit and wealth, its luxury and art, it ought to be possible for a tired man to be able to find somewhere among twenty or thirty theatres a wholesome and pleasant evening's entertainment, let the want strike him when it will. On the contrary, this is just the thing which is not." Now, this is about as correct as would be the statement, that "in this enormous capital, with all its wealth, &c., it ought to be possible for a hungry man to obtain a mutton chop, let the want strike him when it will. On the contrary, this is just the thing which is not." Culture, about which it is fashionable to talk overmuch, is of course a matter of degree. A man may possibly train his faculties to such over-nice musical perception that the false and discordant note alone strikes him in nature's harmonies. The man so cultivated, however, that he cannot when he requires such intellectual repose or stimulus as the theatre affords find it in the absolutely perfect presentation of "Olivia" at the Court Theatre, in the superb *ensemble* of "Diplomacy" at the Prince of Wales's, in Mr. Irving's magisterial conception of "Louis the Eleventh," or Miss Neilson's exquisitely tender and noble impersonation of Isabella in "Measure for Measure," is, to use an old proverb, *more nice than wise*. I will go further, indeed, and will

that a man of highest endowments may obtain a pleasant respite from labour at other theatres; may, in spite of its musical (?) accessories, find "Nell Gwynne" entertaining, may become interested in the domestic story of "Our Boys," may enjoy a hearty laugh at "Ici on parle Français," or at the splendid caricature of "Diplomacy" at the Strand. If he cannot, *tant pis pour lui*. To travel from an East-end Dan to a West-end Beersheba and find all barren, may be said to show absence of powers of observation rather than prove there is nothing to observe.

IT is a painful spectacle, though not an uncommon one, to see a man of Science totally destitute of Humour. But it is still worse to find people without either. In a *Pall Mall Gazette* of recent date there was a charming story of a black Preacher in America who has proved (to the satisfaction of his congregation, at least) that the sun moves round the earth. If the latter moved round the sun, as he pointed out, "the ocean would be spilled over the land." At the conclusion of his discourse he asked those whom his arguments had convinced to hold up their hands, and every hand was uplifted. The *Pall Mall*, quoting from the *Nation*, congratulates the United States that "the people" have now taken astronomy into their own hands, as they have done the slavery question, and that "the word of the honest working man, no matter of what colour, will go as far, with regard to the motion of the planets, as that of the bloated astronomer in his luxurious observatory with his costly instruments that could never have existed but for the toil of the industrious mechanic."

Now, this amazing paragraph has been actually taken as a serious statement by the select band of Flats who would have the earth in unison with them, and who deny its motion; they have printed it *in extenso*, and sent it out into the world as a corroboration of their theory! They have always expressed their contempt for the class to whom that gentleman belonged who could see "a great deal of assertion" in *Paradise Lost*, "and not one word of proof," but henceforth they will scarcely venture to talk of the simplicity of the Mathematicians.

A STORY which is current concerning the Laureate tells that he once at the house of one of our best-known astronomers availed himself of the opportunity afforded him of contemplating the heavens through a powerful telescope. Having surveyed a portion of the milky way, and ascertained for himself that the whole was resolved into an endless series of systems like our own solar system,

he put down the telescope with the laconic observation, "I don't think much of our county families." The satire has a touch of Swift. I am afraid that a man of a cynical turn of mind might find the pretensions of monarchy scarcely more imposing than those of the English "untitled aristocracy." Few of my readers, I fancy, turn their attention to the "*Almanach de Gotha*." If they did so, they would be astonished to find how many discrowned monarchs still claim "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." It matters little, perhaps, that the democrats who form so important an element in the populations of large cities should learn to prate about "a mob of kings." A more serious difficulty arises, however, when it is seen that the most loyal Conservative, anxious only to believe in everything, will find insuperable difficulties in the way of accepting the self-styled monarchs for what they profess themselves. As monarchs forward their own descriptions to the almanack, and as the last thing a monarch does is to forego his title to any possessions that have ever belonged to his family, the difficulty of deciding who is wrong and who is right is insuperable. Putting on one side claims such as those to the Duchy of Saxony, which may almost be described as countless, I find such shadowy dignities as King of the Goths assumed by two reigning monarchs. No monarch except Queen Victoria puts forward a claim to England. It shows, however, how ridiculous assumptions of this nature are considered, when we find Germany allowing the Emperor of Austria to style himself Duke of Lorraine and Duke of Silesia, Italy permitting him to arrogate the titles of Duke of Modena and Duke of Parma, and Turkey winking at his putting himself forth as King of Jerusalem. The statesman who said everything was worth studying except heraldry must have had royal and imperial pedigrees in his mind in making the exception.

THE dangers of doing anything, if we are to believe in our scientific authorities, are becoming very serious. The last "out," according to a great medical organ, is the danger of sitting in a hansom cab, because the passenger is on a level with the horse's head; "many cases of intractable irritation of the more exposed mucous membranes having originated in this manner." If the horse has a cold, in short, the fare catches it.

It is also dangerous to sit upon the knifeboard of an omnibus, because you are on a level with the next passenger, who may be smoking a cigar, and many cases of cuticular irritation (sometimes even

accompanied by fits of irritation) originate from the sparks which do *not* always "fly upward," but sometimes in your eye.

It is also dangerous to sit upon any board, unless the company is "limited;" (this is especially the case in the City).

And it is also dangerous—even for the highest "scientific authorities"—to sit on a mare's nest: because what is hatched is often a mere hobbyhorse.

EVERYTHING concerning Russia is at this moment of interest. I extract accordingly from the "*Historiettes et Souvenirs d'un Homme de Théâtre*," of Mr. Hippolyte Hostein, the following curious anecdote, which, he states, was told him by Vedel, formerly *caissier* and *administrateur* of the Comédie Française. At the period when the French army, under Napoleon, entered Moscow, the performances of the French company at the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg were continued in obedience to direct orders of the Czar. Vedel was at that time playing the *premier rôle*, the "leading lady" being the celebrated Mdle. Mars. Much apprehension was naturally aroused in the mind of the actress by the increasing hatred of France that had been begotten by the onward march of the, so far, victorious army. She held, however, to her post until one day she was informed that bands of *moujiks*, armed with sticks, were surrounding the theatre and endeavouring to force an entrance. Yielding at last to the persuasions of her companion, she started for the theatre, passing, in the carriage provided by Government, through a menacing crowd. Once in the house, she was instructed by the Superintendent-General of the Theatres to fear nothing, whatever might occur. Upon appearing on the stage she found the house crowded in all parts with bearded *moujiks*, who had swarmed even into those places usually assigned to the Russian nobility. At this sight the courage of Mdle. Mars failed her, and she dropped swooning into the arms of Vedel, who hastily tried to lead her off the stage. Her weakness seemed to embolden the audience, who rose, threatening the company with their sticks, while some of the boldest commenced to clamber from the pit on to the stage. In a moment the Superintendent-General, the Count de Narischkine, sprang from his private box on to the stage, followed by some officers. He gave a signal, the doors of the orchestra, the balconies, the galleries, were thrown open, and detachments of the regiment of Préobajenski showed themselves, with fixed bayonets, at every door. The *moujiks*, seeing themselves surrounded, became tranquil. A table was then brought, and a book; and M. de Narischkine, addressing the crowd, now quiet and attentive, said, "My brave

fellows, what is the use of insulting and killing a few inoffensive comedians who are your guests ! I have a nobler revenge for you. You will one and all come to me in turn and be inscribed in this book as soldiers, and I will then send you to the advanced posts, where you can best prove your fidelity to Holy Russia and our glorious and respected Emperor." Nothing was left the moujiks except to obey. I do not, of course, guarantee this story, but it has every appearance of truth.

SINCE the locust swarm of Personal Papers have settled down upon us, we have been able to understand what public, and indeed private, life must have been in the days of the *Satirist* and Theodore Hook's *John Bull*. But until the War fever broke out, men of culture, or, at all events, of position, still expressed themselves with decency respecting their political opponents. Now there is nothing too bad to be said—and believed—of those who differ from us. Mr. Bright's late speech at Manchester has stung the Jingos, who had been "pretty wild" before, to madness. The military folks, in particular, are outraged by that observation about the large amount of valour in the market to be purchased almost anywhere at eighteen-pence a day. And this is what—among other nice things—they go about saying, to the great satisfaction of their friends: that the reason of John Bright's antagonism to the Unspeakables is a mere matter of commercial rivalry: he is in the Kidderminster line, it seems, or they say so, and wishes to put an end to the manufacture of Turkey carpets.

THOUGH there is no want of situation and melodrama to those who look for them in our own so-called commonplace English life, there is no question that the influence of civilisation tends to convention in crime—as in all other things. Only in India, for example, could now occur so astounding a criminal case as that of the Rajah of Poorree, accused and convicted of having put to death with unspeakable tortures a Hindoo ascetic. He has for some occult reason, known only to our Indian judges, been sentenced to imprisonment for life only, instead of the "ten thousand deaths" his cruelty warranted, and even against this sentence he has appealed. Both the murderer and his victim are extremely remarkable persons: the Rajah is the hereditary guardian of Juggernaut, "the secular head of the Hindoo religion" and "the incarnation of Vishnu" himself—that is to say, he is at least as important a spiritual personage in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen as is the Pope in those of

good Catholics—while the Hindoo ascetic was a man of such severe and excessive sanctity, that he had the power of curing diseases. It was this gift that got him into trouble with the Rajah, who seems to have been under the idea that he was practising witchcraft on him. James the First would under the same circumstances, probably, have proceeded in a like manner. The Rajah is only twenty-two, and is said to have “led a blameless life.” I don’t say that I *wish* such a thing to happen, but what a boon it would be to the daily papers (should they fail in getting up a war) if the Archbishop of Canterbury should proceed to extremities with his Surrogate, for example (whom I conclude, though I have not the faintest notion what he is, to be the next most religious man in the Kingdom). We certainly lose something by being so very correct and civilised.

VISITORS to Paris who are unfamiliar with the fascinating capital will do well to bear in mind, since it will simplify their views concerning its geography, that—in its course from the point where, just above the *Pont National*, it receives the waters of the Marne, to that at the *Pont de Grenelle*, a little below the Trocadéro, the site of the new Exposition—the course of the Seine is quite similar to that of the Thames between London and Vauxhall bridges. The line of the Quai des Tuileries and the Quai du Louvre resembles pretty closely that of the Embankment; and the long street, the Rue de Rivoli, answers fairly to Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand. The Place de la Concorde corresponds to Charing Cross, the river Seine making at that point the precise kind of bend which the Thames takes as it turns to Westminster. As a consequence, the southern bank of the Seine corresponds to that of the Thames. There are not so many direct routes as those great arteries from the various bridges which meet at the Elephant and Castle. If less direct, however, in their progress, the streets and boulevards of Paris converge in the same manner, the point at which they all meet being close to the Observatoire on the Boulevard Arago. In a rough sort of way the Boulevards des Capucines, des Italiens, &c., correspond to Oxford Street, and those des Batignolles de Clichy, de la Chapelle, and de la Villette to the Marylebone, Euston, and City Roads. A brief study of these facts, with a map of Paris, can scarcely fail to be of service to the visitor to Paris who, with no previous knowledge of its features, seeks to dispense with a guide.

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